

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

April, 1930

"Canada's Greatest Magazine"

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Dominion Inlaid Linoleum affords unusual decorative scope . . . in contrasting or harmonizing colours in the widest range of designs. There is something at once suitable and charming, for every room.

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WINGS
OVER THE NORTH

Where Hudson Bay is "down South," flying has become almost as casual as taking a taxi.

The wealth of the North is being staked from the air years before it could be reached afoot.

From Labrador to the Yukon and up beyond the Arctic Circle, supplies of gasoline and oil are spotted at strategic points. With these the northern flier spreads his wings.

These supplies come from the Imperial Oil Refineries. By ship up through Hudson Strait into the Bay, by rail beyond the Pas, by paddle wheeler down the Peace and MacKenzie Rivers they go to distributing points. In winter dog teams and sleds drag them further into the wilderness.

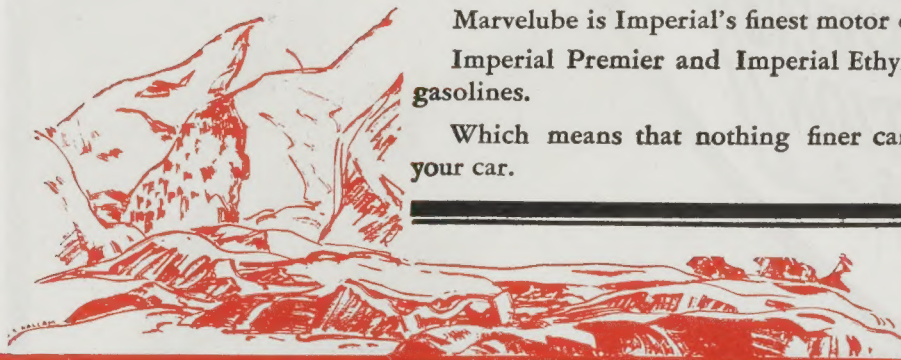
Ever since Imperial Oil began, fifty years ago, its work has been to meet new needs of transportation and industry. Because it has met them with enterprise and energy Imperial has become a great company—serving every corner of Canada and Newfoundland—reaching from the Arctic to Peru.

Fifty years of constant enterprise are in the products Imperial Oil sells today.

Marvelube is Imperial's finest motor oil.

Imperial Premier and Imperial Ethyl are its best gasolines.

Which means that nothing finer can be put in your car.



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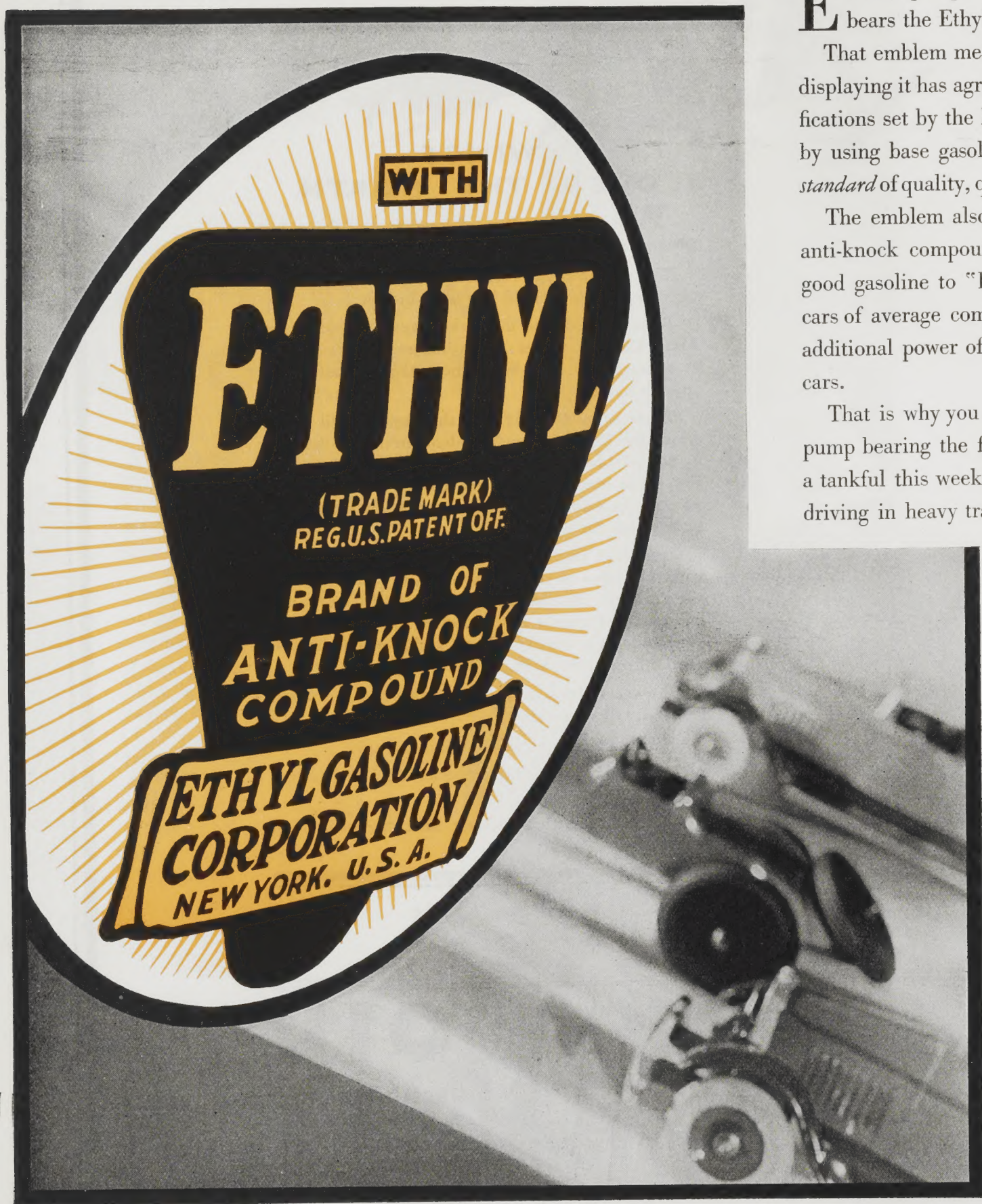
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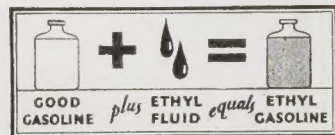


EVERY pump containing Ethyl Gasoline bears the Ethyl emblem shown at the left.

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*Ethyl is not only for
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Thousands of owners of small cars, old cars, cars of every sort, have found that they enjoy Ethyl's advantages just as much as owners of larger, more expensive cars. And that it is a real economy.

The active ingredient now used in Ethyl fluid is tetraethyl lead

ETHYL GASOLINE



VOLUME XXXI

WINNIPEG, CANADA

NUMBER 4

The Dark Side and the Bright

ECONOMIC conditions in Western Canada may be summed up in a few sentences. One must think of production, of transportation and of exchange.

There is at the present time no world demand for farm production. Mr. Legge of the United States Farm Board speaking of wheat production in the United States says: "No other industry in the world blindly produces without any attention to potential market possibilities," and he urges the American farmers to reduce acreage by one tenth. The president of the Farmers' organization in Saskatchewan approves the suggestion, and it is possible there will be less wheat grown on the prairies this year than last. Farmers cannot afford to grow wheat at a loss. When surplus production is too great the price obtainable naturally becomes less than the actual cost. Other relief must come about through better methods of farming or cheaper transportation or more intelligent trade relations. There is a possibility of improvement in all these lines. The advantage of mixed farming is self-apparent; the opening of the Hudson Bay Railway may lead, indeed must lead to cheaper transportation, and a little prevision on the part of those directing the sale of grain will certainly lead to more even and more certain distribution.

Manufacture is suffering in somewhat the same way as agriculture. There is a limit to home consumption, and distance from world markets prevents exportation. Here again the cost of transportation is what works against increased output. Two theories are put forth to relieve the situation. According to the first the opening of the St. Lawrence route will solve the problem. To us this appears a useless suggestion. Even were ocean vessels to come up to the head of the Lakes there would be little gain to Canada as a whole, for the transcontinental lines would stand to lose, and one of these belongs to the Canadian people. The St. Lawrence development might lead to a wonderful growth in Eastern Canada which in its turn might favor development in the West, but all that is as yet mere conjecture. A second theory propounded is that we should hasten to populate the country and thus increase the consumers. That is obviously no solution at all. It took a long time to convince some people that mass immigration would not mean prosperity.

There would not be a very good outlook for agricultural production or for manufacture were it not for one or two favoring factors.

We can produce more economically on farm and in factory by introducing better methods. We have not yet learned the meaning of the word economy. We can save enormously on transportation. There is for instance, no justification for the prices charged for carrying fruit from British Columbia to the prairies, and the cost of freightage to Montreal and the Netherlands prohibits traffic that should be in operation all the time. It may be that the Hudson Bay route will help to solve this problem.

Apart from all this there is reason for optimism. The mining activity in Northern Manitoba and Saskatchewan and the remarkably successful undertakings in the Turner Valley and in British Columbia all assure industries that as yet are only in their infancy.

In addition, the West is beginning to feel that it has a fortune in fish and furs. There is every reason to expect that the inland waters will yield increasing returns and that the fur farms will add more to our wealth than the labor of the trappers.

The thing to be avoided is waste and exploitation. It is easy to give away and difficult to redeem. If just now there is a little pessimism because of present conditions the future is bright with hope.

A Profitless Business

IT IS impossible to keep from referring to the liquor traffic in Canada. More and more the federal and provincial treasuries are depending upon

the sales, more and more the people are paying the price in poverty and degradation. How different from conditions in some other lands! How different from America and from Italy!

To take Italy first. Here is from an address by Arpinati, under secretary of State for the Interior.

"During 1929 no less than 8,700 bars and wine shops were closed by the authorities, while fresh licenses to open new bars were very limited. Since 1922 over 40,000 bars and wine shops have been closed in Italy, and this figure, stated Signor Arpinati, is certainly 'not final.'"

To take next the United States: In their presentation to the House Committee the Drys have shown that from two to six billion dollars a year have been saved by the working classes since the abolition of the saloon and that this vast sum is going into goods and savings instead of alcoholic beverages. This diversion is of double importance, for it has occurred in the lower income group where formerly the percentage of expenditure for liquor was the largest. Mr. Edison said:

"I still feel that prohibition is the greatest experiment made for the benefit of mankind. My observation is that its enforcement generally is at least 60 per cent and is gaining notwithstanding the impression through false propaganda that it is a lower per cent. It is strange to me that men of great ability and standing do not help remove the curse of alcohol!"

Mr. Crowther estimated that at the utmost not more than \$1,000,000,000 is now being expended for bootleg beverages, whereas before prohibition more than \$3,500,000,000 most of it spent on the part of the working man, was paid out annually in the United States for spirituous and malted drinks.

Now if we in Canada are getting something into our treasuries, just consider what we are losing. It is a most profitless enterprise which prompts men to pay seven dollars for the sake of getting one dollar back. Somebody pays that seven dollars, and it is perfectly obvious that our country as a whole is being impoverished because of the traffic.

Man and Machine

A FEW years ago I visited a factory here in which soft drinks were being manufactured, bottled, cased, and then deposited in trucks. There was a large army of men employed. Yesterday I went through the same plant very much enlarged and there were only five or six men to be seen. Everything was done by machinery. From the time the ingredients were placed in the large receivers until the bottles were to be packed in cases not a human hand interfered. The machine did everything except shake hands and talk about the weather.

Henry Ford discussing this change from human to machine production has this to say in an interview:

"What about the automatic machines that are replacing men in plants and factories?" he was asked. "Who's going to make the machines?" was his question in reply.

The manufacturer recounted at length his ideas on work.

"I believe every man could double his labor output if he tried, and on condition that he used intelligence in selecting his method of operation for the increased production," he explained.

If the farmer believes he cannot crowd more work into a 24-hour day then he must turn to machinery, to chemistry and to a study of production on a more intensive scale, Mr. Ford said.

He recently returned from a visit to his plantation near Savannah, Ga. There, he said, his forces are experimenting with a series of farm products and a system of planting that will make each acre of land produce three crops a year. This, he pointed out, involves study of soil conditions, of fertilizers and of crops.

"And all of it," he concluded in emphatic repetition, "is work, and work is a remedy for all things."

Billboards and Signs

ANYONE who drives down the streets of a Canadian or an American city has to face hundreds of signs and billboards, each soliciting attention. There was a time when these were abominably crude and ugly, but now they are beautiful—as billboards and signs. That is all that can be said. At night they lighten the gloom and make the highway a companionable resort. But out in the country where there are no sidewalks and no lighted buildings, one finds only the signs, hundreds of them, and in their attempts to depict the beautiful they often shut out the greater beauty of the landscape. The Christian Science Monitor sums up the case in these words:

An irresistible force is beginning to push, and eventually will push, the billboards off the landscape. The billboards desperately attempt to stay the irresistible force by imitating nature and making themselves as beautiful as possible. This is a great improvement over what went before, but the irresistible force continues to push.

Yet there is this to be said for the billboards. In developing widespread and increasing appreciation of natural beauty—"something," as an English writer has put it, "which we do not individually own, but in which we all share"—billboards have been a potent educational influence. By setting themselves up in spots of natural beauty they incidentally attracted attention to their environment, and thus began a gradual process of æsthetic education for people hitherto indifferent. So, for example, an indifferent reader might be attracted to a passage in a book because somebody had spilled a drop of ink on the page. Arousing the opposition of a small minority, the billboards, increasing in number and blotting more and more pages in the book of nature, year by year recruited the opposition.

More and more people became, as it were "landscape conscious," and the irresistible force gathered momentum. Nowadays, all over the land, the billboards are seeking to survive by the argument that they to are beautiful. Some of them are—but, alas for the argument, they are beautiful "billboards." So, in spite of themselves, they continue to educate by illustrating the pertinent point of the opposition that a charming landscape is better without even a charming billboard.

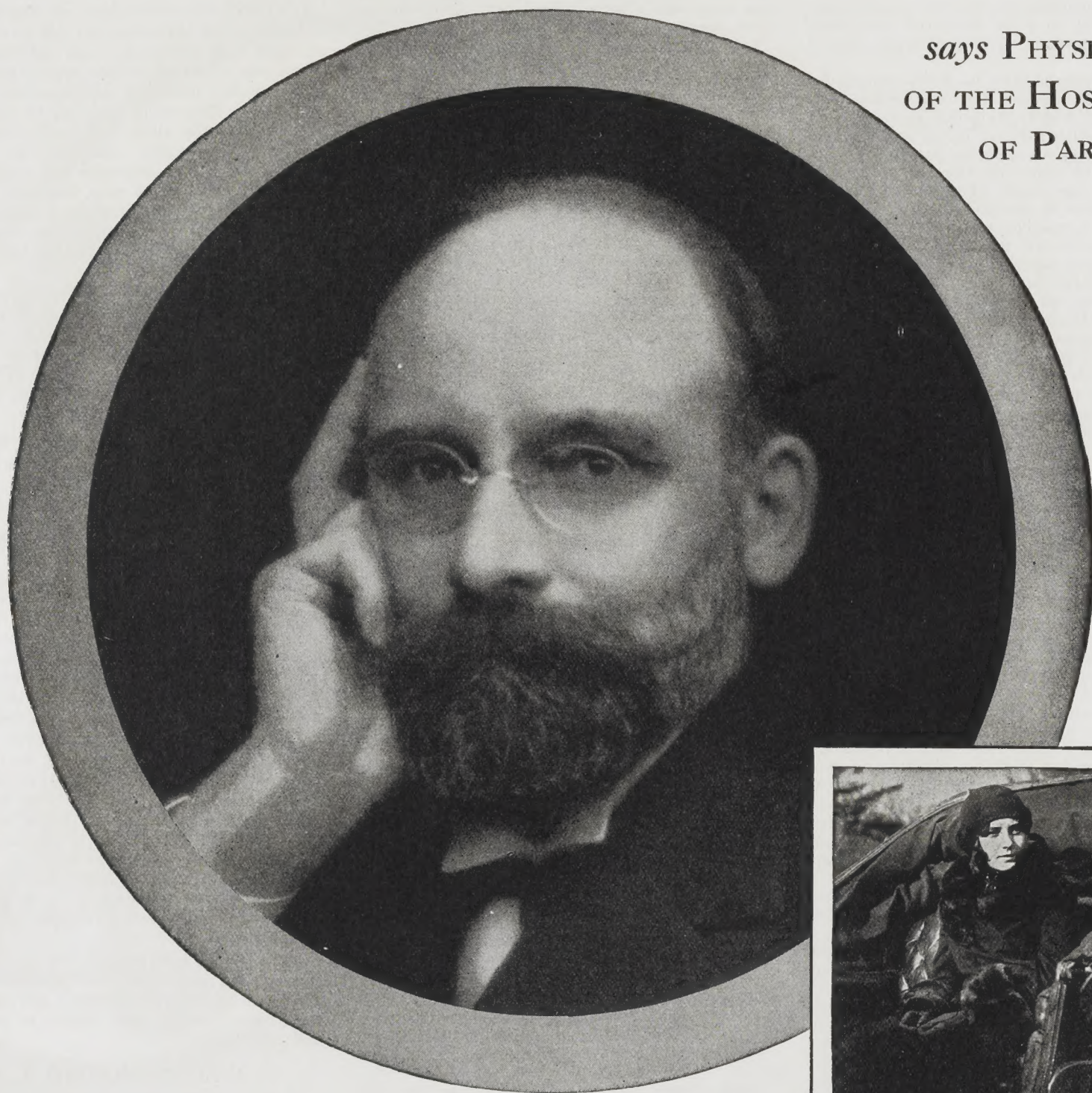
Public opinion has changed since the time when an English court ruled that the "prospect is a matter only for delight, not of necessity," and that landscape beauty was therefore not subject to protection by legal enactment.

William Howard Taft

WHEN a truly great man dies we forget that their are boundary lines between nations. William Howard Taft belonged to the United States of America but he was a citizen of the world. In a special sense he seemed to be closely related to Canada. He was the advocate of the reciprocity we rejected and which in all probability we shall not have an opportunity to reject again. He believed that all North America was a natural unit and that trade barriers were illogical. It was not his fault that his assertion of this belief was misinterpreted as a bid for annexation. Apart from his political views we have had to respect him as a lawyer and as an honest upright judge. When President he did not stoop to the meanness of the party politician, when Chief Justice he discharged his duties impartially. He was a man of the people loved by all classes. He was revered at home and respected abroad. It is men of his stamp who give a country good standing in the councils of the world. May his successors have the same openness of mind and the same appreciation for all that is worthy in life.

People who are under par need this *living food* . . .

says PHYSICIAN
OF THE HOSPITALS
OF PARIS



DOCTOR GEORGES FAROY . . . specialist in diseases of the digestive tract . . . Physician of the Paris Hospitals . . . author of the famous "Digestive Therapeutics" . . . This great physician says:—

"Fresh yeast is a food—a living food. It increases gastric and intestinal secretions. It aids digestion. It overcomes constipation. By checking intestinal poisons it is useful in treating furunculosis (boils), pimples, etc.

"Yeast is very rich in vitamin B, which nourishes the body cells. Irradiated, it contains great quantities of the 'sunshine' vitamin D, so important in building strong bones and teeth.

"Yeast is valuable for people who are under par."

Make this remarkable food *your* spring tonic! Benefit from the *two* precious vitamins (B and D) in which every cake abounds. Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily and know the thrill of sparkling health. At grocers', restaurants, drug stores, soda fountains. Directions on label.

OTHER WORLD-FAMOUS AUTHORITIES SAY:

PROF. DR. ADOLF CLUSS, internationally known authority on nutrition, states, "Yeast is a food endowed by Nature far beyond most others with power to guard the health of man."

DR. JULIUS CITRON, noted Berlin metabolism expert, says, "Run-down people often become completely changed after yeast has been added to their diet."

DR. PITTALUGA, physician to the aristocracy of Spain, declares, "Yeast will banish constipation, renew appetite, aid digestion."



"I was introduced to yeast by a doctor"

"A doctor had prescribed yeast for my father," writes Miss Doris Putnam from Montreal. "So recently, when I myself was completely run-down and nervous, I was persuaded to try it myself. Today I am strong and well—no indigestion, nervousness or sluggish feeling any more. My skin is better, too. Dad and I swear by Fleischmann's Yeast."

Fleischmann's Yeast is made in Canada by Canadians



"Other men support their wives. Am I less than they? I know the silk trade. Some merchant will give me work."

Beautiful Gold

By Rachel Finlayson

Illustrated by Newton Brett

"I WILL not be treated as a child. I will not! I have been married six months, and yet—"
"What are you but a child? And I must have respect from my son's wife. Do you hear?"

The excited voices fell like blows on Ho Wing, standing at the door of his father's house. Dejectedly, with drooping shoulders, he crossed the threshold. He had worked late at his father's store; had stopped at the Celestial cafe for a meal of rice and chop suey, not expecting the womenfolk home from the Mission banquet for some time yet. But here they were, his mother and Mae Gim—Beautiful Gold—his young bride, quarrelling, always quarrelling!

What could he do? His parents refused to recognize that the world had changed. They were of Yesterday, with its rigid standards of conduct. Beautiful Gold was of Today. Motherless from early childhood; brought up by an adoring father and elder brothers, she was headstrong, resentful of authority, but how true-hearted and loyal! To bring the old and the new into understanding and tolerance—this was his task. He could not afford a

separate home. He had never questioned his father's wisdom in paying him a small salary for his services at the store. Would not the business be his some day?

Wing made his way into the living room. Small wonder his young wife rebelled! Dull brown congo-leum on the floor; brown oilcloth on the round dining table; brown covered Winnipeg couch. A small mirror on the wall, flanked by two Chinese calendars. No pictures.

Madam Ho, his mother, ample in a black kimona suit, black hair drawn tightly from her high forehead, stood frowning at Beautiful Gold. The girl—his heart throbbed at her loveliness!—frowned back, tiny figure taut; angry color staining her smooth ivory cheeks; her brilliant black eyes furious.

"Mother: Beautiful Gold! What is wrong now?"

"Wrong! Your wife insulted me before all the people at the banquet. In the middle of the meal she rose from her seat beside me and walked out of the room. What could I do but follow? Before them all she did this. For no reason—"

"No reason, you say?" Beautiful Gold's hands shot up in horrified protest. Tiny hands, like ivory flowers. "She treats me as a child. Before all those people she put food from her plate into mine!"

"Beautiful Gold, you are speaking of my mother."

"With my own hand I put a tender piece of my chicken on her plate. And then she treats me thus!"

"Little flower, my mother wished you to have the best—cannot you understand?"

"She humiliates me. It is not this time. It is always. I cannot go out of the house without asking her consent. I have no freedom. It is work; always work!" Beautiful Gold's treble broke on a flow of Cantonese that rippled from her prettily curved lips. A vivid, delicate flower, breaking under the high winds of resentment and passion.

"And look at this room—at the whole house!" She stormed on recklessly, her little hands gesturing



"It is my father's doing, without a doubt," Wing said to his wife at the end of a weary day of tramping from store to store. He wishes to force us to return to his home."

in scorn. "Think of all I had in my father's home at the Coast. Music, flowers, lovely furniture. Here, it is like the home of poor people, and yet my father-in-law is wealthy. I will stand it no longer. Let us have a home of our own, you and I—"

Madam Ho laughed. "And you say you are not a child! Has my son money to rent a home and furnish it? Does he not depend upon his father?"

Wing's voice came low and unsteady. "Must I make a choice between those I love best in the world? Mother, try to understand! Beautiful Gold belongs to the new age—"

"She must do as I wish. She is of China, not of the West, and I insist that she obey me. You, my son, must see to it that she does."

"I will not—" Beautiful Gold choked on the words. Sobbing, she ran out of the room.

Wing crossed to the window. He gazed moodily at the busy street. In a Chinese restaurant opposite, people were eating out of blue flowered bowls. A group around a table played Ma Jong with narrowed, intent eyes. From a laundry next to the restaurant came merry voices, and the thud of the irons as white clad boys bent over their boards. Merriment, happiness all around, and he—!

Madam Ho walked over to him. She laid her hand on his arm. "A husband has authority, my son. You must curb the whims of this child."

"I will see - - Let me think the matter over, mother." Courteously, Wing stood facing Madam Ho until she left the room. Then he turned again to the window.

The sound of his father's voice in the hall roused him from his anxious thoughts. It must be getting late. Beautiful Gold would wonder what was keeping him.

He walked down the long hall, shadowy in the February dusk. At the door of his room he stopped, listening. All was still. Beautiful Gold had perhaps fallen asleep, waiting for him.

Noiselessly he turned the knob and tiptoed into the room. The East met him; clutched at his throat; entranced his senses.

The double bed might be fashioned of common wood, but over it Beautiful Gold had tossed a spread of blue satin, embroidered with silk of many gorgeous colors. Oriental draperies lent richness to plain chairs. Beauty was everywhere. In the bronze incense burner upon the dressing table, from which rose a thin curl of sweet smelling smoke. In a white satin kimono suit—full trousers and long coat heavily worked in gold; in the delicate jade jewelry tossed upon the table, as if flung there by impatient little hands; in a pair of heavy, dull gold bracelets, her favorite brother's wedding gift.

Wing drew a deep breath. The room always enchanted him, though he did not consciously notice its details. His eyes went straight to Beautiful Gold. Her hair lay like black satin against a white embroidered pillow—the curved, wooden pillow provided for her use by Madam Ho lay discarded in a corner. Tears still stained her smooth cheeks, shadowed by long black lashes. The childish mouth drooped wistfully at the corners.

Wing tiptoed across the room. His own eyes misted as he bent over his bride. Crying herself to sleep! "Was it for this I took you from your father's home? Unhappy! Flower of my life, it must not—it shall not be!"

For a moment longer he hung over the sweet sleeping face, noiselessly as he had entered, he went from the room.

IN the living room Ho San, his father, was seated in the only arm chair, smoking a long-stemmed pipe before retiring to bed. He glanced up as his son approached, and remained standing before him.

"Well, my son?"

"Father, there is something I must ask you—Please, father, if you are not too tired, let us talk now; not tomorrow. It is important."

Ho San's eyes narrowed. "Speak, my son. I listen."

"Father, will you give your consent for my wife and me to have a home of our own?"

For a moment Ho San puffed at his pipe. Then he refilled it deliberately. With the stem near his

lips again, he questioned as though without interest. "Why?"

"My mother and Beautiful Gold cannot get along together."

"You have money, then, to buy a home?"

Wing winced. "You know I have no money, except the salary you pay me."

"What is this talk, then, of a separate home?"

"Father, cannot we come to an agreement? I love you and my mother, but Beautiful Gold is my wife. Can I see her unhappy and do nothing?"

"What can you do? Come, let us have no more talk of two homes. Is this house not large enough for the four of us? I have spent money enough. I will spend no more." His lips closed over the stem. He smoked in calm silence.

"Father!" There was despair in Wing's voice. "Beautiful Gold cannot go on thus. If you will not help us, then I must find some way, myself."

His father gazed at him with unfathomable eyes. "If you go against my wishes, you can no longer work in my store. Think well what this means."

"Other men support their wives. Am I less than they? I know the silk trade. Some merchant will give me work."

"I have influence in this city, my son."

"Influence—! I tell you I can find work, father."

Ho San removed the pipe stem from his mouth. "You are free to try," he said, and glanced away as if tired of the subject.

THERE was little speech between the old and the young couple during the week that followed, but on the last day at Wing's home all talked feverishly, with voices that shook. Beautiful Gold's trunks, heavy with rich cloths and weddings gifts, had been moved to the humble two-roomed suite-kitchen and general living room on an attic floor—which was all Wing had been able to secure with money borrowed from a boyhood friend.

"The furniture is poor, but I have a job. We will buy more soon," he whispered to his wife, and started, feeling his father's calm gaze on them.

Beautiful Gold went up to Madam Ho, "We are going now," she said with a wistful little smile. "Will you forgive me, mother, for the hasty words I have often spoken. Please let us be friends from now on. We must be—we both love Wing!"

There was no answering smile on the face of Madam Ho. "Do not ask my forgiveness yet. Do your best to make my son happy."

At the door Wing turned. His mother was standing beside a wall shelf which held a jumble of objects. He saw her pick up a tiny shoe—the first he had ever worn. Quick as lightning she slipped it into her wide sleeve. He went swiftly to her. Her eyes were dry, but the pain in them racked him. Without a word he stopped and kissed her hands. Then he turned and followed Beautiful Gold from the room.

The furniture in the new home was plain, true, but nothing about it grated. Wing declared that Beautiful Gold's treasures could have no better background, and she clapped her little hands and agreed with him.

She proved to be a clever housekeeper and manager. When Wing brought her his salary, she always portioned out the money. "This for rent." "This for food." "A little for amusements—oh, not much!" Wing telephoned her every evening before leaving his place of business, and she went to meet him. She would clasp her little hands over his arm and babble to him of the events of her day as they turned homeward, or, in reckless mood, indulged in a restaurant dinner, with a picture show to follow.

At long intervals they were asked to the home of Wing's parents for a formal meal. Beautiful Gold spoke little on these occasions. She agreed with every opinion put forth by her mother-in-law; listened meekly to Ho San's pronouncements. Yet the old couple's attitude toward her remained stern; unbending.

"This talk of a new world is unfitting," Madam Ho declared one evening to her son. "The old customs must stand. Your place and your wife's is under our roof. You will see it in time, and bring her back."

Wing did not answer. New lines were beginning to show in his young face, for his affairs had taken an unexpected and disconcerting turn. The position he had believed to be permanent had come to an abrupt end. We are cutting down on our help," his employer had sauely informed him. Yet, passing the store a few days later, Wing saw a new clerk in his place. Other jobs proved impermanent. A little later, merchants refused to consider his application. Courteous reasons were always given for the refusal, but the fact remained—work seemed out of his reach.

"It is my father's doing, without a doubt, Wing said to his wife at the end of a weary day of tramping from store to store. Never would I have believed he could be so cruel. He wishes to force us to return to his home."

Beautiful Gold raised wistful eyes to his. "It breaks my heart to see you so sad. Tonight I was watching at the window. I saw you walking heavily, as if you carried a burden. Then, when you came nearer, you stepped along briskly—"

"What about you, little flower? Do you sing as long as merrily as when you hear my key in the lock?"

"Wing, if—if only your mother were more lenient, I would say, 'Let us go back.'"

Before Wing's eyes there flashed a picture of her dejected little face lying, tear-stained, on a white embroidered pillow.

"No!" he answered between set teeth. "I shall not ask you to go back. I am trying, trying all the time to find work. Perhaps at last I shall be successful."

Her hand fluttered to his arm. "We owe rent—they may put us out. Wing, if you would allow it, I could work—"

He started so violently that the little hand dropped. He caught it within his own and kissed each tapering finger.

"Beautiful Gold, never speak to me again of going to work. You working!" He tried to laugh. "With a good-for-nothing husband around—"

"Hush!" she murmured, "You shall not call yourself names. We will manage. We will sell some more of the jewelry."

"Has not most of it gone already? That I should bring you to such poverty!"

"We have enough to eat. Come, the rice must be cooked."

He followed her into the tiny white kitchen. A few bright blue saucepans hung above the spotless table. Savory odors oozed from a briskly boiling pot on the gas stove.

"We had rice yesterday, did we not, Beautiful Gold? And the day before?"

She pretended to frown. "There is no better food. And it is differently prepared tonight. Wait until you taste it—"

"As if I were complaining! In your father's home, little flower, you did not have to eat rice all the time, because it is cheap. What would he think if he knew how his daughter lives! Yet we cannot appeal to him."

"No. That we have already decided. But Wing, there remains yet the bracelets my brother Toy, gave me as a wedding present. They are gold; very beautiful. They should bring us money."

"To sell those! You think so much of them. I will try again tomorrow. Perhaps—"

He saw her totter and [Continued on page 84]



"Think of all I had in my father's house at the Coast. Music, flowers, lovely furniture!"

By J. Paul Loomis

Illustrated by
Robert Dorf

One of 'em grabs off his woolly hat an' slaps it onto my dome. "Canus-ky soldat good Cos-sack," he says, an' they all hollers.

"A HOSS, a hoss—the whole blame Bolshevik kingdom for anything on four legs a man can straddle! Steve, I'm wind-broke an' stove-up an' foundered. If ever I get back to the Belly River, I'll keep a hoss handy even to ride to the well for a drink!"

It was Slim Fagan groanin' in spirit, but he was voicin' the sentiments of the platoon of one-time Alberta cowpunchers, now sweatin' along under Lewis guns an' Enfields an' pans o' cartridges in addition to a ton or less o' marchin' kit. An' all for the glory o' capturin' a brushy butte with a fort on the top of it not occupied since the Russo-Japanese War.

That was campaignin' with the Canadian Expeditionary Force, Siberia, in the windy month of March, 1919. Brigade Scheme Number 20, the General Orders called it. For since the Bolsheviks we'd crossed the Pacific to pulverize preferred to dissemble on their own account, what with about ten different Allied expeditions quartered around Vladivostok, the wise heads of the General Staff had to think up something to keep the troops fit.

"You're right, Slim," I agrees, creepin' under a thorn-bush; "we're soon goin' to be ruined for the purpose Nature meant us. Already we couldn't stick on a brone if we had a chance. I've got a gum-boil on my heel the size of a brass concha. My legs, which was bowed just nice an' graceful from honest ridin' when I joined this man's army are sprung now from carryin' packs up these forsaken hills till ev'ry joint has got a split or spavin. Why'n Tom didn't we join the Salvation Army, Slim, when they wouldn't take us in the Mounties to go to France?"

"Search me," says Slim, moppin' his face.

"I'll do a lot more than search you," cuts in a crisp voice, "if you two don't keep your mouths shut. Orders are to be absolutely silent on this attack. Keep a proper five paces apart and move along up that hill."

We champed our bits, but we kept silent. It was Major McGavin himself, our comp'ny commander, who'd bawled us out. "Ol' Spreddie," we called him because he was always lecturin' us about our "spree-de-corps"—which ain't what the comp'ny did after our first day in Vladivostok, like it sounds. Now Spreddie continues to growl at me an' Slim as he trips along behind, all loaded down with lunch an' a pistol. "You pretended cowboys make me sick," he says. "You can't think or talk about anything but horses. Probably couldn't ride a cart-horse on a country road, for all the wild outlaws or brochos or pintos or whatever it was you were breaking all the way across the Pacific Ocean!"

Whereupon Slim boils over. Discipline never set well on him. Like some hosses that's too high in the withers for any saddle to fit without gallin'. He stops an' faces the major.

"Just you come to Calgary the first Stampede-time after we get back to God's country an' I'll show you what I can ride! Ask Steve here if I haven't ridden for prize-money in every big contest in Alberta in the last five years. Ask Tom Blodget yonder. Ask Butch Hunter."

"Get back into your ranks," snaps the major. "Sergeant Evans, Rifleman Fagan for Orderly Room tomorrow—disrespect to his commanding officer'. Yourself as witness."

"Yes, sir," says Evans.

Five days in clink didn't improve Slim's regard for Spreddie, which had never been the best. They were just two men who weren't built to get along in gunshot of each other. The Major was a fire-eatin' whip-snapper of the old army who believed that the way to make a soldier "smart" is to tear all the hide off him.



BRONCHO

True, but not the kind of smart he meant. A big, easy-goin', you-be-hang fellow like Slim Fagan was his abomination—an' delight.

Through soggy weeks in tents back at Willows, a month of base-guard in smelly Vladivostok an' no end of route marches an' "brigade schemes" in the hills around Gournastai Bay, the Major never lost a chance to rip Slim up the back. Got him twice for rollin' the gallopin' dominoes. Once for failin' to shave before parade. An' time an' again under that shot-gun clause of "conduct prejudiced to good order and discipline." Slim might have saved himself a lot of grief by askin' to be remanded to the Colonel, but he seemed to prefer to have it out with Spreddie. If he did get the worst of it!

Something else you might have admired about Slim. We didn't. It only got him more trouble—an' usually us too. But he was always blamed anxious to "help the lady on the horse," or somebody else that needed his strong right arm.

For instance, the gallant Russian custom of a man pullin' a woman off the steps of a crowded street-car an' takin' her place himself caused Slim to start a ruckus down on Svetlanskaya one day that the Military Police had to help him stop.

'Nother time he kicked a Mongolian coolie's padded pants clean up between his shoulders for overloadin' his little *droschky*-horse. Half a dozen other coolies come for Slim with knives an' I had to pull my bay'net an' help him stand 'em off.

He tied into a bewhiskered Bolshevik who was settlin' some little argument with his wife by means of a club an' the Bolshevik used the club on Slim while the wife pulled out a good part o' his hair. But such things never made a dent in Slim. He was the sort you just have to take "as is."

WELL, by the wisdom that is no high private's business to question, the Maple Leaf Rifles stayed on at Vladivostok, along with the Yankees an' French an' British an' Italians an' everybody else. An' by the same token the Bolsheviks was rampin' wild up at Omsk, three thousand miles away, an' remarkable quiet around Vladi. So, to keep up our "morale," as Spreddie called it, the Colonel ordered sports day every Wednesday. We'd meet on the parade-ground, which the old Czar's army had obligin'ly gouged out o' the side o' Dead Horse Valley, an' have boxin' an' tug-o-war an' football. One day a bright idea hit the Colonel an' the Adjutant. They planned a mule race.

Now Headquarters Comp'ny had been supplied by the Ordnance with fifty little Chinese mules, to the great grief o' the boys o' the Transport Section. Oh, yes, you know somethin' about mules! Well, the ordinary jackass is a sheep alongside the Mongolian variety. Or mebbe they just didn't understand good Canadian cuss-words. Haulin' wood an' water up the hills to barracks with those mules was only a little bit harder for the transport boys than packin' it on their backs would o' been. But it was a darn sight more stimulat'g. So the idea o' ridin' same mules with spurs on the riders an' only a halter on the mules had interestin' possibilities.

"Now, you alkalied broncho-busters, you wild and woolly centaurs," calls Major Spreddie, announcin' the race, "here's a chance to show your stuff. Rifleman Fagan, in particular, will be at his best. That largest yellow mule is his mount. No doubt he'll win the one hundred rubles which the Battalion offers to the man who finishes three laps around the parade-ground in the best order. But I want twenty real riders to give him a run for his money."

Slim swore at bein' bawled out that way before the troops, but he took his mule from the ginnin' transport corporal. Twenty more long-boot boys lined up with him. They forked their mules an' Spreddie yelled "Go!"—for goin' they sure were already. Them that wasn't never did. You could have built a bonfire under three or four o' those donkeys without budgin' them.

But them that "went" didn't go around the parade-ground. Some of 'em hit for the stable lickety-whoop an' their riders slid off when they reached the door to save their brains from bein' scattered. Most of 'em bucked—no two alike an' none of 'em like anything seen before or since. How the troops hollered! Mules an' riders, together an' apart, spread from the startin' point like bits from an explosion.

But the attention o' everyone soon focused on Slim Fagan an' his line-backed yellow jinny. A jack-rabbit shot in the neck will sometimes go through some o' the motions that shave-tail did. Or a snake with its head pinned down. But Slim rode her—rode her from her ears to her tail. At last she quit buckin' an' started to run.

That ended the show for us. Slim an' his mule disappeared up the brushy side o' Dead Horse Valley like a bullet-fanned coyote.

When it comes dark an' they wasn't back, Spreddie ordered a piquet sent to look for Slim, an' the Trans-



VIKI

port Captain sent a piquet to look for his mule. The two piquets met up after an hour or so an' agreed that findin' a needle in a haystack would be easy compared to locatin' anybody out there on that brushy mountain.

"Anyhow, it's like the Indian said about his brother who was lost," says Butch Hunter. "If he's alive he'll find his own way back to camp, an' if he's dead there's no use to look for him."

So we sat on a cut-bank above a gully an' rode some more bronchos for two-three hours an' come back to our respective guard-rooms an' reported no sign o' the mule or of Rifleman Fagan 3407-261. Piquets sky-hooted around the hills all next day with no better luck.

FOUR nights later I was doin' sentry-go at the back of our comp'ny barracks. I was standin' at ease lookin' at the shiny path the moon was makin' across Gournasti Bay an' out into the Sea o' Japan an' thinkin' how much I'd like to follow it clean back to Vancouver when I heard a stick crack behind me. I swung around to the "on guard" in a split wink, clean forgettin' to first come to attention, slope arms, face about an' come down to the port, as Spreddie would-a had me done.

"Halt, who goes there!" I sings out.

"Aw go jump in the bay," comes from the bushes.

"Advance, friend, an' be recognized," I snaps, "though I've recognized you already, you flea-bitten ol' mustang. But I'm wishful to see the shape you're in."

"It's a h—of a shape, I'll tell you those," says Slim Fagan, comin' out o' the brush. An' that's one time he wasn't strainin' the truth. He'd been without his cap an' tunic when he boarded the mule. Now he was without his puttees an' most of his pants. Also without the mule.

"Where's Jinny?" I asks.

"Never you mind," says he. "Give me that prod an' you go rob the night-cook of a can o' jam an' about four loaves o' bread. He may not recover if I do it."

When I come back with the bread an' jam an' a mess-tin o' hot chocolate which the cook was fixin' for himself we sat down on the back steps o' the barracks while Slim fed the animal.

"Now let's have it," I says, "before you've had time to contaminate the truth with the story you're goin' to tell Spreddie in the mornin'."

Slim waved half a loaf of bread at me to keep quiet till he finished swallowin' the other half. Then he ran his finger around th' inside o' the jam tin thoughtfully.

"She's a seek-no-further," he says finally, kindo far away.

"She sure is," I agrees, "but who, for instance?"

"Oh—Jinny, of course. Didn't you notice her little walk-trot-an-canter on the parade-ground?"

"I did so, an' again I ask you why you come back without such a virtuous animal? You'll break the Transport Captain's heart."

"Not so near as she come to breakin' my neck when she took me under a thorn tree. When we come out on that "doroga," as the Rooskies call a road, a mile up yonder I felt like I'd been run through a threshin'-machine. I wouldn't a-ride her back down through that brush for your whole blame army. Not if she'd wanted to come bad enough so's I could have made her do it."

"So we followed the doroga, thinkin' to find another switchin' back this way, but we were headed in the wrong direction. I saw it was takin' us to the top of Seminoff Hill yonder but I kept on to see what I could see an' to teach Jinny some manners. I'd just got a sizable tree-limb an' had her quite civilized when we brought up at a bunch o' buildin's that had once been quarters for the troops that used to hold down the fort on the hill-top. They was now inhabited by the watchman an' whoever else felt like livin' in 'em. But when we arrived the yard was full o' people all in their Sunday-go-to-meetin'. Somethin' was doin' but I couldn't tell what, for there was lots more doin' when Jinny had a good look at the bright shawls an' petticoats. What she did on the parade-ground was tame to that little show she put on for the Bolsheviks. When she'd finished her tantrum an' had said she was

sorry, I got off an' the Bolshies come crowdin' around me to shake my hand an' pat me on the back. One drew a bottle on me an' poured some vodka. I took a snifter. Talk about your barb-wire an' fish-hooks—!"

"From here on to the next snort," I interrupts Slim, "I'll discount your story by half, then three-fourths, an' so on to unconsciousness."

"If you multiplied it by ten," returns Slim, you wouldn't make proper allowance for my ingrowin' modesty. As I was sayin', the Bolsheviks were considerable impressed by our little exhibition of broncho-bustin'. One of 'em grabs off his woolly hat an' slaps it onto my dome. 'Canusky soldat good Cossack,' he says, an' they all hollers.

"I admit a shortage o' clothin', after that ride through the brush, though my head wasn't where I needed it most. I expected to feel some crickets or centipedes beginnin' to tramp around over their fresh pasture, but anyway I kept the sako, as you may have noticed."

Which I had noticed, all right. It was as though Slim had half of one leg from his old Angora chaps on his head. Went well with what was left o' his regimentals.

"They formed a procession," continues Slim, helpin' himself from my last package of "ishie" cigarettes, "though they was all afoot except four persons in a two-seated droshky. It was a smart-lookin' rig for this country, with a big raw-boned horse between the shafts an' a shaggy little pony hitched alongside—which there bein' no such thing as side-draft in Siberia. On the front seat were two hard-boiled specimens, enough alike to be brothers. On the back seat was a hawk-nosed old codger with beady eyes an' grizzled whiskers. But by him was a girl—an' say, Steve, a pippin! Such big dark eyes with archin' brows an' such a smooth turn to her cheeks an' a straight nose with quivery nostrils like a blooded filly an' just the

right sort of a mouth—only it drooped a little. She was tryin' hard to give back smiles in answer to all the jokes an' laughter that was bein' pointed towards her. For she was wearin' a bride's veil an' all the fluffy fixins. Jinny an' I had butted into a weddin'!

"Nothin' would do but I must go along. Bein' the only person mounted an' havin' took the crowd's fancy by my ridin', they hauled me an' Jinny up to the droshky an' presented us as a guard-of-honor for the bride-to-be."

"The men in the carriage laughed an' took off their caps an' the bride smiled. Steve, somethin' kicked me on the underneath part of my wishbone when that girl smiled. I lifted my sako an' bowed

over Jinny's neck an' tried to say I'm greatly honored, though I may have said I'm a son-of-a-gun—my Russian seemin' to desert me.

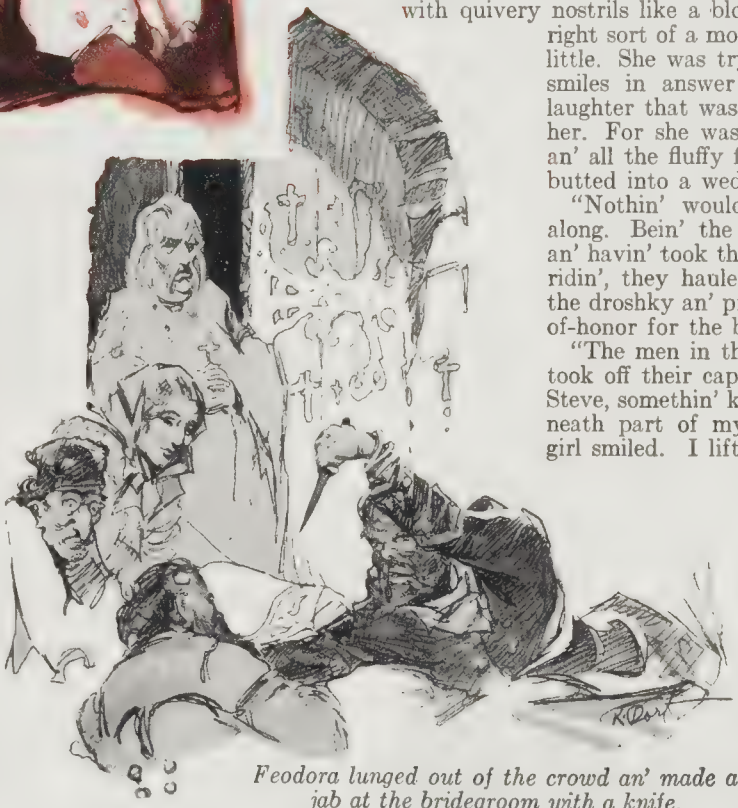
"But who was the peach marryin'? Old Iron-beak beside her was evidently her dad, so the two in front must be the best man an' the groom.

For snaky eyes an' whiskers it was Hobson's choice between 'em. The girl's eyes didn't rest on neither one very soulfully. Instead, she kept glancin' toward a bare-headed young chap who followed close beside the droshky. He had a face like the guy in the collar advertisements back home only he was cheerful as a crutch in his expression.

"The young fellow's name, as I know now, was Feodor Kazakoff. His old man had been a merchant at Harbin until the Bolsheviks killed him after the revolution. The other two were Nicholas Sepp and Serge Oneshanko. Red leaders, along with old Iron-beak. Serge was to be the bridegroom. He was the biggest one, with the sorrel whiskers.

"We came to a little army chapel tucked in a hollow below the fort. A fat priest in the procession opened the door. I tied Jinny to a scrub-oak an' continued to stay as close as I could to the girl, whose name, by the way, was Sonia. Sonia Somethin'-or-other, which I can't pronounce an' you wouldn't remember an' doesn't matter now anyway. From the tears I saw in the corners of her eyes an' the wild look that was comin' in Feodor's, I guessed possibilities even yet for some excitement.

"Sure enough, as Serge an' Nick was goin' up the chapel steps behind Sonia an' her pa, Feodora lunged out of the crowd an' made a jab at the bridegroom with a knife. Ev'rybody [Continued on page 81]



Feodora lunged out of the crowd an' made a jab at the bridegroom with a knife.

The Castle That Came Alive

By
Francis Dickie

OF THE past I dreamed; and, dreaming, went into the heart of ancient France. There, where the waters of the river Gave de Pau roll forever against the rocky buttresses upholding a mighty fortress of an olden day, I stood and let the myriad ghosts of bygone times enshroud me. Knights in mail, and horses gaily caparisoned, sweeping across the plains and through many a mountain pass. Saracens, with swords of wonder in their hands, and cruelty and conquest in their hearts, clashed with the gallant and glorious of old France. Mighty combat, carnage, blood and misery, and the rape and tears of women; lands laid waste before flooding tides of warring humanity, scrolling pages we now name history. Upon all looked down this amazing monument for fifteen hundred years or more, as today it still looks down upon men rushing by in motors, and up at men who fly swiftly by in airplanes and drop down advertising folders that fall within the moss-covered walls as once did a salvation-working trout from the talons of an eagle.

Then in recent days, crowning irony of all, this hoary thing of history has been made to come alive and entertain men, greatly through the endeavors of an automobile club, and the energy of a book collector, and a dreamer, Monsieur L. le Bondidier, turned Conservator in the service of a region he has long adored.

In writing about this fortress, one has a certain diffidence in beginning. The difficulty is that the darned place was so thoughtless as to start out in life before any recorded history of the region. It is thus, so to speak, without father or mother. Maybe Basque, maybe Bearnaise, maybe Saracen, maybe somebody else built it. Just what changes took place in its infancy one cannot say. Anyhow, it's there today very much as it was in the year 732 when history begins about it, and it stands today the most perfectly preserved (without undue restoration) of any of the fortresses of France, if not of all Europe. Even the drawbridge and portcullis still work smoothly! Furthermore, this long-neglected stronghold has become home of the only self-supporting museum in France, and the only castle and museum in the world to be "foster-fathered" by an automobile club: "The Touring Club de France."



The best preserved fortress in France at Lourdes.

NOT being able to state anything definitely about its infancy, one must turn to the year 732 A.D., when it first came into the recorded history limelight. In this year the Saracens made one of their periodical campaigns into France and travelled as far as Poitiers when they met defeat at the hands of an army commanded by Charles Martel. The Saracens retreated before the Franks, finally taking a stand again in this fortress, which evidently had been a base of operations at this time. The fortress was in a more than usually strategic situation. It commanded the top of a high, rocky hill, very abrupt of sides. This guarded the entrance of the last of three long, narrow valleys. Whoever was lord of this, was in virtual control of this region of the country, and had also easy access to the neighboring country of Spain. Today the fortress looks down upon the "pilgrim city" of Lourdes. The Saracens had barely got comfortably settled in their commanding and impregnable eyrie when the Emperor Charlemagne arrived with fresh troops determined to definitely rout the Moslems from the soil of France. But after a few days of light attacks, he realized that there was only one way to conquer. So his troops sat down to starve out the enemy. Weeks passed. Upon the hilltop food was growing scarce. The Saracens were too greatly outnumbered to attempt a sortie. They were seriously considering surrendering the castle in exchange for the right to depart to their own country when one day an eagle in flying from a neighboring lake with a large trout in its talons accidentally let fall the fish so that it fell into the great cistern in which the castle caught water. Some of the soldiers in the fortress witnessed the happening, and reported it to their commander, Mirat. On learning of this, the commander was struck with a brilliant idea. He commanded the dead fish to be at once retrieved from the cistern. Placing it upon a golden platter, he sent it by a gorgeously appraised black slave to Charlemagne with his compliments, hoping he would enjoy this fresh fare after the monotonous table of a besieging soldier. Mirat added that his supply of trout was a good one, and that he and his men would never starve. The psychological effect of this brought about the hoped-for results. Charlemagne gave up the siege and hurried away to attend to other pressing affairs. There are today in the archives of the city of Lourdes, certain documents which bear out this story as fact, rather than legend. The coat of arms of the place bears the three towers of the

fort and an eagle flying over with a trout in its talons.

BEARING as it did such a commanding position, the fortress was naturally the scene of constant struggle, changing hands continually throughout the centuries. In 841 the Normans conquered, and held it against various attacks until that famous historical character Simon de Montfort finally wrested it for his own in 1218. Following this, rival armies of the great feudal lords contended for it. The most noted of



Perfect model of fortified church at Museum Pyreneen

these, the Duc d'Anjou bravely defended it against the English in 1373, but was defeated, and the invaders held their position until 1404, when the great fighter, du Comte de Clermont succeeded in routing them. Other noted figures in the chronicles of the early times to hold the fortress for various lengths of times were du Chef Huguenot Montgommery (1596), and the Barron d'Arros in 1573.

With the invention of firearms and the increasing improvements in their make, the entire plan of warfare was soon changed, and this fortress and its kind all over Europe gradually lost importance. Thus it was that its thick walls after being used for centuries to keep people from getting in, were turned to the new use of keeping people from getting out. In 1767 it became a state prison. But no ordinary criminal was honored by its confining walls. It was reserved for the highest of the land. It was, indeed, a sort of country replica of the Bastille, in Paris. People condemned by "lettre de cachet," which meant no trial at all, or even justifiable reason, were hurried here at kings' commands. Today in the tower, upon a long piece of silk, are engraved the names of about a hundred famous people who were imprisoned here, and an order of Napoleon confining a British ambassador is still to be seen. From the long list of names, two have been chosen as typical of the times.

ONE evening in the 17th century, the Duke of Mazarin, Prince of Valentinois, was caught by the King's son emerging from the door of the son's best girl, which wasn't good form even in those days, though it seems to have been rather a common occurrence. The next morning Mazarin was on his way to the Fortress of Lourdes under a strong guard, and spent several years' vacation. Many years later, in the 19th century, when Napoleon was in power, Lord Elgin, the English ambassador, using the privilege of diplomatic immunity, went to a watering-place to take the cure. The cure abruptly ended by Napoleon's ordering him to the dungeon of Lourdes, proving Napoleon had no respect even for liver troubles. In the latter part of the 18th and the early part of the



Perfect example of drawbridge still smoothly working in Lourdes' Fortress. The timbers are raised by a system of weights and fitted into the wall to close the drawbridge.

19th century the prison became somewhat less select. Numbers of deserting soldiers and apostate priests were held here and finally shot against the walls. After the Revolution in 1789, which opened all the prison doors, the castle was used as a barracks until 1894, when the Government, finding the place no longer useful, offered it to the city for the sum of 50,000 francs, which at the rate of exchange then, was about \$10,000. The city accepted, but kept the place empty and dilapidated. Thus it stood until the year 1920, a source of recrimination and dispute among the city fathers, a grey elephant of rock for which a lot of taxpayers' money had been laid out and with nothing to show for it. The city fathers wanted to do something with the fortress, but they didn't know just what, and they were not going to spend any more money on it.

Thirty years previously there had come from the Lorraine country a young man, Monsieur L. le Bondidier, on a mountain-climbing expedition. He liked the country so well he settled near Lourdes. In those thirty years he had slowly acquired a remarkable library of rare volumes and manuscripts relating to the region. The history, customs, the dress of the people, the weapons and utensils used through many centuries were known to him. In 1920 he was just recovering from an accident suffered in mountain climbing and had resigned his position as precepteur at the registry office. He alone saw a way to make the ancient fortress come alive; to be changed from a burden to an asset and an object of not only interest but profit to the city.

IN THE first place he took into account the fact that "the pilgrim city" was visited every year by an average of 500,000 people. At this time, also, the Touring Club of France was doing all they could to make the land attractive not only to their own motorists, but visitors from every land. Monsieur le Bondidier went to the head of the Touring Club and placed before them his plan. As an upshot of his idea the Touring Club of France leased the castle from the

of which only one other copy exist. To the still empty fortress M. le Bondidier was appointed conservator without salary. He opened it to the world on the first of May, 1921, renaming the fortress Musée Pyreneen, with a beginning capital of only \$12, and a small collection of exhibits of the Basque country donated by local people. How the conservator, with such a beginning of an empty castle and \$12 made the Musée in a short time one of the most successful in France, and the only self-supporting one, is an interesting story in originality and enterprise.

To begin with, he revolutionized the museum world in France by inaugurating a charge of two francs admittance. In 1921 such a thing was unknown, France always having prided herself in the free access of her museums and galleries. However, such was the financial state of the country that shortly after all the museums adopted the plan started at Lourdes, although here no poor student or artist is ever turned away for lack of money. Still another innovation: this museum is without guides. Remembering his own experience in visiting museums, the curator realized that often professional guides actually frighten away visitors by their importunities. He replaced them by a scheme of his own. After a great deal of study he erected a series of pointing arrows on posts about the grounds and on the walls in the interior. The visitor enters at one portal and the arrows lead the way throughout the entire museum in such a way that nothing is missed, and the departure is made through

another, so no retracing of footsteps is necessary. In conjunction with the guiding arrows, every exhibit is numbered. Upon a little guide sheet of four pages is printed opposite the various numbers a full description of the exhibits. As the guide sheet sells for a cent, the visitors see everything understandingly at a small cost. The museum is open every day from 9 until 7. To many a foreign visitor, remembering how often he or she has come to some great museum on a Monday or a holiday to find it closed, this working principle will be the most fully appreciated.

Remembering the great number of tourists who visit the city during the months from March till November, and whose interest it was necessary to arouse, the curator had placed on the hillside below the tower a huge electric light as a reflector. All the evening this plays upon the tower and the walls so that its magnificent lines are silhouetted against the surrounding darkness, and the visitors in the



An interesting archaeological find of graves of Carolingians—probably sixth century. Coffin and cover from solid stone discovered at base of fortress at Lourdes in 1929.



Monsieur L. Le Bondidier, through whose original ideas an ancient castle was made into the first self-supporting museum in France.

town below naturally ask for information which usually results in a visit next day.

The financial returns from even so small an admission fee as two francs were gratifying from the very beginning. So that within the next three years it was possible to purchase and put on view a valuable collection of historical objects having to do with the history, costumes and folklore of the people as well as the varied implements of the chase, war and agriculture. The library, housed as it is in the top of the ancient tower, is in a room both damp and fire-proof.

As has been pointed out, the fortress is the most perfectly preserved in France. Even what repairs were carried out in no way changed the originality and beauty of the ancient lines. The original doors, all studded with nails and revolving on gigantic hinges are unchanged, except they had to be repainted. Even the drawbridge and portcullis, worked by fairly delicate arrangements of weights, today can be raised and lowered as easily and quickly as in former times. In ancient times the sole approach to the fortress was by a narrow roadway winding up the very steep side of the rock. This was lined by a high wall, with at intervals a series of nine enormous gates. So an invader had to batter through all these before even reaching the wall of the castle above. The wall is thickly set with narrow loopholes, so that all the time the invader was battling upwards there was poured down upon him showers of arrows, bolts from cross-bows, boiling oil, tar and melted lead, or rifle fire, according to the period in which the siege took place.



The portcullis is operated by a rope and can be dropped in a second.

city for 99 years at \$120 a month. The club subscribed 10,000 francs, and several up-and-coming citizens of the town another 5,000. This money was spent in making the interior habitable by brightening up the walls. The ancient roadway was made once more approachable, and a new staircase placed upon the opposite side. Considering that the fortress was at least 1,300 years old, it was in a remarkable state of repair. The ancient tower, with its twelve-foot-thick walls had three immense rooms in it. In the very topmost, M. le Bondidier placed his precious library, the collection of thirty years, and the most complete one regarding the Pyrennes in the world. It contains several volumes



Showing the only approach to the fortress in olden days, a walled roadway with nine enormous gates had to be destroyed by an invader merely to reach the upper fortifications.

NEAR the bottom of the roadway there now stands a row of enormous coffins hewn from solid stone, one complete top and several broken ones, also hewn from stone, representing an extremely interesting archaeological find made in the fall of 1929, just shortly before the writer's arrival. These represent the tombs of some early Carolingian nobles, probably men who fell either in taking or defending the fortress. Their method of burial was entirely different from that of the Basques who inhabited the nearby region. [Cont., page 80]

No Defence

By
Gilbert Parker

WHEN Dyck Calhoun waked, he was in the hands of the King's constables, arrested for the murder of Erris Boyne. It was hard for him to protest his innocence, for he admitted he had quarreled with Boyne. Also, the landlord was ready to swear concerning a quarrel he had seen when he opened the door for a moment. Dyck, with sudden caution, only said that he would make all clear at the trial.

Dublin and Ireland were shocked and thrilled; England imagined she had come upon one of the most violent episodes of Irish history. One journal protested that it was not possible to believe in Dyck Calhoun's guilt; that his outward habits were known to all, and were above suspicion, although he had col-leagued, though never secretly, so far as the world knew, with some of the advanced revolutionary spirits. None of the loyal papers seemed to be aware of Erris Boyne's treachery; and while none spoke of him with approval, all condemned his ugly death.

Driven through the streets of Dublin in a jaunting-car between two of the King's police, Dyck was a mark for abuse by tongue, but was here and there cheered by partisans of the ultra-loyal group to which his father adhered. The effect of his potations was still upon him, and his mind was bemused. He remembered the quarrel, Boyne's explanation, and the subsequent drinking, but he could recall nothing further. He was sure the wine had been drugged, but he realized that Swipton, the landlord, would have made away with any signs of foul play, as he was himself an agent of active disloyalty and a friend of Erris Boyne.

Dyck could not believe he had killed Boyne; yet Boyne had been found with a wound in his heart, and his own naked sword lying beside him on the table. The trouble was that he could not absolutely swear he had not committed the crime.

The situation was not eased by his stay in jail. On the contrary, it began with a revelation terribly repugnant to him. He had not long been lodged in the cell when he received a visit from Michael Clones, who stretched out his hands in an agony of humiliation.

"Ah, you didn't do it—you didn't do it, sir!" he cried. "I'm sure you never killed him. It wasn't your way. He was for doing you harm if he could. An evil man he was, as all the world knows. But there's one thing that'll be worse than anything else to you. You never knew it, and I never knew it till an hour ago. Did you know who Erris Boyne was? Well, I'll tell you. He was the father of Miss Sheila Llyn. He was

divorced from Mrs. Llyn many years ago, for having to do with other women. She took to her maiden name, and he married again.

"Good God! Good God!" Dyck Calhoun made a gesture of horror. "He's Sheila Llyn's father! Good God!"

Suddenly a passion of remorse roused him out of his semi-stupefaction.

"Michael! Michael!" he said, his voice hoarse, broken. "Don't say such a thing! Are you sure?" Michael nodded.

"I'm sure. I got it from a man that's known Erris Boyne and his first wife and girl—one that was a servant to them both in past days. He's been down to Limerick to see Mrs. Llyn and the beautiful daughter. I met him an hour ago, and he told me. He told me more. He told me Mrs. Llyn spoke to him of your friendship for Erris Boyne, and how she meant to tell you who and what he was. She said her daughter didn't even know her father's name. She had been kept in ignorance."

Dyck seated himself on the rough bed of the cell, and stared at Michael, his hands between his knees, his eyes perturbed.

"Michael," he said at last, "if its true—what you've told me—I don't see my way. Every step in front of me is black with vileness. To tell the whole truth is to bring fresh shame upon Mrs. Llyn and her daughter, and not to tell the whole truth is to take away the only chance I have of getting out of this trouble. I see that!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir, but I'll tell you this—none that knows you would believe you'd murder Erris Boyne or anny other man."

Dyck wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"I suppose you speak the truth, Michael, but it isn't people who have known me that'll try me; and I can't tell all."

"Why not, if it'll help you?"

"I can't—of course I can't. It would be disgrace eternal."

"Why? Tell me why, sir!"

Dyck looked closely, firmly, at the old servant and friend. Should he tell the truth—that Boyne had tried to induce him to sell himself to the French, to invoke his aid against the English Government, to share in treason? If he could have told it to anybody, he would have done so to Michael; but if it was true that in his drunken blindness he had lilled Boyne, he would not seek to escape by proving Boyne a traitor.

He believed Boyne was a servant of the French; but unless the facts came out in the trial they should not have the sure origin in himself. He would not add to his crime in killing the father of the only girl who had ever touched his heart, the shame of proving that father to be one who should have been shot as a traitor.

He had courage and daring, but not sufficient to carry him through that dark chapter. He would not try to save himself by turning public opinion against Erris Boyne. The man had been killed by someone, perhaps — and the thing ached in his heart — by





Illustrated by
John F. Clymer

Suddenly a burly sailor, holding a dirty red handkerchief, pushed forward. His eyes were strong with enterprise, and he had a hand like a ham, with long hairy fingers.

himself; but that was no reason why the man's death should not be sufficient punishment for all the wrong he had done.

Dyck had a foolish strain in him, after all. Romance was his deadly foe; it made him do a stupid, if chivalrous thing. Meanwhile, he would warn the government at once about the projected French naval raid.

"Michael," said Dyck, rising again, "see my father, but you're not to say I didn't kill Boyne, for, to tell the truth, I don't know. My head"—he put his hand to it with a gesture of despair—"my head's a mass of contradictions. Do you know, it seems a thousand years since I entered that tavern! I can't get myself level with all that's happened. That Erris Boyne should be the father of that sweet girl at Limerick and the husband of Mrs. Llyn shakes me. Don't you see what it means? If I killed him, it spoils everything—everything. If I didn't kill him, I can only help myself by blackening still more the life of one who gave being to—" "Aye to a young queen!" interrupted Michael. "God knows, there's none like her in Ireland, or in anny other country at all!"

Suddenly Dyck regained his composure; and it was the composure of one who had opened the door of hell and had realized that in time—perhaps not far off—he also would dwell in the infernal place.

"Michael, I have no money, but I'm my father's heir. My father will not see me starve in prison, nor want for defence, though my attitude shall be 'no defence.' So bring me decent food and some clothes, and send to me here Will McCormick, the lawyer.

He's as able a man as there is in Dublin. Listen, Michael, you're not to speak of Mrs. Llyn and Miss Llyn as related to Erris Boyne. What will come of what you and I know and don't know, Heaven only has knowledge, but I'll see it through. I've spoiled as good chances as ever a young man had that wants to make his way; but drink and cards, Michael, and the flare of this damned life at the centre—it got hold of me. It muddled, drowned the best that was in me. It's the witch's kitchen, is Dublin. Ireland's the only place in the world where they make saints of criminals and pray to them; where they lose track of time and think they're in eternity; where emotion is saturnine logic and death is the touchstone of life. Michael, I don't see any way to safety. Those fellows down at the tavern were friends of Erris Boyne. They're against me. They'll hang me if they can!"

"I don't believe they can do it, master. Dublin and Ireland think more of you than they did of Erris Boyne. There's nothing behind you except the wildness of youth—nothing at all. If anny one had said to me at Playmore that you'd do the things you've done with drink and cards since you came to Dublin, I'd have sworn they were liars. Yet when all's said and done, I'd give my last drop of blood as guarantee you didn't kill Erris Boyne!"

Dyck smiled.

"You've a lot of faith in me, Michael—but I'll tell you this—I never was so thirsty in my life. My mouth's like a red-hot iron. Send me some water. Give the warder sixpence, if you've got it, and send

me some water. Then go to Will McCormick, and after that to my father."

Michael shook his head dolefully.

"Mr. McCormick's aisy—oh, aisy enough," he said. "He'll lep up at the idea of defendin' you, but I'm not takin' pleasure in goin' to Miles Calhoun, for he's a hard man these days. Aw, Mr. Dyck, he's had a lot of trouble. Things has been goin' wrong with Playmore. 'Pon honor, I don't know whether anny of it'll last as long as Miles Calhoun lasts. There'll be little left for you, Mr. Dyck. That's what troubles me. I tell you it'd break my heart if that place should be lost to your father and you. I was born on it. I'd give the best years of the life that's left me to make sure the old house could stay in the hands of the Calhouns. I say to you that while I live all I am is yours, fair and foul, good

or bad." He touched his breast with his right hand. "In here is the soul of Ireland that leps up on the heights for the things that matter. There's a song—but never mind about a song; this is no place for songs. It's a prison-house, and you're a prisoner charged—"

"Not charged yet, not charged," interrupted Dyck; "but suspected of and arrested for a crime. I'll fight—before God, I'll fight to the last! Good-bye, Michael; bring me food and clothes, and send me cold water at once."

When the door closed softly behind Michael Clones, Dyck sat down on the bed where many a criminal patriot had lain. He looked around the small room, bare, unfurnished, severe; he looked at the blank walls and the barred window, high up; he looked at the floor—it was discolored and damp. He reached out and touched it with his hand. He looked at the solitary chair, the basin and pail, and he shuddered.

"How awful—how awful!" he murmured. "But if it was her father, and if I killed him"—his head sank low—"if I killed her father!"

"Water, sir."

He looked up. It was the guard with a tin of water and a dipper.

"I DON'T believe he's guilty, Mother."

The girl's fine eyes shone with feeling—with protest, indignation, anguish. As she spoke, she thrust her head forward with the vigor of a passionate counsel. Sheila Llyn was a champion who would fight to the

last gasp for any cause she loved. A few moments before, she had found her mother, with horror-stricken face, gazing at a newspaper paragraph sent to her from Dublin.

Sheila at once thought this to be the cause of her mother's agitation, and she reached out a hand for it. Her mother hesitated, then handed the clipping to her. Fortunately it contained no statement save the bare facts connected with the killing of Erris Boyne, and no reference to the earlier life of the dead man. It said no more than that Dyck Calhoun must take his trial at the sessions.

It also stated that Dyck, though he pleaded "not guilty," declared frankly, through Will McCormick, the lawyer, that he had no memory of aught that happened after he had drunk wine given him by Erris Boyne. He said that he and Boyne had quarreled, but had become reconciled again, and that the drink was a pledge of their understanding. From the time he had taken the drink until he waked in the hands of the King's constables, he had no memory; but he was sure he had not killed Boyne. The fact that there was no blood on his sword was evidence. Nevertheless, he had been committed for trial.

Mrs. Llyn was sorely troubled. She knew of her daughter's interest in Dyck Calhoun, and of Dyck's regard for Sheila. She had even looked forward to marriage, and she wished for Sheila no better fate, because nearly all she knew of Dyck was to his credit. She was unaware that his life in Dublin had been dissipated.

If Dyck was guilty—though she could not believe he was—there would be an end of romance between him and Sheila, and their friendship must be severed forever. Her daughter did not know that Erris Boyne was her father, and she must not know—in any case not yet; but if Dyck was condemned, it was almost certain he would be hanged.

She wondered about Boyne's widow, whose name did not appear in the paragraph she had seen. She knew that Norreen was beautiful, but that he had married far beneath him socially. She had imagined Erris Boyne living in suburban quiet, not drawing his wife into his social scheme.

That is what had happened. The woman had lived apart from the daily experiences of her husband's life in Dublin; and it had deepened her bitterness against him. When she had learned that Erris Boyne was no more faithful to her than he had been to his previous wife, she had gone mad; and Dyck Calhoun was now paying the price of her madness.

Mrs. Llyn did not know this, however. She was a woman of distinguished bearing, though small, with a wan, sad look in her eyes always, but with a cheerful smile. She was not poor, but well-to-do, and it was not necessary to deny herself or her daughter ordinary comforts, and even many of the luxuries of life.

Her hair was darker than her daughter's, black and wavy, with here and there streaks of gray. These, however, only added dignity to a head beautifully balanced, finely molded, and, in the language of the day, most genteelly hung. She was slender, buoyant in movement yet composed, and her voice was like her daughter's, clear, gentle, thrilling.

Her mind and heart were given up to Sheila and Sheila's future. That was why a knowledge of the tragedy that had come to Dyck Calhoun troubled her as she had not been troubled since the day she first learned of Erris Boyne's infidelity to herself.

"Let us go to Dublin, Mother," said Sheila with a determined air, after reading the clipping.

"Why, my dear?"

The woman's eyes, with their long lashes, looked searchingly into her daughter's face. She felt, as the years went on, that Sheila had gifts granted to few. She realized that the girl had resources which would make her a governing influence in whatever sphere of life she would be set. Quietly, Sheila was taking control of their movements, and indeed of her own daily life. The girl had a dominating skill which came in part from herself; and also to a degree from her father; but her disposition was not her father's—it was her mother's.

Mrs. Llyn had never known Sheila to lie or twist the truth in all her days. No one was more obedient to wise argument; and her mother had a feeling that now, perhaps, the time had come when they two must have a struggle for mastery. There was every reason why they should not go to Dublin. There Sheila might

discover that Erris Boyne was her father, and might learn the story of her mother's life.

Sheila had been told by her mother that her father had passed away abroad when she was a little child. She had never seen her father's picture, and her mother had given her the impression that their last days together had not been happy. She had always felt that it was better not to inquire too closely into her father's life.

The years had gone on and then had come the happy visit to Loyland Towers, where she had met Dyck Calhoun. Her life at that moment had been free from troublesome emotions; but since the time she had met Dyck at the top of the hill, a new set of feelings worked in her.

She was as bonny a lass as ever the old world produced—lithe, with a body like that of a boy, strong and pleasant of face, with a haunting beauty in the eyes, a majesty of the neck and chin, and a carriage which had made Michael Clones call her a queen.

She saw Dyck only as a happy, wild son of the hill-top. To her he was a

presently they saw a horse and rider pass the window.

"It's a government messenger, Mother," Sheila said.

As Sheila said, it was a government messenger, bearing a packet to Mrs. Llyn—a letter from her brother in America, whom she had not seen for many years.

The brother, Bryan Llyn, had gone out there as a young man before the Revolutionary War. He had prospered, taking sides against England in the war, and became a man of importance in the schemes of the new Republican Government. Only occasionally had letters come from him to his sister, and for nearly eleven years she had not had a single word from him.

When she opened the packet now, she felt it would help to solve—she knew not how—the trouble between herself and her daughter. The letter had been sent to a firm in Dublin with which Bryan Llyn had done business, with instructions that it should be forwarded to his sister. It had reached the hands of a government official, who was a brother of a member of the firm, and he had used the government messenger, who was going upon other business to Limerick, to forward it with a friendly covering note, which ended with the words:

"The recent tragedy you have no doubt seen in the papers must have shocked you; but to those who know the inside the end was inevitable, though there are many who do not think Calhoun is guilty. I am one of them. Nevertheless, it will go hard with him, as the evidence is strong against him. He comes from your part of the country, and you will be concerned, of course."

Sheila watched her mother reading, and saw that great emotion possessed her, though the girl could not know the cause. Presently, however, Mrs. Llyn, who had read the letter from her brother, made a joyful exclamation.

"What is it, Mother, dear?" Sheila asked eagerly. "Tell me!"

The mother made a passionate gesture of astonishment and joy; then she leaned back in her chair and closed her eyes, with the letter, which was closely written, in old-fashioned punctiliousness—in her hands.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she said. "How strange it all is! Your Uncle Bryan is immensely rich. He has no children and no family; his health is failing."

She seemed able to get no further.

"Well, what is it, Mother?" asked Sheila again.

For an instant Mrs. Llyn hesitated; then she put the letter into Sheila's hands.

"Read it, my child," she said. "It's for you as much as for me—indeed, more for you than for me."

Sheila took the letter. It ran as follows:

"DEAREST SISTER:

"It is eleven years since I wrote to you, and yet, though it may seem strange, there have not been eleven days in all that time in which I have not wished you and Sheila were here. Sheila—why, she is a young woman! She's about the age you were when I left Ireland, and you were one of the most beautiful and charming creatures God ever gave life to. The last picture I have of you was a drawing made soon after your marriage—sad, bad, unhappy incident. I have kept it by me always. It warms my heart in winter; it cools my eyes in summer.

"My estate is neither North nor South, but farther South than North. In a sense it is always summer, but winter on my place would be like summer in Norway—just bitingly fresh, happily alert. I'm writing in the summer now. I look out of the window and see hundreds of acres of cotton-fields, with hundreds upon hundreds of negroes at work. I hear the songs they sing, faint echoes of them, even as I write. Yes, my black folk do sing, because they are well treated.

"Not that we haven't our troubles here. You can't administer thousands of acres, control hundreds of slaves, and run an estate like a piece of clockwork without creaks in the machinery. I've built it all up out of next to nothing. I landed in this country with my little fortune of two thousand pounds. This estate is worth at least a quarter of a million now. I've an estate in Jamaica, too. I took it for a debt. What it'll be worth in another twenty years I don't know. I shan't be here to see. I'm not the man I was physically, and that's one of the reasons why I'm writing to you today. I've often wished to write and say what I'm going to say now, but I've held back because I wanted you to finish your girl's education before I said it.

"What I say is this: I want you and Sheila to come here to me, to make my home your home, to take



Summary of First Instalment

THE story opens with a picture of the hero, Dyck Calhoun of Playmore, the wildest, most irresponsible and yet the cleanest, loveliest youth in Ireland. Notwithstanding that he was in endless trouble with his father because of his escapades. He meets Sheila Llyn, of Loyland Towers, and there was mutual love at first sight, which was intensified when they found an old man

on the wayside and brought him to his home. The next picture is that of Dyck in the home of his father when the agent of the Attorney-General comes with an invitation to the Calhouns to visit Dublin to give an account of conditions in their territory. It was the time of the French Revolution and there was much planning and plotting in all Ireland. At Dublin, Dyck goes to a Sporting Club and meets once again Mallow the aristocratic agent who conveyed the message to his father. The two quarrel, and Dyck renders the other helpless by a sword thrust. After this he is enticed by a cunning desperado to join the Irish rebels. This man is Erris Boyne, the divorced husband of Sheila's mother. The mother had taken her maiden name after the divorce, Boyne had married again, to a young girl of inferior station. On the morning when he met Calhoun in a tavern to poison his mind, he had beaten her, and she followed him to his well known resort. There she found him bending over the body of Calhoun whom he had drugged prior to taking him away by stealth out of the country. She enters the room, and stabs her husband, and then disappears.

man of mettle and worth, irresponsible because he had been given no responsibility. He was a country gentleman of Ireland, with all the interest and peril of the life of a country gentleman.

"Yes, we ought to go to Dublin, Mother. We could help him, perhaps," Sheila insisted.

The mother shook her head mournfully.

"My child, we could do him no good at all—none whatever. Besides, I can't afford to visit Dublin now. It's an expensive journey and the repairs we've been doing here have run me close."

A look of indignation, almost of scorn, came into the girl's face.

"Well, if I were being tried for my life, as Dyck Calhoun is going to be, and if I knew that friends of mine were standing off because of a few pounds, shillings and pence, I think I'd be a real murderer!"

The mother took her daughter's hand. She found it cold.

"My dear," she said, clasping it gently, "you never saw him but three times, and I've never seen him but twice except in the distance; but I would do anything in my power to help him, if I could, for I like him. The thing for us to do—"

"Yes, I know—sit here, twist our thumbs, and do nothing!"

"What more could we do if we went to Dublin, except listen to gossip, read the papers and be jarred every moment? My dear, our best place is here. If the spending of money could be of any use to him, I'd spend it—indeed I would; but since it can't be of any use, we must stay in our own home. Of one thing I'm sure—if Dyck Calhoun killed Erris Boyne, Boyne deserved it. Of one thing I'm certain beyond all else—it was no murder. Mr. Calhoun wasn't a man to murder anyone. I don't believe"—her voice became passionate—"he committed the murder, and I don't believe he will be hanged."

The girl looked at her mother with unveiled surprise. "Oh, dearest, dearest!" she said. "I believe you do care for him. Is it because he has no mother, and you have no son?"

"It may be so, beloved."

With impulse Sheila swept her arms around her mother's neck and drew the fine head to her breast.

At that moment they heard the clatter of hoofs, and

control of my household, and to let me see faces I love about me as the shadows enfold me.

"Like your married life, mine was unsuccessful, but not for the same reason. The woman I married did not understand—probably could not understand. She gave me no children. We are born this way, or that. To understand is pain and joy in one; to misconceive is to scatter broken glass for bare feet. Yet when I laid her away, a few years ago, I had terrible pangs of regret, which must come to the heart that has striven in vain. I did my best; I tried to make her understand, but she never did. I used at first to feel angry; then I became patient. But I waked up again, and went smiling along, active, vigorous, getting pleasure out of the infinitely small things, and happy in perfecting my organization.

"This place, which I have called Moira, is to be yours—or, rather, Sheila's. So, in any case, you will want to come and see the home I have made—this old colonial mansion, with its Corinthian pillars and verandah, high steps, hardwood floors polished like a pan, every room hung in dimity and chintz, and the smell of fruit and flowers everywhere. You will want to see it all, and you'll want to live here.

"There's little rain here, so it's not like Ireland, and the green is not so green; but the flowers are marvelously bright, and the birds sing almost as well as they sing in Ireland, though there's no lark. Strange it is, but true, the only things that draw me back to Ireland in my soul, are you, and Sheila, whom I've never seen, and the lark singing as he rises, until he becomes a gray-blue speck, and then vanishing from the scene.

"Well, you and the lark have sung in my heart these many days, and now you must come to me, because I need you. I have placed to your credit in the Bank of Ireland a thousand pounds. That will be the means of bringing you here—you and Sheila—to my door, to Moira. Let nothing, save death, prevent your coming. As far as Sheila's eye can see—north, south, east and west—the land will be hers when I'm gone. Dearest sister, sell all things that are yours, and come to me. You'll not forget Ireland here. Whoever has breathed her air can never forget the hills and dells, the valleys and bogs, the mountains, with their mists of rain, the wild girls, with their bare ankles, their red petticoats, and their beautiful, reckless air. None who has ever breathed the air of Ireland can breathe in another land without memory of the ancient harp of Ireland. But it is as a memory—deep, wonderful, and abiding, yet a memory. I sometimes think I have forgotten, and then I hear coming through this Virginia the notes of some old Irish melody, the song of some wayfarer of Mayo or Connemara, and I know then that Ireland is persuasive and perpetual; but only as a memory, because it speaks in every pulse and beats in every nerve.

"Oh, believe me, I speak of what I know! I have been away from Ireland for a long time, and I'm never going back, but I'll bring Ireland to me. Come here, colleen, come to Virginia. Write to me, on the day you get this letter, that you're coming soon. Let it be soon, because I feel the cords binding me to my beloved fields growing thinner. They'll soon crack, but, please God, they won't crack before you come here.

"Now with my love to you and Sheila I stretch out my hand to you. Take it. All that it has worked for is yours; all that it wants is you. Your loving brother,

"BRYAN."

As Sheila read, the tears started from her eyes; and at last she could read no longer, so her mother took the letter from her and read the rest of it aloud. When she had finished, there was silence—a long warm silence; then, at last, Mrs. Llyn rose to her feet.

"Sheila, when shall we go?"

With frightened eyes Sheila sprang up.

"I said we must go to Dublin," she murmured.

"Yes, we will go to Dublin, Sheila, but it will be on our way to Uncle Bryan's home."

Sheila caught her mother's hands. "Mother," she said after a moment of hesitation, "I must obey you."

"It is the only way, my child—the one thing to do. Someone in prison calls—perhaps; someone far away who loves you, and needs us, calls—that we know. Tell me, am I not right? I ask you, where shall we go?"

"To Virginia, Mother."

The girl's head dropped, and her eyes filled with tears.

IN VAIN Dyck's lawyer, Will McCormick, urged him to deny absolutely the killing of Erris Boyne. Dyck would not do so. He had, however, immediately on being jailed, written to the Government, telling of the projected invasion of Ireland by the French fleet, and saying that it had come to him from a sure source. The Government had at once taken action.

Regarding the death of Boyne, the only thing in his favor was that his own sword-point was free from stain. His lawyer made the utmost of this, but to no avail. The impression in the court was that both men had been drinking; that they had quarreled; and that without a duel being fought Dyck had killed his enemy.

That there had been no duel was clear from the fact that Erris Boyne's sword was undrawn. The charge, however, on the instigation of the Attorney-General, who was grateful for the information about France,

the story of the quarrel was, for his own lawyer had told him that Dyck's refusal to give the cause of the dispute would affect the jury adversely, and might bring him a sentence of imprisonment for life. After the formalities of their meeting, Miles Calhoun said:

"My son, things are black, but they're not so black they can't be brightened. I think if you killed Erris Boyne, he deserved it. He was a bad man, as the world knows. That isn't the point. Now, there's only one kind of a quarrel that warrants non-disclosure."

"You mean about a woman?" remarked Dyck coldly.

The old man took a pinch of snuff nervously.

"That's what I mean. Boyne was older than you, and perhaps you stepped in and cut him out."

A wry smile wrinkled the corners of Dyck's mouth.

"You mean his wife?" he asked with irony.

"Wife—no!" retorted the old man. "Damn it, no! He wasn't the man to remain true to his wife."

"So I understand," remarked Dyck; "but I don't know his wife. I never saw her, except at the trial, and I was so sorry for her I ceased to be sorry for myself. She had a beautiful, strange, isolated face."

"But that wouldn't influence Boyne," was the reply. "His first wife had a beautiful and interesting face, but it didn't hold him. He went marauding elsewhere, and she divorced him by Act of Parliament. I don't think you knew it, but his first wife was one of our acquaintances—Mrs. Llyn, whose daughter you saw just before we left Playmore. He wasn't particular where he made love—a barmaid or a housekeeper, it was all the same to him."

"I hope the daughter doesn't know that Erris Boyne was her father," said Dyck.

"There's plenty can tell her, and she'll hear it sooner or later."

Miles Calhoun looked at his son with dejection. His eyes wandered over the grimly furnished cell. His nose smelled the damp of it, and suddenly the whole soul of him burst forth.

"You don't give yourself a chance of escape, Dyck! You know what Irish juries are. Why don't you tell the truth about the quarrel? What's the good of keeping your mouth shut, when there's many that would profit by your telling it?"

"Who would profit?" asked Dyck.

"Who would profit!" snarled the old man. "Well, you would profit first, for it might break the dark chain of circumstantial evidence. Also, your father would profit. I'd be saved shame, perhaps; I'd get relief from this disgrace. Oh, man, think of others besides yourself!"

"Think of others!" said Dyck, and a queer smile lighted his haggard face. "I'd save myself if I honorably could."

"The law must prove you guilty," the old man went on. "It's not for you to prove yourself innocent. They haven't proved you guilty, yet."

The old man fumbled with a waistcoat button. His eyes blinked hard.

"You don't see," he continued, "the one thing that's plain to my eyes, and it's this—that your only chance of escape is to tell the truth about the quarrel. If the truth were told, whatever it is, I believe it would be to your credit—I'll say that for you. If it was to your credit, even if they believe you guilty of killing Erris Boyne, they'd touch you lightly. Ah, in the name of the mother you loved, I ask you to tell the truth about that quarrel! Give it into the hands of the jury, and let them decide. Haven't you got a heart in you? In the name of God—"

"Don't speak to me like that," interrupted Dyck, with emotion. "I've thought of all those things. I hold my peace because—because I hold my peace. To speak would be to hurt someone I love—aye, to hurt someone I love with all my soul."

"And you won't speak to save me—your gather—because you don't love me with all your soul! Is that it?" asked Miles Calhoun [Continued on page 58]



"Hush! Look at the prison gate," said his companion, and stood up.

had been changed from murder to manslaughter, though it seemed clear that Boyne had been ruthlessly killed by a man whom he had befriended.

On one of the days of the trial, Dyck's father, bowed, morose, and obstinate, came to see him. That Dyck and Boyne had quarreled had been stated in evidence by the landlord, Swinton, and Dyck had admitted it; Miles Calhoun was bent upon finding what

Mel Cuts

-- a --

Love Knot

By Frank Miell

Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

"**W**ILL Gosport!" said old Melchisedec Tutter severely, "You're a double-decked, circumplected fool, that's what you are."

Will, seated on the edge of Mel's bed, sucking a cold pipe, nodded dejectedly. "I shore am," he briefly agreed.

"Any widder woman is bad as gopher poison," continued Mel dogmatically. "They sets their snares real cunnin', an' old Mart the Trapper hain't never had no better-actin' lynx bait 'n what a man-huntin', weepy-eyed widder concocts in her spare time. I know. I had experience. But Jane Elterberg — she's worse. She's double-barrel gopher poison. Ever sence poor old Jim cashed in, she's bin castin' her hooks high, wide an' handsome, an' what's happened? George an' Elmer plumb run out o' the country. Harry saved hisself by marryin' 'Melia Wilkes secret an' sudden, leavin' jest me an' you as matrimonial prospecks, an' then here's you — oh, Pshaw!" Mel stopped in disgust.

"Don't I know it all?" moaned Will. "Don't I know it? But, 'oly smoke, Mel, what could I do? Me, a tender-hearted bloke like me, it did, for 'er aweepin' an' awailin' an' carryin' on, an' all on a bloke's shoulder. Fust thing I know, there was me aweepin' with 'er, tellin' 'er not to worry 'cos I'd see she didn't starve, an' there was 'er kissin' an' cuddlin' me, an' callin' me 'er big, strong, brave man." Poor Will shuddered anew at the remembrance. "Blimey! I 'ooked it off as lively as I could."

A few more wrinkles appeared on Mel's lofty forehead and the fore section of his shiny bald pate as he concentrated on the problem. "H'm! That's bad," he commented. "An' she's settin' it round the country that you're marryin' her pretty quick. We gotta fix up a alibi or somethin'. Did anybody see you in the clinches?"

"'Er wallop in' Kid, 'Arry," admitted the harassed Will. "'E poked 'is 'ead round the door while I was strugglin' to get loose. 'Peekabo!' he ses, 'I seen year!' I could 'ave killed the blighter."

"Worse an' worse," Mel seemed genuinely alarmed. "This looks like a tough job, sonny. I'll bet them four kids of her'n is busy plannin' jest how they're gonna let you run your farm so as they won't need to do a tap of work. But—more cheerfully. 'Keep a stiff, upper lip, Will. All h'aunt over yet. She can't drag you up before the preacher an' make you say 'I Will!'"

"Dunno so much," brooded Will. "The dratted woman 'as already made me say a dang sight more'n I meant to."

"Leave it to your old uncle Mel," counselled the wise man. "An' we'll be playin' crib for another hundred years, without any widder woman buttin' in an' spoilin' our fun. I've scum more schemes in my time than you've ever read or heard tell about."

Will departed, very little cheered by the serene confidence of Mel, while the schemer, with firmly clasped hands, and a rapt, faraway look in his watery old eyes, sat 'scumming' a scheme which—he doubted not—would deliver his crony from the threatening peril.

TWO evenings later, Mel Tutter smiled as he saw the approaching figure of Will Gosport. He smiled at the dejected attitude, tittered at the woe-

begone face, laughed outright when Will handed him a note.

"'Ere, read this, will yer!" invited Will.

"I'd figgured on this," said Mel, after reading the note. Then, contrary to the usual casual procedure, he carefully drew forward a big, home-made, lazy-back chair. "Take a seat, sonny." Mel spoke as though he had a jumping frog in his throat, indistinct and jerky.

Surprised at this unwonted exhibition of polite manners, Will goggled a moment before replying. "New chair, eh? Swanky!" He seated himself, and turned a complete, sudden and unexpected somersault backwards.

Mel roared his full-lunged approval, an approval quite unshared by the bewildered visitor, who sat on the floor rubbing his elbows gingerly.

Gone was Will's look of miserable dejection, in its place was the fierce glare of righteous anger. "Hi!" he yelled. "Wot yer tryin' to do, kill a bloke?"

"Hurrah!" cried the boisterous Mel. "It works! Jest finished it an' didn't have nerve enough to try it myself."

"Lumme!" ejaculated Will, torn between anger and apprehension. "You gone mad? Half murderin' a bloke an' then takin' hy-sterics?"

Jane advanced like a top-heavy battleship on the shrinking Will and overwhelmed him with a caress.

Mel, as soon as he recovered sufficiently, explained. "This is your new furniture," he said. "See here. When you rest agin the back, it releases that clip an' swings down on them hinges. Then when you're thrown off your balance, them hind legs buckles up. Snifty, hain't it?"

"I'll say it's snifty, yer grinnin', anticlerical ole 'eathen," snorted Will. "But yer don't get that nice, pleasant blasted man-killer into my 'ouse—not while I'm sober."

"That's jest where its goin'," insisted Mel. "What does this note say?"

"Dearest Billy,

Will be across to-morrow to see about the changes to be made in our little home.

Lovingly, Jane."

"Well, what abaht it?" Will wanted to know. "She's one of them red hot mammas you read about, hain't she?"

[Continued on page 40]



"Talking Sign"

By
William Bleasdel Cameron

ONE way and another, I have seen a good deal of Indians. And when I say Indians I do not refer to the present-day representative of the race, dominated by the white man, able hardly to call his soul his own and with little left to him of his former distinguishing qualities. The man I have in



Bad

mind is that imperious personality, the brilliantly - bedaubed and befeathered plains savage of the past century, who, with the sweep of his arm over seas of grass stretching to dim horizons and the announcement: "This land is mine," made you free of his lodge if his impression of you was favorable, and if it wasn't left you with the uncomfortable feeling that while this land of his might be a good land for him, for you it might be not so good. I have lived in an abode of my own among the Indians when they were at peace, and with them in their lodges—a prisoner—when they were at war. And from the day, now almost fifty years ago, when I first encountered them, up to the present, one of the things that has most interested me in the Indian is his remarkable system of communication by gestures, commonly known as the sign language.

In recent years I have spoken upon and given illustrations from the sign language to numerous audiences and these talks and demonstrations have seldom failed to awake in those I addressed an interest second only to that I myself acknowledge.

The other day a newspaper, commenting on my talk in a Western city, remarked that if evidence were needed of the high order of intelligence possessed by the Indian, the sign language would provide it. The statement was a true one. Gesture speech, as he has developed it, is one of the most graceful, picturesque



Good

and dramatic among forms of expression. It may be questioned whether any people at any time, anywhere, have evolved so complete and beautiful a means of communication, apart from the spoken word, as has the American Indian.

To excel as a sign talker is no mean accomplishment; to watch one is to gain a surprisingly fresh and revealing grasp of the poetry of movement. Not many white men, at least in this ultra-materialistic day, are able to talk sign. Perhaps the most proficient I ever knew was the late Charles M. Russell, "The Cowboy Artist." Russell liked the redmen, and in his younger years, in the then territory of Montana where he made

his home, spent much time in the camps, studying their habits and life. Russell became a good sign talker. His natural artistic sense led him to make the movements what they should be, the epitome of grace, and not to slur them, a fault too common with both redmen and white, and it was a delect to watch Russell talking sign.

No one, not even the Indian himself, is able at this date to so much as guess at the age of the sign language. "Manito," he will remark in answer to your question, "gave the white man the power to read and write and so make known his meaning; to the Indian he gave the power to use his hands and arms for the same purpose." Its beginnings must have been crude; time would be required to develop, elaborate, improve and fix its forms until it became the standardized and accepted vehicle of intelligence of a multitude of widely-scattered tribes. It must constantly have been added to and expanded to embrace new objects, thoughts and conditions as they arose. But the inventive and imitative genius of the Indian was equal to the need; he was able to keep his unspoken speech abreast of the period, as his signs for such modern devices as the phonograph, automobile and airplane prove. And while its beginnings are lost in the mists of the past, the Plains Indians from Mexico to the North Saskatchewan River—speaking nearly a hundred different root tongues, each wholly unintelligible to any except the tribe to which it was native, beside numberless variations of these—centuries before Columbus landed on the shores of the New World were doubtless holding daily and easy converse through this



No

graphic and universally-understood substitute for speech.

SEVERAL books have been written on the sign language, the best being that of Captain W. P. Clark, a United States Army officer commissioned by General Sheridan to study and put it into permanent form. Captain Clark devoted six years to the task, visiting and conversing with the most accomplished sign talkers of practically every tribe from Texas to the Canadian Northwest, and his book appeared in 1885. It has been long out of print, though odd copies are still to be found among the cherished possessions of early Western pioneers and in the libraries of some cities. It is a volume of 400-odd pages, a most carefully compiled and exhaustive work, containing descriptions of more than a thousand signs and signals. When it is considered that many of these signs—such as those for afraid, medicine, poor, big, hold, win, wise, will stand for three to ten spoken words, the comprehensiveness of the book and of the language itself will be apparent. As an example, the sign for exterminate may be interpreted destroy, wipe out, eradicate, consume, sweep away, ravage, annihilate and extinguish.

The chief, perhaps the only defect in Captain Clark's book is the absence of illustrations. It is extremely difficult by written description alone to give an idea of the grace and picturesqueness of the sign language. Only from actual demonstration by those familiar with it may any adequate impression of its graphic features be conveyed. For this reason, I shall limit my example to outline in the briefest form some of the simplest word-signs in common use. The accompanying pictures, while they can show only positions and not movements, may aid in giving some conception of the signs. In the books they are usually arranged in alphabetical order; here I have grouped them loosely as they appear to bear some relation to each

other, as in the case of mankind, the seasons, animals, movements, celestial bodies, and so forth.

Man—Closed right hand, back up, index finger extended and pointing up, before centre of body.

Woman—Slightly curved right hand drawn down side of head (combing hair).

White Man—Right hand, back up, index finger extended, drawn from left to right across forehead (hat or cap wearer).

People—Both open, spread hands, backs out, rest against breasts.

Heart—Compressed right hand, thumb and finger-tips close together against left breast, pointing downward over heart.

Good—Extended right hand, back up, close to left breast; move briskly to front and right (level with heart).

Bad—Closed right hand, back up, before breast; fling out and down, while snapping open, as if throwing something away.

Brave—Closed fists held in front of body, right a little higher than left; strike downward with right, knuckles grazing knuckles of left.

Timid—Both closed hands, indices extended, well out before body, pointing front; draw in and down, at same time curving indices (shrinking).

Axe—With elbow of right arm resting in cupped left hand, shake down with right hand as in chopping.

Beautiful—Sweep flat right hand downward past face and make sign for *Good*.

Ugly—Same as foregoing, except that sign for *Bad* is substituted for *Good*.

Talk—Closed right hand before and little to right of mouth, index pressing against thumb; snap index out briskly several times.

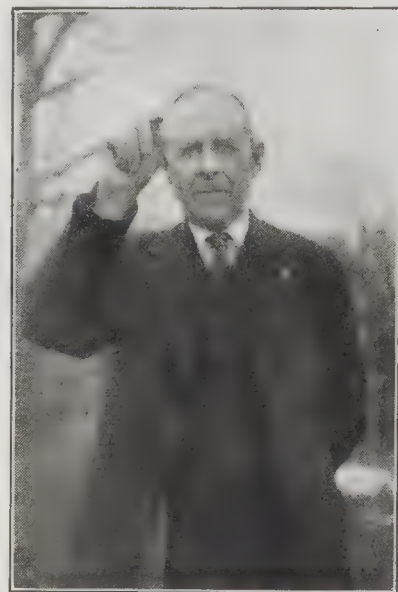
Secret Talk—Snap index out as in above under cover of flat left hand.

Question—Right flat hand, palm out, held in front of and a little higher than right shoulder, flutter or wave from side to side (a comprehensive sign).

Eat, Food—Compressed right hand pointing to and held before mouth; pass downward several times before lips.

Drink, Water—Cupped right hand held a little higher and to left of mouth; tip forward and down past mouth as in drinking.

Yes—Right hand, index pointing up, held before right shoulder; let index fall over point of thumb (a nod).



Yes



Big

[Continued on page 83]



Today's Opportunity in the Department Store

By Lyn Tallman

AS GIRLS mainly form the sales staffs of the large stores, I will take four girls who have been passed on by a department store's employment agency who now enter the store's sales school to be interviewed by the instructor. I use the word instructor rather than the awkward word instructress.

Three of the girls are very young. They have not before sold goods across a counter. One girl, older, mentions having worked in a store in another city for two years. She has worked in this store during a Christmas rush for six weeks. She is about to remind the instructor of this but the instructor, remembering her, places her in the notions department where a clerk is needed, with the promise that she will be placed in the silk department in which she worked in the store in the Eastern city, when an opening in "the silks" occurs.

The girls are handed some papers. The questions that they will answer in writing are designed that the store sales-school instructor may find out something about their mental capacity, outlook, and intended attitude toward the store's valued friend, the customer. The questions are not too difficult. They are just practical.

The girls are questioned a little by the lady instructor. If they prove suitable—as she has the power to refuse applicants who do not grasp what their position in the store as "store hostesses" is to be—they are next instructed in the systems of the store. There are large blackboards which represent the duplicate sales slips. These are filled in to show the applicants how to make out the sent and taken slips, and so on.

The first girl to pass the test and be interviewed by the instructor is eighteen. She looks only sixteen. She is a leggy child with plain features, but her eyes are eagerly bright, and her pleasant mouth is smiling. She is yet too inexperienced in life and in meeting people to sense in this new friend the keen student of character who skilfully helps all the salesgirls with their problems, teaches them to become saleswomen of worth to the store and themselves, and guides them in the niceties of store deportment. The little girl is not looking for complexities. While she is young, she is already slated for advancement in what she is. The instructor looks at her, believes she has a bright, worth-while future ahead of her and is glad she will have the joy, in a few days, of taking to her home, where she is yet the fledgling of the house, her first

pay-envelope containing money actually earned by herself!

The next little girl to be interviewed has, apparently, the attributes the store desires and requires in its young hostesses. She seems polite. There is no over-use of cosmetics and she wears a dark, neat dress. It is true, her eyes seem guarded, but she may be somewhat anxious about the position. The lady instructor glances at her hands. Hands are very important; their condition should be exquisite, as they are so apparent across the counter. These fine hands are nicotine stained to a dark reddish tan. A girl who would not do for "the laces," who would not do to handle baby clothes. Perhaps she will improve the hands. She may do in the fluffy gay "lingerie," and it is in this department that help is wanted at the moment.

The instructor, since her eyes dropped to the stained hands, as yet has made no remark. The young woman says: "I was peeling vegetables."

She is not accepted by the store. Perhaps she would not be frank with the customers.

The next girl with whom the instructor talks is Scotch. She remembers the young ladies in the lingerie are of about her height. The stores like girls in each of its departments to be of near equal height. While this applicant has dignity, she is feminine and dainty.

Miss Mac—will fill the vacancy in the lingerie department nicely.

And to Miss Mac—the rosy-cheeked, pretty-eyed young woman speaking firmly and gently to her in a soft southern accent, seems just a friendly pretty young matron talking to a younger acquaintance in whom she takes an interest.

One applicant in the sales school has passed the written test and is in every way acceptable for a sales position, which she wishes, but there are

no more openings, today, for clerks. Will Miss Y—go into the telephones?

After a few months the young woman who took her place at the telephone desk called to see the sales school instructor. She said she thought in one of the departments, selling goods, she would have more opportunity for advancement. In her case this held true. She was meant to be a saleswoman.

She was placed as a clerk in the linen department. She was so successful, after only four weeks in the new position she was given a booth of her own.

THE sales school instructor from time to time prepares examinations from text-books and memory for the different departments to write on. These are the questions in one of the tests for the linen department:

[Continued on page 44]



THOUSANDS of Canadian young men and women start out in life by "clerking in a store." Sometimes this may mean helping in the rush seasons, before Christmas, or during school holidays. In many cases young folks enter this work with little idea of looking for a future in it. There is a large demand for clerks in stores. Eager to earn money of his very own, the young beginner thinks of little else than bringing home, with that justifiable pride, his first pay envelope. Parents, whose thoughts look farther into the future, will find two questions uppermost in their minds in regard to this too-often casually obtained and held work in stores: "What are the opportunities open to my girl (or boy) for advancement?" and "What salaries are paid to beginners, and may they enter this work with assurance of reaching in time a position, stable, well-paid, worthy of effort?" To these questions just consideration will be given in the course of this article.

There is a big receiving room in a store in which the goods that come to it are priced. The articles are placed on the store's counters or shelves. They are shown to the customers by the salesladies or salesmen. It is more often "lady." When sold they are neatly parcelled and taken to the shipping-room situated on the store's ground floor. Delivery men take from their separate bins the goods intended for different routes in the city and they are delivered to our back doors.

The store realizes that, of those who have a share in this transaction, the important person is the saleslady as she meets the public as the store's personal representative, which the store executives are unable to do in the very large stores.

This is the reason why the stores have sales schools in which clerks first entering a store are taught as much of the store's business systems as it is necessary they should know, and store department in order that they may meet the store's friends, its customers, as politely as dignified hostesses.

Goods are purchased from them by the instructor as a test. Later, they are taught facts about their merchandise that will help them in selling. The way in which the individual responds to this teaching in addition to his or her sales record shows at length whether he or she is one of the "one in ten" the stores say they find fitted for advancement.



Kennerton's Hate

By Joseph Schull

Illustrated by John Little

DICK HARGREAVES swung his plane in a wide circle around the town of Martinsburg, Alberta, and waved a contemptuous arm at its sprawling panorama. "Bright-looking place, isn't it?" he yelled into the mouthpiece before him. Anne Kennerton knew the words had started toward her heavy with sarcasm, but coming through the ear-phones their effect was rather spoiled by the wind and roar of the engine. However, she had heard Dick before on the subject of Martinsburg and its famous feud, and was not afraid of mistaking his meaning now.

"Looks—like—map of Waterloo. Just about is. Look at Main Street—mile and a half long—not another business street in town. Pair of buildings facing each other all the way down. Look—two big department stores—not enough trade for one—two garages square across from each other—two bakeries—two hotels—two town halls—and a tannery at each end of town. Two tanneries! Not enough hides in the country to keep either of 'em running half time. And they've got the people divided off the same way. Idiots! Well, they'll get their jolt now."

He yanked the stick viciously back, and the plane began to climb. At the word "jolt" the young lady in the rear seat had made a wry face beneath her goggles. The idiots rather vaguely referred to were their respective grandfathers, old John Kennerton and Cap'n Eli Hargreaves, each of whom owned one of the tanneries, and one of the other business facing each other with such curious regularity down the lengthy Main Street. They were Martinsburg's original feudists; and the cutthroat rivalry which they had instituted, and which their sons maintained, suited them admirably, however distasteful it might be to a young man fresh from his classes in business administration. There was a jolt coming, Anne admitted, but she wondered a little grimly if its force might not be directed toward the youngest rather than the oldest members of the Hargreaves and Kennerton families.

The crowd below was gathering to witness Dick's return from the University training school where he had secured his pilot's certificate. They had no idea that the second seat of his plane was graced by the young lady who should have been his dearest foe. When they discovered the fact there would be a tremendous furore; when Old John and Cap'n Eli and the remaining members of their two families learned of it there would undoubtedly be a display of verbal fireworks never dreamed of in Martinsburg. That would be the start—Anne closed her eyes on the rest of the unpleasant prospect.

Twenty years ago, almost to the month, the feud had begun. Cap'n Eli Hargreaves, having stepped for the last time from the deck of the fastest clipper in the Western trade, came to the foothills for benefit of his asthma. He settled on two acres of ground adjoining the property of Old John Kennerton, retired rancher, just on the edge of Martinsburg, and proceeded to build himself a stone house as large and nearly as ugly as Old John's. During the first summer he devoted himself to gardening; during the first winter, to cribbage; and for that period lived in harmony with his neighbor. The following spring each of them began the laying out of an orchard—the first two orchards destined to be successful in that bald and strenuous country. As their lines of saplings approached the joint boundary of their properties it became evident that somebody would have to give ground a little in order

to leave sufficient space between the tree. The idea of each withdrawing half the necessary distance did not occur to them; or, if it did, was thrust aside as weakness. Old John, with regal generosity, offered the privilege of withdrawal to Cap'n Eli. The Captain declined, to the accompaniment of a rattling volley of sea-going expletives, and a quarrel promptly ensued which sent wives and female servants shrieking homeward with their aprons in their ears. A sullen hush descended upon the two estates during the following week. Then appeared upon Cap'n

Eli's property artisans and laborers who reared along the exact boundary of his land a wall of brick, ten inches thick and eight feet high, completely shutting off from him the view of his detested neighbor.

Old John surveyed the wall for a time, purple and speechless; then conceived the dramatic idea which was to exert such an influence over Martinsburg in the years to come. He obtained a splendid young oak tree, planted it near the Captain's wall, and called upon heaven and earth, family and servants, the town of Martinsburg and the surrounding countryside to witness that so long as that tree stood, so long would the House of Kennerton despise, ignore and utterly detest the name and race of Hargreaves. Thus had the feud begun; and through two decades it had waxed strong and vigorous under the supervision of the two ageing but indomitable originals, and the active direction of their sons. Without much waste of time it developed into a business rivalry which began to give Martinsburg the appearance so irritating to the youngest Hargreaves. The townspeople had seized upon the idea with instantaneous relish. "Kennerton's Hate" they had promptly christened the oak; each newcomer to the town, and each child as it approached the quaintly misnamed "age of reason" had been given the details of its planting and of its symbolism. Gradually the townspeople aligned themselves with one or the other family; the feud became a tradition, and Martinsburg was proud of it.

"And then," the reminiscent Anne remarked soundlessly, as the plane continued to ascend, "came us." She referred, of course, to herself and her pilot, and her chronology was not quite correct. Richard, an infant nearly as ill-tempered as his grandfather, had come with the Kennerton menage to Martinsburg; Anne had entered the family of Young John, son of Old John, during the very year the feud commenced. What she really meant was that their influence upon the family warfare had not been felt until much later.

Each of them had grown from childhood in those two grim old houses a stone's-throw apart, had attended separate public schools, and received from their respective grandfathers a careful grounding in feudship. They had zealously investigated and reported at their family tables rumours of each other's low marks and misdemeanors. Each had listened avidly to details of the hereditary wickedness likely to be found in the other, and had sought carefully for outcroppings of the same on the rare and usually surreptitious occasions when they saw each other. They went away for a year to different preparatory schools; and then, partly because the house of Kennerton was at a loss to know what to do with the first girl in two generations, partly because the first girl loudly declined to be finished by her Finishing School, and most of all, undoubtedly, because the stars in their course had decreed it, they found themselves appearing regularly for certain classes at the

same University.

By some strange chance this obviously dangerous fact failed to impress itself upon the consciousness of their elders. The two students were discreet on occasional visits home during the ensuing three years, and the two families did not awaken to the dangerous proximity of their offspring until much too late. They had not, yet, as a matter of fact, but were scheduled to do so within the next half-hour, and to learn that Richard Rodney Hargreaves, and Anne Irene Kennerton, [Continued on page 87]



Clearly, and without any of the usual kind of fear, she realized that they were falling, and that the ground was their immediate destination.

Shadowland With All Its Vagaries

The Rogue Song

THE chief interest in this picture is that it introduces Lawrence Tibbett, to the screen. Mr. Tibbett is a young American baritone who is one of the stars of New York's great Metropolitan Opera Company. About four years ago Tibbett was practically unknown, but he made a tremendous hit as "Ford," the jealous husband, in



Richard Barthelmess and Constance Bennett in "Son of the Gods."

"Falstaff," Verdi's opera based on Shakespeare's "The Merry Wives of Windsor." This success was followed by another in the American premiere of "The Feast of Jests," as well as in many of the older operas. Mr. Tibbett has a magnificent voice and he sings with fire. These qualities, combined with his youth, make him a natural choice for the pictures.

"The Rogue Song" is a one-man picture. The story, which tells of a Russian bandit who kidnaps a princess, is rather long drawn out. The scenes are either love duos between Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen as the Princess, or ensembles, as no other actors are given prominence in the picture.

Miss Owen is attractive but she did not make my heart beat any faster than usual.

My interest centred on Tibbett and on Tibbett's singing. His acting is generally acceptable but when he sings he shows his real dramatic ability, and is full of fire. His songs are the high points of the picture.

His big, rich voice, laden with true operatic resonance, will be a surprise to movie audiences so long accustomed to "whispering baritones" and "crooning tenors."

It is said that there was great difficulty in fitting Tibbett's powerful voice to the microphone. The directors suggested to the singer that he tone down his voice, but Tibbett did not approve, and, finally, after much experimenting, a method was discovered by which the voice could be recorded in its full tone.

Of course, the melodies Tibbett sings in this picture are child's play to his real operatic numbers, but he has a flair for dramatic climaxes in his singing and gives many very thrilling moments during the course of the play. There are two particularly high spots in the picture—one when Tibbett sings as he is being lashed, and the other at the finale when his high note rings out against the counter melody sung by the male chorus.

As a proof that Providence does not allow us too many perfections Tibbett's appearance is somewhat disappointing. An odd contrast to his fine physique and magnificent voice, his face is rather pudgy and kiddish. The gusto that goes into his singing, however, makes one forget that he is not a rival for Adonis. Adonis, in all probability, did not have a thrilling voice like Mr. Tibbett's.

The story is not particularly strong and Lionel Barrymore, the director, has not been any too successful with his comedy. The Rasch ballet is pretty. The photography (all color) and the recording

are excellent. As I said before, it is a one-man picture, and when Tibbett is singing you will have no complaints to make.

Son of the Gods

THOSE who remember the poignant characterization done by Richard Barthelmess as the young Chinese in "Broken Blossoms," will be interested to know that Barthelmess again plays an Oriental lad in his latest picture, "Son of the Gods."

This picture, adapted from a story by Rex Beach, has a background lovelier and happier than the sordid and tragic Limehouse setting of "Broken Blossoms"; but it has a similar theme: the love of a Chinese for a white girl. Such subjects, involving the question of intermarriage and racial prejudices, are always provocative and delicate. Similar themes, in their pleasanter and more romantic aspects, have already been handled in pictures—but they have been handled carefully. "Sons of the Gods" is no exception to this rule, and, in order that the picture may end happily with the lovers in a clinch, an old narrative device is used—a device by which it is shown that the Chinese hero is not Chinese after all but the most Nordic of Nordies. Naturally enough, this device is rather artificial, but it is Hollywood's easiest way out of the difficulties of race prejudice. A similar twist was used some years ago

in "The Shiek," in which it was made clear to the audience that the bronzed-skinned Arab chief was merely a Caucasian with a fine sun-tan.

Despite the artificiality caused by such a mechanical makeshift in the plot, "Son of the Gods" is a very pleasing picture. The acting is excellent. Barthelmess has a part that suits him physically and temperamentally, and Constance Bennett, who is charming to look at, gives an exceptionally good performance as the heroine. There is also a two-year-old baby, Dickie Moore, who is one of the

nicest children we have seen in the films.

Altogether "Son of the Gods" provides interesting and colorful entertainment.

Cameo Kirby

REGULAR theatre-goers of two decades ago were carried away by "Cameo Kirby," Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson's thrilling story of Mississippi River life in the 50's. Dustin Farnum, one of the foremost matinee idols of the time, scored a great success as the jewel-loving,

debonair and chivalrous gambler for whom the drama was named, and later, when the play was filmed he continued in the role, and again "Cameo Kirby" was acclaimed by the romance-loving public.

It is small wonder that with such a record of success "Cameo Kirby" has now found a place in the talkies, for Fox has restored it to the screen, but has added the charm of musical numbers that fit the romantic period of the story, and are sung by J. Harold Murray, the new generation's "Cameo Kirby." And here be it remarked that Mr. Murray is the big feature of the production. He looks the part, acts with grace and sings well. He has lost that camera-consciousness noticeable in his first picture.

Norma Terris is pretty and effective as "Adele." And other roles are well cast, notably that of the old Southern gentleman, "Colonel Randall," played by Robert Edeson.

It seems unnecessary to tell the story—yet

know it, here is the barest outline: The action takes place in New Orleans in Mardi Gras time, and on a Mississippi steamer. "Col. Randall" falls a victim on board the steamer, to the cheating ability of a card sharp and loses his entire fortune. "Cameo Kirby," a gambler who makes his living at cards—but plays straight joins the big game with the Colonel and the crook, and beats the crook, winning back the Colonel's fortune, which he is about to turn over to the foolish old Southern gentleman when he learns that he is too late—Colonel Randall has committed suicide. The Colonel's daughter, with whom Cameo is in love, is led to believe that the handsome young gambler is the cause of her father's disgrace and death. In a duel Cameo kills the card cheat and is about to pay the penalty for sure shooting by being strung up. The posse have him—but just as Judge Lynch is about to pull the rope, the girl discovers the identity of the real murderer and saves "Cameo."

It sounds very melodramatic, but it is exciting, romantic and picturesque and one would have to be exceedingly hard and worldly not to enjoy the romance and adventure. Irving Cummings, the director, has done fine work. The Mardi Gras scenes

give those who have not participated in this festival at New Orleans or elsewhere in the Sunny South a vivid picture of the fun and color of the pre-Lenten frolic. Other incidents and scenes are handled with the same detailed and true artistry.

"Cameo Kirby" is clean, clever, dramatic, romantic and well-worth seeing—especially as a memorable reproduction of the romantic days of the lower Mississippi long vanished.

Not So Dumb

IF YOU want to enjoy eighty minutes of spontaneous and hearty laughter, don't miss seeing "Not So Dumb."

This is the talkie version of the play "Dulcy," which scored such success on Broadway some seven years ago. George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly wrote the play, proving themselves popular humorists. King Vidor, directed the present film production and got all the fun out of it that the two authors intended. The cast is excellent and is headed by Marion Davies, who gives a superb performance of a "dumb Dora" type. Elliott Nugent plays the part of the boy friend beautifully, and Donald Ogden Stewart, the well-known humorist and writer, and Franklin Pangborn in two funny roles press Miss Davies hard for laugh honors.

The plot is not thick, but it is of sufficient consistence to carry the fun. A young and ambitious business man is trying to push his jewelry business with the elite and his vivacious and pretty fiancée tries to help him, but— [Continued on page 82]



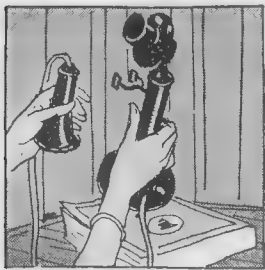
Lawrence Tibbett in "The Rogue Song."



Marion Davies in "Not so Dumb"



Charlotte Greenwood in "So Long Letty."



I KNEW something had happened, the minute the telephone rang. No one knew I was back in town, you see, except Bob and the station taxi driver. That bell had an excited, guilty sort of ring to it—even guiltier than Bob's voice when he said, "Hello, dear."

"What's the matter?" I asked. Those were the calm-

est words I was to utter for some time.

For Bob went on to tell me—stammeringly, eagerly, apologetically—that Mr. Winslow (the owner of the plant, mind you!), with Mrs. Winslow, was coming to dinner that evening, so that he could talk over some special plans he wanted Bob to work out for him. Followed a lengthy explanation of just how the invitation had come about—but I had stopped listening.

"Bob!" I wailed. "How could you—just when I've been away ten days? There's not a thing in the pantry—that doesn't matter, I could manage somehow. But the house—it's simply impossible! And I haven't a clean stitch to my name—not a single clean stitch. The children have on their last clean play suits now—that is, they were clean five minutes ago—"

It seemed like Tragedy —but it gave me extra help for life.

could wait while I saw to my wardrobe. Thank goodness for that green crepe dress—the only possible thing I possessed!

Then, just as I took it from its hanger, I remembered. A big grease spot on the sleeve, another on the skirt—souvenirs of a ride back from the Daveys' the night before Bob's mother had wired for me.

No time to send it to a cleaner. Nothing else to wear. My heart sank into my shoes. Dared I—dared I wash it? The saleswoman had assured me it was washable, but it was such a delicate shade. And then—those awful grease spots! No ordinary soap would touch them.

I would. I did. Prayerfully, fairly holding my breath, I dipped that dress into the lukewarm and rich Fels-Naptha suds. The clean naptha odor reassured me, somehow. Naptha, I remembered, was what dry cleaners used on just such dainty things—and there seemed to be plenty of it in Fels-Naptha.

I didn't dare rub. But I didn't have to! The spots vanished, and the color didn't change a bit. "Hallelujah!" I sang as I rolled my precious dress in a towel; then turned to a little waiting pile of linens. Those clothes looked gorgeous in next to no time!

After I had ordered my groceries, I started in on the house—a task that would have seemed almost hopeless without Fels-Naptha's extra help. I used it on linoleum, woodwork—everything that had to have a hurried soap and water bath. More and more, as I worked, I blessed Bob's mother—and Fels-Naptha!

Was the evening a big success? It certainly was. The house shone; I shone; my cooking (if I do say so myself) always shines; and the babies, bless their precious hearts, were in bed. . . . Bob and Mr. Winslow just ate, in the comfortable fashion of men, and talked about the plant. Mrs. Winslow, a most charming person, talked to me graciously—but I could see her studying my face, my dress, my hands. How glad I was that they could all pass inspection! I'm sure if anyone had told that woman that I had been washing, cleaning, cooking, all day long, she would just have laughed.

Bob says that evening was the turning-point of his whole career. I'm sure it was the turning-point of mine. For if it had not been for the near-tragedy of that dress—just think! . . . I might never have known just how much Fels-Naptha's extra help would mean to me!

Fels-Naptha's extra help is due to the fact that this golden bar gives you two cleaners instead of one—good golden soap and plenty of naptha. Working together, they loosen the most stubborn dirt and wash it away without hard rubbing.

Whether you have been using Fels-Naptha for years, or whether you have just now decided to try its extra help, we'll be glad to send you a Fels-Naptha Chipper. Many women who prefer to chip Fels-Naptha soap into their washing machines, tubs, or basins, find the chipper handier than using a knife. With it, and a bar of Fels-Naptha, you can make fresh, golden soap chips (that contain plenty of naptha!) just as you need them. The chipper will be sent you, free and postpaid, upon request.



—but I could see her studying my face, my hands, my dress

I stopped, caught hold of myself. If opportunity was ringing at the Mannings' doorbell, I'd be the last one to pretend I didn't hear it.

"All right, dear," I said, in a voice to which I trust the recording angel was bending a pleased ear. "We'll be ready for them."

One look at the clock, which pointed relentlessly to ten-thirty, and I was racing up the stairs. The house

"Nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha—it makes spots and greasy dirt simply vanish, yet it's gentle as can be." Who had said that to me, just lately? Why, Bob's mother, of course! When I had praised her snowy, sweet-smelling wash, she had given me a regular lecture on Fels-Naptha Soap. One of the last things she had done was to tuck a carton of Fels-Naptha Soap into my trunk, with the advice, "Just try it!"



FELS & COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

Please send me, free and prepaid, the handy Fels-Naptha Chipper offered in this advertisement.

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Address _____

City _____ State _____

Fill in completely—print name and address.

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"The Heel of Achilles"

A Big League Hockey Story

By Ronald Tuckwell

Illustrated by Robert Eldraw



"Say," he blurted, "name's Walker, ain't it?"

"KING OF 'EM ALL! Barney Breen, Peer of National League Goalies. The Old Boy Himself!"

Young Ranny Walker stared at the sports page cartoon; gazed with mingled pride and awe at the colorful handiwork of the genius picturing the little wonder who had soared from amateur ranks to stardom in the Big Time. He knew "Old Barney's" record: as a kid in shorts he saw Barney Breen performing in his home-town goal feats that brought the scouts hurrying—



He swung around as the radio commenced stuttering. Final period of that hectic battle in The Forum

was starting. Thrill after thrill shot through the youngster as he listened to the announcer's running story of how "Old Barney's" wizardry in the nets was saving the Rangers. The voice ended—winging through the ether could plainly be heard the roar in that crowded rink—"Old Barney" had scored another shut-out!

Ranny again picked up the sports page, and stared at the cartoon.

Years before—a boy of ten—Ranny had seen the Prince of Wales, making his first visit to Winnipeg. Gaping in childish wonder at the handsome, smiling youth who one day would rule the mightiest Empire ever known—king by right of birth; popular beyond words in his own right—Ranny's lasting impression was of awe and pride.

Now, staring at the picture of "Old Barney," a similar feeling came. "Barney," too, was a king—by right of conquest—king of the Big Time goalies. Product of Ranny's home-town, hero-worship, mixed with awe, gripped the youngster.

Suddenly a thrill shot through him. The Prince was short and sturdy in build. So was "Old Barney." So, also, was *he*! Perhaps, some day—

He flushed hotly at the thought; then with a grin he concluded his packing. Packing for the trip East—for his try-out with the "pros!"

Whistling cheerily, Ranny's mind was active. He knew quite well who was to be thanked for this chance. A mere boy; only one outstanding achievement to his credit—that his christening under fire in the Allan Cup final; old Unk—"Rusty" Walker, veteran campaigner, who hung up his stick after that great victory, he had coaxed his pal, a scout, to keep one eye on Ranny.

A contract with the Montreal Maroons was the result.

NOT much glamor about sitting, blanketed, on the bench, watching games, praying for the chance that wouldn't come! The Maroon string was full—season just starting—veterans were limb-whole and full of fire; new-comers were excess baggage, as yet, and Ranny writhed under the torture of inactivity as stirring plays flashed before his eyes.

Plenty of work in practices. But, practice workouts do not produce the plays which thrill spectator and player alike; chances of breaking in on that Maroon line-up seemed mighty slim. Besides, there was a sub with established reputation, also—a seasoned utility man who could fill in on defence like a star—in addition to the regular defence men on the Reds' roster.

Ranny, chafing became desperate. Why pine on the bench, he gloomed; young, eager, it was hockey games he craved—more than the doubtful glory of being a "pro" with the Maroons and never raising a sweat. He'd made his first mark as a defence man, of course—but why keep to defence work? You had to be a top-notch to get a defence job; but wing-men, now—they were always needed. He'd played wing, too, at school—

The coach was non-committal. "Stick around, kid!" he grunted in response to Ranny's appeals; "hired you for defence, an' they ain't no use thinkin' you can switch, jist because ya wanta. Diff'rent game entirely, kid!"

"But, Coach, listen—I *can* switch, see? Stick-handling's a cinch for me—and I can shoot! Speed?—I got it, haven't I?"

"Yeah—well, meebby . . . Time enough, kid—time enough!"

Ranny, suppressing the eagerness and disappointment, put in another period of idleness in the box, as the Maroons swung into their stride.

He exchanged brief notes with his Uncle Bill.



At the sound "Old Barney" lunged like lightning across his goal.

"Rusty" merely echoed, in ink, the words of the coach. "You've got time with you, lad—stick it out!"

MAROONS were playing Rangers. Huddled in the Montreal box, Ranny Walker found himself gaping with mingled pride and awe at the wizard in the New York goal. "Old Barney" was at top form—thrust after thrust by the powerful Maroon line broke on his pads; even the big home crowd cheered the invincible little goalie—cheered his marvellous work to the echo.

It was midway through the final period of the scoreless battle when young Ranny's heart commenced to beat like a trip-hammer—a thrill shot through him—he surged eagerly from his seat—

"Okay, kid—take a spell on lef' wing!"

Eyes sparkling, cheeks flushed, Ranny shot a grateful look at the coach, then swirled into action.

Thrills! By the score they came, as the youngster underwent his initiation as a Big Time forward. The roaring crowd—the break-neck speed—the contact with the internationally famous figures . . .

For several minutes he held up nobly; worked into plays—fired in shots with every ounce of his strength behind them. Then panic seized him, as he began to realize the difference.

Defence men, whose thrilling feats he had heard recounted over the radio, back home, paid scant attention to the rookie; supremely confident in their proven powers, they smothered his every attempt to stick-handle by. And—behind them—impregnable as Verdun—"Old Barney" grinned and chuckled as, with consummate skill and ease, he picked off Ranny's hardest drives. Then the big break came—

Surging up in the seats, roaring hoarsely, the huge crowd bellowed encouragement as young Ranny broke clear on the left. A perfect pass from Smith started him away—he caught the Ranger defence wide apart, and swirled through to pick his mark. It was a chance

in a thousand—

"Old Barney" grunted—then grinned; with a movement so swift as to be almost imperceptible, he took Ranny's shot on his chest, then coolly turned the puck behind the goal.

Before the dejected Maroons could reform, big Ching galloped through to score the winner, just as the bell clanged.

Bitterly disappointed at his failure, young Ranny skated with others of the two teams to the side. Then, with tingling ears, he heard "Old Barney's" jibe that was to cause him weeks of torment:

"Heh—thought ya'd slip one over on us, Ed, hey?" "Barney" sneered at the Maroon coach. "Listen, lemme tip ya off—use *men*, 'stid of boys, see? When it comes ta shootin', them kids has no stren'th!"

[Continued on page 55]

Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr.

and her debutante daughter Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel



Beautiful Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., of Philadelphia, New York, and Biarritz, is the former Miss Marjorie Gould, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. George J. Gould. Her daughter, Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel, is a brilliant favorite among this season's débutantes. (Above, left) Miss Marjorie Gould at her début at the Plaza in 1909. (Right) Miss Drexel at her début at the Ritz-Carlton, December, 1929.

LOVELY DAUGHTER of a brilliant alliance between two famous American families—Drexels and Goulds! Miss Edith Kingdon Drexel's recent début at the Ritz-Carlton recalls the lavish magnificence of her mother's coming out ball at the Plaza, when as Marjorie Gould she reigned as New York's most charming débutante.

Pretty and popular, this season's fortunate young favorite inherits her mother's distinguished charm and sweetness of manner, as well as her dark vivacious beauty, her blue-black curls and lovely wide eyes, her clear pale olive skin.

Mother and daughter, as débutantes and always, have counted on Pond's to keep their skin at its best. "In the old days," says Mrs. Drexel, "I used the Two Creams faithfully . . . Now I delight in all four preparations."

"When I was just a little girl," Miss Drexel adds, "mother taught me to cleanse my face and neck with the delicious Cold Cream every night

before I went to bed . . . to smooth in a film of Vanishing Cream to protect my skin from sun and wind. So naturally, now that Pond's has given us the silky Cleansing Tissues to remove the cream and the jolly Skin Freshener to tone and firm the skin, I use them, too—and like them just as much!"

KEEP YOUR SKIN EXQUISITE by Pond's Method:
During the day—first, for immaculate cleansing,



Pond's famous Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener

generously apply Pond's Cold Cream over face and neck, several times, always after exposure. Pat in with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink into the pores.

Second—wipe away cream and dirt with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical.

Third—dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, tone and firm.

Last—smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base, protection, exquisite finish.

At bedtime—always cleanse thoroughly with Cold Cream and remove with Tissues.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 DELIGHTFUL PREPARATIONS

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A House From an Artist's Portfolio

By V. W. Horwood

IN GOING through a portfolio the other day I came upon sketches of this house, and its quaint early English effect secured by the use of many materials made me pause and reflect on its adaptability as a home for the West, a frame to house a Western family. Why a Western family? Why not an Eastern or Southern? If you have travelled in California seeing how its home architecture belongs to its hills and plains you may be thankful that it was a Southern race who first set the style of its architecture. Just think if the early Puritans had rambled across the continent erecting their ideal of a home in the orange groves of a Southern land, in a land utterly unsuited to their temperament at that time, what a travesty it would have been, and what a misfortune. The same thought must be followed in our home architecture. We can adapt styles to our needs, but you often see a bungalow transplanted bodily on to a Western prairie town site with the consequent results. A home should be your own. I am not thinking of the newly rich, but of the solid substantial citizen who has by degrees acquired a competence and wishes to build a house which he can call home. This does not delete the younger generation of matrons and husbands. An erroneous notion has got abroad that the younger generation should be or are satisfied with the second rate in home building, and this strange philosophy goes thus. These young people suffer bitter, disappointments and disillusionments when they look at homes built in good taste. They are given to think that it requires a fat purse, that there is no aspiring to the possession of the best things of life because they can only be afforded by the wealthy few, and that they must be contented for a long time with the cheap and shoddy or live in an apartment—and at this point the argument bursts like a shell. For a philosophy that pins the second rate on this

generation is based on dense ignorance. Many of us remember that at one time young people married because it was less expensive for two to live than one—but today they are marrying because two can live more luxuriously than one. The young generation are not satisfied with negative living and it is the Heaven-sent gift of youth that it can dream dreams with the vital spark that aims high.

As architecture has from the earliest times expressed the desires of the people, and has told the story of their necessities and their luxuries in an universal language that can be read by any who will take the time and trouble to master its terms, nearly every one can distinguish the styles and separate the

Gothic from the Classic and a little further study will soon differentiate for you the Romanesque from the Byzantine or the English revival from the Italian, or the different Georgian periods in America. And, with this knowledge it is easy to express in your own home not only your own immediate traditions or desires but continue the world's traditions in home buildings. We are fortunate in Canada that our country has developed along such sure lines in building. The wealth of the States brought them into an orgy of building in the eighties that will take generations to efface.

I think that in this plan the joy of expressing the individual tastes will become a great pleasure. The outside speaks for itself. The base is of brickwork, a brick laid up with wide white joints left as they come from the mason's trowel. The brick is of that rough texture known as tapestry and laid up in a Flemish bond. The chimneys are stone with brick above, and above the brick wall is a half timbered stucco. In the early days of Canadian

home building, stucco was plastered on wood lath laid on diagonally in two thicknesses, but now metal lath has replaced material of lesser strength and permanence.

Plastic materials like stucco should have a key for the plaster to get a grip on. If the wall is brick rake out the joints, and if the wall is concrete rake the material while it is green. It is not a matter of choice—a key is the only solution for the stucco to hold by—and once it has this key it is imperishable, and metal lathing has proved its superiority. Used outside it makes an everlasting wall, and inside it protects the walls from cracking and other blemishes and creates a metal reinforced fire stop.

With its grey stone, its deep russet brick work, the half timbered work above, the deep green shingles, this house struck me as one that did not disgrace an artists' portfolio. Whether enough is stressed on the exterior designs in these articles I do not know. The perspective gives a better idea than words could convey and beyond that we are free to choose our own ideas of material, wood, brick, stone or concrete, while there are infinite ways of finishing the interior. In our homes today we can inherit with its sheer beauty the glories of Ancient Rome, the magnificence of the Venetian palaces, and some of the magic of the Taj Mahal may be ours at a reasonable expenditure if we wish for it.

THERE is a side of home building that every interested home builder should consider as within the field of his knowledge. This includes the rugs with their stories of Oriental symbolism, furniture styles and other accessories and their proper adjustment to the architecture of the home; china in its different makes and silver with its glories and ancient trade and Guild marks. There is folk-lore woven into the most common of our every-day things, and unfortunately they are supposed to belong exclusively to the expert. The building and furnishing of your home can become one of the greatest romances of your life if approached with the proper spirit for there are connected with the modern home the legends of immortal loves—the romance of medieval lore, and the dreams of generations past, taking us back, far back to the scarred heights of Castle walls and the moonlit allure of Castle gardens—and then to the lives of the every-day folk. Manufacturers of today conjure up in their craftsmanship the most splendid of materials. Witness the rise of the bathroom through its developments from its nadir of spotless white tile to one of the most decorated and colorful rooms in the home. Of course, some serious-minded souls look upon this as a devastating luxury and think that we had more [Continued on page 48]





This Cleansing Foam gives teeth an extra protection

In addition to polishing, it penetrates the tiny spaces between teeth . . . washing out the impurities which mere surface brushing can't dislodge.

OF course, you want sparkling white teeth. Colgate's polishes them brilliantly, with a soft chalk powder, a material used by all dentists to polish teeth safely.

But Colgate's does *more*. Its famous penetrating foam flushes out the decaying food particles hidden in the crevices and spaces between teeth . . . giving a hygienic bath where ordinary dentifrices can't reach.

Thus Colgate's gives you an *extra* protection. Its *washing*-action enables it to get down into the tiny, hard-to-clean places

and flood out the imbedded particles in a manner approved by modern dental science.

Superiority in cleansing has made Colgate's the world's favorite dentifrice — used by more people, recommended by more dentists than any other toothpaste.

If you have not become acquainted with Colgate's may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

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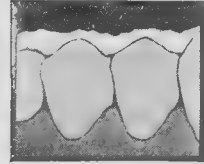
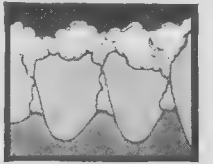


Diagram showing tiny space; between teeth. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay may lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevices, cleansing them completely where the tooth-brush cannot reach.

Colgate's Is Most Economical

The tube contains *more* toothpaste, by volume, than any other nationally advertised brand priced at a quarter.



WARNING! Don't attempt to "doctor" your mouth with a dentifrice. A toothpaste cannot cure pyorrhea; cannot permanently correct acid mouth; cannot firm the gums. Its one and only function is to *clean* . . . any other claim is false and misleading. Self-medication is dangerous . . . if you fear for the health of your teeth and gums, see your dentist.

FREE COLGATE'S, Dept. T-2031, Toronto, 8, Ont. Please send a trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

Name
Address



Rochester College Gatehouses. The last lines penned by Dickens had reference to this old Dwelling.

A Week-End in Dickens' Kent



By

Gracia MacPhee



Watt's Charity, Rochester, made famous by Dickens in his "Seven Poor Travellers."

THE spell of it really began just before we sighted Dover, as our great ship slowly churned its way up the Channel. The sun had set long before, but the lingering English twilight softened outlines and colors on sea and land till the whole resembled an exquisite painting in pastels. We kept close to the coast and in the stillness one could feel now and again, a faint scent of grass and—(was it fancy?) of roses.

As we approached Dover, the whiteness of her cliffs still showed clearly in the fading light and we realized that we were nearing the home of our old friend Miss Betsy Trotwood. It required no great stretch of the imagination to visualize her cottage on the "Heights," and peering through our binoculars we almost expected to see her dart out and chase off an obnoxious donkey.

A glow of pleasant anticipation began to warm our hearts and we rejoiced that, of the many kind invitations extended to us, the one of which we had decided to avail ourselves first, would take us to the ancient city of Rochester, the "Cloisterham" of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" and the first large town visited by the Pickwickians when they fared forth in search of adventure.

We should surely meet in its narrow streets, some of our old friends—those friends with whom we have laughed, wept and suffered for so long that they have become as real to us as our friends in the flesh. Mr. Pickwick, Jingle, Sam Weller, Edwin Drood—never were they more living to us than when, a few days later, we passed through Rochester High Street, the same street along which David Copperfield dragged his weary little feet, as he struggled on to Dover to seek out his aunt Betsy.

The High Street is so narrow that when a tram car passes, one instinctively draws close to the wall to avoid being grazed by it.

Old gabled houses, quaint, projecting windows, some of them latticed, and age-blackened beams are to be seen on all sides.

We come to a massive stone archway with a small dwelling above it. Through it we catch a glimpse of the Cathedral. Since the days of Henry VIII it has been known as the College Gatehouse, but previously to this it was called Chertsey's Gate, as having been the residence of one Chertsey, who took part in Jack Cade's Rebellion. It dates from about 1420. To us however, its chief interest lies in the fact that Dickens housed the sinister Jasper here. In the adjoining house lived Tope, the Verger. It is now

"The Olde Gatehouse Tea-Shoppe." Its latticed windows are filled with home made "goodies." It is owned by two ladies who are in full sympathy with the traditions of the place, and ever ready to point out to visitors the beauty and richness of the linen fold panelling in its rooms and the massive carved oak beams of the ceilings, some of which date from the fifteenth century. In the inner tea-rooms Mr. Datchery used to sit to watch the "goings-on" in Jasper's house. The last lines penned by Dickens had reference to this old dwelling.

A little further down stands the Old Bull Inn—"The Winglebury Arms," where Mr. Jingle, attired in Winkle's clothes, insulted Dr. Slammer. On its staircase the memorable fracas took place. The great courtyard adjoining it looked sadly empty. No stage-coach sweeps in through its wide, arched entrance today. Its days of bustle and activity are gone forever.

On the opposite side of the High Street, is Watt's

It was rather late in the evening when, with some misgivings, we rang the bell, but an obliging caretaker smiling reassured us and made us welcome. Two "Poor Travellers" had already arrived and were sitting in the dining-room, ready for the meal which has been provided every night for more than four hundred years. The caretaker told us that never a night passes but some applicants for food and lodging present themselves, often more of them than they can accommodate.

We went upstairs and peeped into the sleeping quarters. There are six rooms, with thick walls, heavy oak doors and tiny leaded paned windows, giving on to a narrow Elizabethan gallery. Each is spotlessly clean, and contains an iron bed of unique design. These are said to be the original sixteenth century beds, and they look comfortable enough with their clean linen and gay red counterpanes.

On our way out we enter a low-ceilinged oak-panelled room to sign the visitors book, where we find many famous names. On one page are those of Charles Dickens and Mark Lemon. Among subsequent entries are the names of Wilkie Collins, Walter Besant, Augustus Hare and Mary Anderson.

In the same room, in a glass case are the original six pewter plates off which the first "Travellers" ate their meals. As we go out through the dark, narrow hall, we pass a basket placed on a side-table and filled with loaves of bread in preparation for the evening guests.

ON SATURDAY a young friend invites us to a cricket match at King's School. We are proudly informed that the School was founded in A.D. 610, by Roffa. A mural tablet on the wall which now sur-

rounds the cricket ground tells that it was re-funded by Henry VIII on the dissolution of St Andrews Priory.

We sit in deck chairs on an emerald green lawn, watching what surely must be the slowest game on earth. We suppress an involuntary little sigh as we recall many a baseball game, to say nothing of hockey matches on the ice! Of course it rains for a while, but we merely tuck our feet in under our chairs. Nobody is disturbed by trifles in England. Finally the rain ends and so does the game—a long time after. Waterloo may [Continued on page 38]



The Castle Gardens, Rochester.

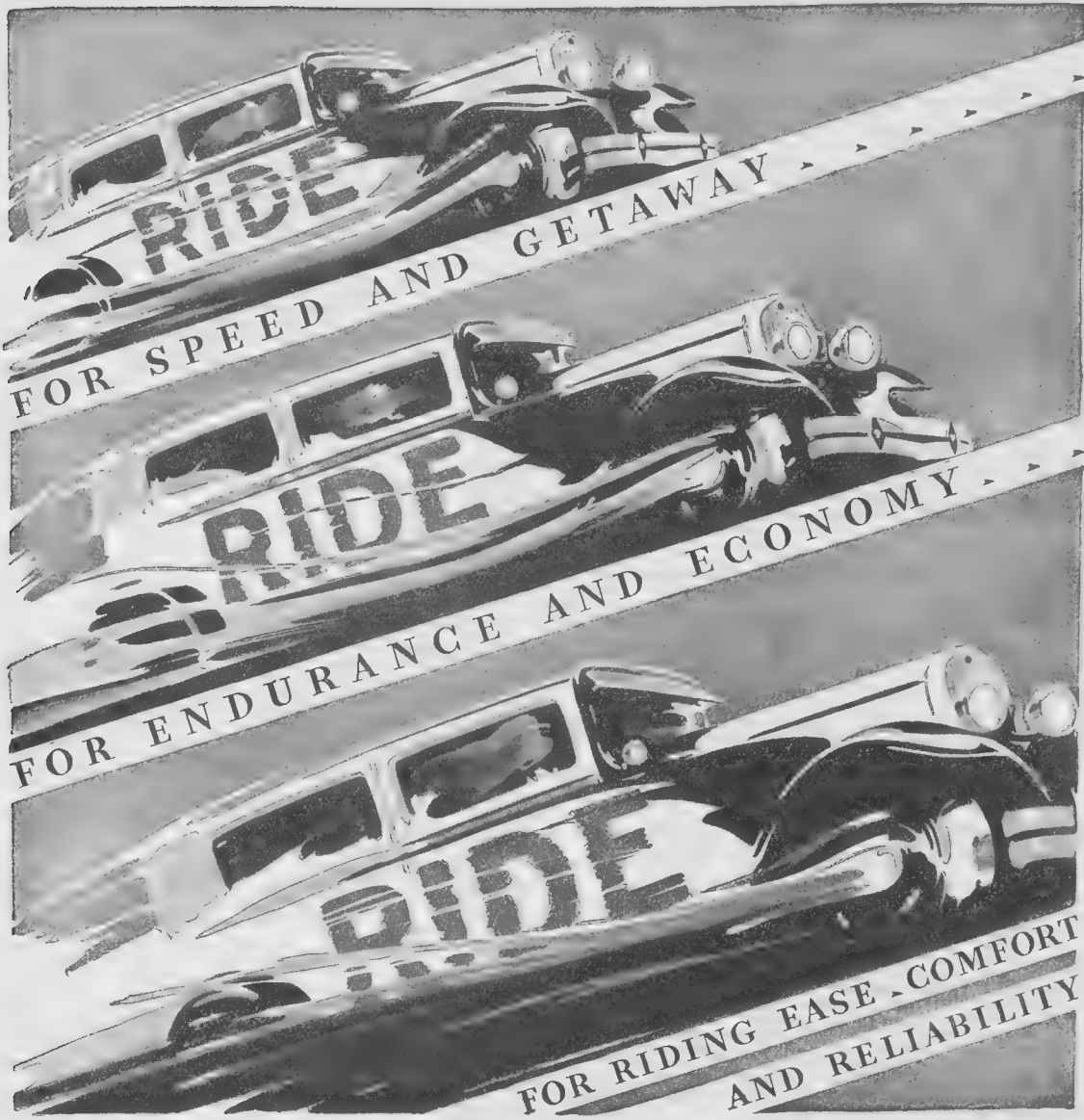
Charity, to which Dickens in his Seven Poor Travellers has given world-wide fame. It is a stone-fronted almshouse, founded by Richard Watts, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The centre mural tablet on its front—reads as follows:

RICHARD WATTS, ESQUIRE.

By his Will dated 22nd. August, 1579
founded this Charity for Six Poor Travellers
who, not being Rogues or Proctors,
may receive gratis for one Night
Lodging, Entertainment and Fourpence Each.

Victoriously Proved

by tens of thousands



Advantages That Challenge

*Greater Power—Faster Speed—Quicker Get-away—Added Economy
Smoother Performance at all Speeds • Even Greater Choice of Colors •
Four Two-way Shock Absorbers • Richer Upholstery, Harmonizing
Hardware • Larger, Finer, Roomier Bodies • Radiator Shutters,
Electrolock, Starter on Dash, Electric Fuel and Oil Gauge • Glare-
proof Rear-view Mirror • Disappearing Rear-window Curtain.*

DURING CONTINENT-WIDE CHALLENGER WEEK

Every locality now knows Essex for the accomplishment of some great feat. In a continent-wide week of contest and demonstration Essex challenged and established hundreds of new marks.

All motordom saw its amazing results in economy, performance, hill-climbing, speed and reliability. Newspapers, city officials and automobile clubs supplied competent observers.

They Show What Every Essex Can Do

Thousands of car owners took part. Thousands of Essex cars engaged. Hundreds of towns and cities watched.

You know what marks fell to Essex in your own community. Now consider the multiplied proofs as established in every part of the country.

Most important of all—Challenger Week convinced tens of thousands that Essex represents the greatest dollar for dollar value in car satisfaction that the industry offers. They are talking about it everywhere—about its beauty—its comfort—its brilliant performance and economy. They are convincing others. They are sending others to ride. They are making YOU want to ride before you buy any car. No wonder its sales are also the talk of motordom.

The NEW **ESSEX** *Challenger*
AT A PRICE ALL CAN AFFORD

The Hall That Really Counts

Small or Large, it Need Not Lack Interest



Two halls expressive of two very different modes, which point the way toward effects that are dignified, cheery, charming.

By
Katherine M.
Caldwell



IN THIS day of the intensive use of space, we have learned at least one valuable lesson—that there is not a corner in a house which cannot be made to count, either in usefulness or charm, or in both. The hall of today, like the halls of long ago, have come into their own after what was too often a period of eclipse, and the person of taste makes the entrance a true introduction to the house. After all, it is here that first impressions are made upon the new-comer; here that the family feel the “welcome back” which, should be the feeling of everyone who enters the familiar doorway of home.

Two very successful halls, types which are suited in some degree to a great many of the homes of today, are illustrated on this page. Your own hall may not resemble them architecturally, but that need not mean that they have no suggestions to offer if you are interested in the subject.

The two pictures (except in so far as their architecture is concerned—they are oddly alike on layout) show modes that are wide as the poles apart—yet do you notice how much they have in common? There is a dignity, a formal but really individual charm, about them both. Each has a very definite atmosphere and in its detail, carries out the furnishing scheme to a nicety. The commonplace does not enter either of them. There is an air of graciousness and serenity very becoming to the entrance to the home.

CONSIDER first what for lack of a better term would probably be described as a “period hall.” It recreates for us with quiet perfection, the atmosphere of a day when the designing of furniture was a fine art and its making a matter of personal pride to a skilled artisan. The fine mahogany ladderback chair and graceful console table, might be said to set the key. And from background to smallest incidental detail, everything is in keeping.

The scenic wall paper is typical of the time, and its attractive manner of setting a miniature scene in a panel, cleverly holds down the size of the prevailing motif so that this hall (larger, it is true, than that in the average house) is given an effect of the utmost space—a larger-patterned scenic paper would probably have taken away from its generous proportions.

Note how the use of full-length curtains at the staircase window, adds its bit to the gracious whole; try for yourself, the effect of covering them from the sill down—the window is at once out of key;

the weight and stateliness of the long, full-gathered curtains “belong” here.

The carpet laid right to the wall, is oddly enough a feature typical of both the elder style and the very modern mode of the other picture. It is interesting to observe, however, the emphatic difference in effect that comes of using the familiar wide strip down the centre of the staircase, (showing the dark treads and white rise at each side and the complete covering for the stairs that is a note in the modern treatment. A plain Axminster or Wilton of superior quality, would fill either rôle very adequately.

Delightful contributions to the satisfying picture, are the hanging lamp which electric wiring has altered no whit, so far as appearance is concerned, from the oil lamp which shed its light on just such settings of a by-gone day; the sampler on the wall—suggestive of the gentle and leisured pursuits of a lady, “when Grandmamma was young”; the round convex mirror, in its dull black frame.

And as we would expect, this hall glows with color—the rich reds of hospitality, of a warm but formal cheerfulness.

CONTRAST all this with the lower picture. Here, a most successful expression is given to what has proved to be best in the modern mode of furnishing. This hall is no less dignified, no less suggestive of taste and of a careful and no doubt much-enjoyed attention to the creation of a whole that is perfect in all its parts.

The similarity in the plan of these two halls adds to our interest in comparing them—it is intriguing to see what different results are reached from an almost identical starting point.

The panelling of the wall is as typical of the new feeling in decoration, as the scenic paper is of the old. And who could fail to like the clever use of the natural wood-grain to make, as it were, its own adornment? Restrained as the most critical and conservative taste might ask, it is at the same time as new as today.

There is undoubted elegance in much of the new furnishing, and we feel it here in the completely covered staircase, the carpet of deep velvety pile.

Freshness, a simplicity that is to some extent due to the elimination of non-essentials, is another characteristic of the modern effect. The sill-length curtains at casement windows on the landing, are as much the right note in this case, as the long ones in the other hall; lighter weight fabric carries on the idea.

The softly diffused light comes from a globe of the new glass, on the newel post; there are many more pronouncedly modern shapes amongst the lighting fixtures the mounting of this round one and the glass in it establish its claim to modernity.

Of course the furniture would express the newer ideas and the little table, with its geometric suggestion, is very smart. Most of us do not like to feel that a room is really a lesson in advanced mathematics, but an occasional piece, such as this one, is not disturbing.

Luxury is another feature that is emphasized in the finer examples of the new furnishing—sumptuous fabrics (velvet, satin, plain but rich surfaces) low, deep, undeniably inviting chairs and couches, softest of cushioning, all contribute to an effect of richness. The all-over carpeting certainly does so in this case, and even the part of the interesting fan-shaped chair that has managed to stay within the borders of our picture, indicate that this one piece strikes a very individual and important note. The pictures on the wall are of course in keeping.

Color is interesting, as it plays its part in the modern furnishing. In almost every case where it is done by a knowing hand, this hall would be carried out in one color—through many tones of it perhaps; and that color would not be the glowing red of the upper hall, nor any other strong color, but more probably a series of golden-beige and light brown tones or beautiful greens, infinitely satisfying and restful, and always managing to be just a little unusual, a bit subtle.

THUS we find that the treatment of “just the hall,” can be quite as interesting and result quite as gratifying, as the careful furnishing of one of the major rooms in the house. “But,” you may demur, my hall offers no such opportunities; it is so tiny—or so narrow, or so dark, as the case may be.

Even so, there is for it, no matter what its natural strength or weakness, a best treatment; a way to handle it that will bring out its good points, disguise the bad ones.

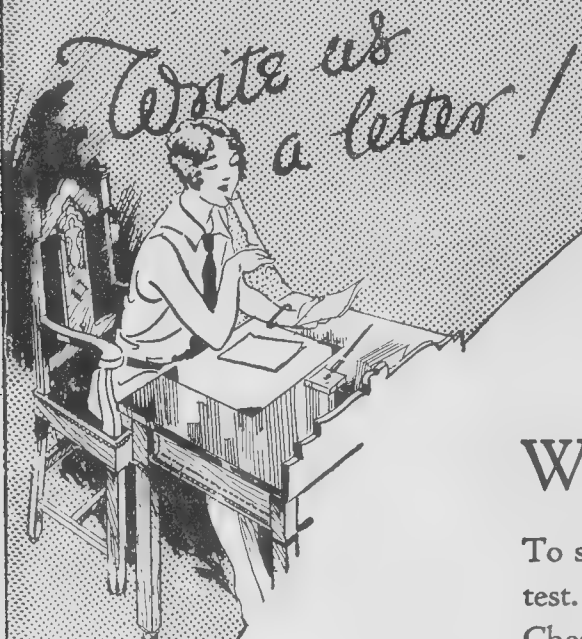
I call to mind one of the least-promising halls which I have ever seen turned into a thing of distinction, and as it is a type which abounds in the land, it will be worth while to describe it. Long and narrow, with a straight staircase which can scarcely avoid looking steep, it does not make easy the task of making it attractive.

The stair rails were so commonplace in type, and so heavy in appearance, that it was decided to change them. Slender iron rails, a pair on each step placed about five inches apart, were substituted—much lighter and more proportionate in effect. With the treads of the steps left dark and the rise enamelled deep ivory (much as in our upper picture, by the way), the whole staircase became a different matter.

The floor was covered right to the baseboard, with a tile-effect inlaid linoleum, delightful with the iron details. Rough plaster walls would have been preferred and I believe were to be added later; meantime, the paper put on was in the plaster effect, deep creamy base with warm tints in it. Cream woodwork matched it closely.

Furniture in the very narrow hall must be chosen with extreme care. Anything at all sizeable will dwarf the hall, but, whatever its shape, whatever its size, whatever the expenditure that can be made upon it, there is a way to make the hall significant, cheery, charming.

10 beautiful 'RED SEAL' cedar chests Free



WE want to find out the various uses of a Cedar Chest in the home.

To secure this information we have arranged a contest. It is open to every owner of a Red Seal Cedar Chest, anywhere in Canada.

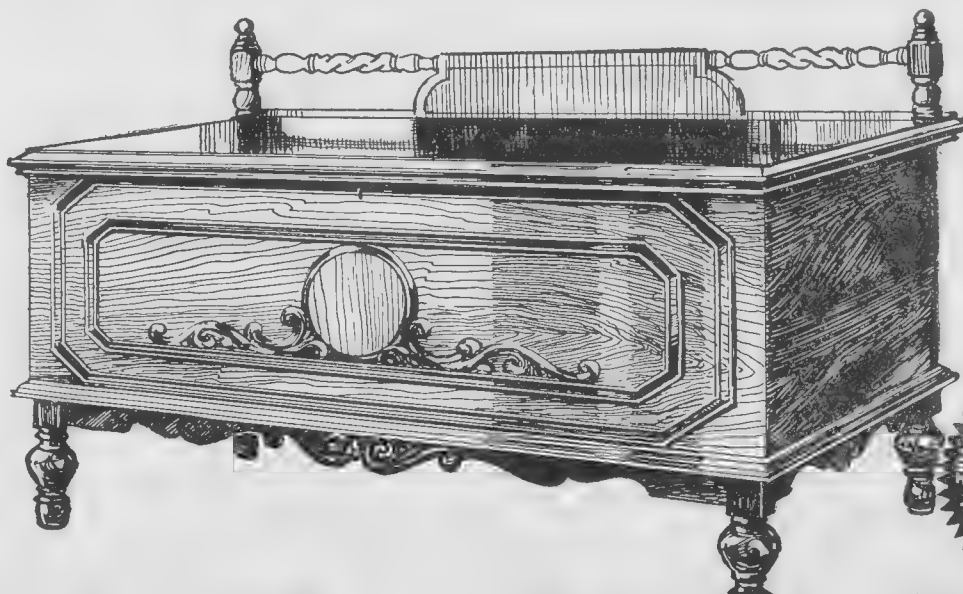
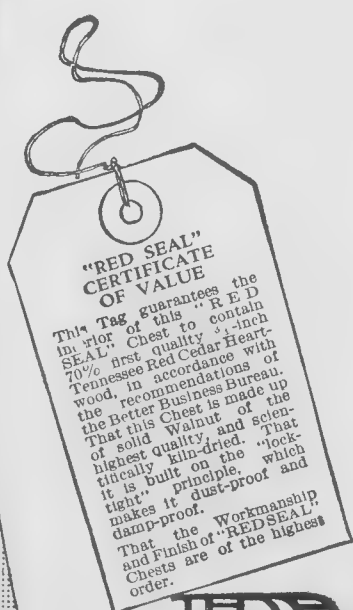
To the writers of the ten best letters we will send a Red Seal Cedar Chest FREE. The letter chosen by the judges as the winner among these ten, will receive the beautiful Solid Walnut Red Seal Cedar Chest illustrated below, valued at \$45.00.

We are not putting your literary abilities to a test. Simply enumerate the many uses you make of your Red Seal Cedar Chest and its value to you. Are you using cedar chests in more than one room in the home? Where have they been placed? How have they been used?

If you are not now an owner of a Red Seal Cedar Chest, purchase one from your nearest dealer and write us about it. Red Seal Cedar Chests are famous throughout Canada for their quality, finish and design. They are to be found in many thousands of Canadian homes.

WRITE US:—Your letter may earn this beautiful \$45.00 Red Seal Cedar Chest.

THE HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY, LIMITED • MILVERTON, ONTARIO



RED SEAL CEDAR CHESTS

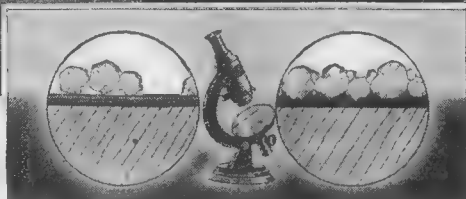
RH100

Feel funny about filling in coupons?

THIS SHOULD BE AN EXCEPTION



Liquid Wax keeps dust OFF
furniture and woodwork . . .
As demonstration, accept
FREE 25c bottle
sent to thousands of women



Microscopic view of dust on furniture. Note dry hard surface of Johnson's Wax (left) opposed to oily film which holds dust like flies on fly paper. This explains graphically what chemists found by weighing actual dust accumulation.

Fifty percent less dust settles on waxed furniture than on surfaces finished with ordinary polish. A recent test by impartial chemists has proved it.

If you prefer to buy a bottle of Johnson's Liquid Wax to try, do so. But we will gladly send free of charge and postpaid a regular 25c size to relieve you of either trouble or expense in this demonstration.

Made by S. C. Johnson & Son, Limited, Liquid Wax is a lustrous "dry" polish—a new form of Johnson's paste wax, famous for floors. Dust doesn't stick to it, but glides off the gleaming waxed surface. After polishing, run your own clean finger over it and see that there is no oil or grease for dust particles to cling to! A week later, note the difference in dust! And notice how it protects your hands when using it.

Simply mail the coupon and receive a full-size 25c bottle for an immediate demonstration on your own furniture. S. C. Johnson & Son, Limited, "The Interior Finishing Authorities," Brantford, Canada.

Branches: Vancouver, Winnipeg,
Toronto, Montreal



In paste or liquid form.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Limited, Dept. WH 4
Brantford, Canada



Gentlemen: Please send free 25c bottle (not a sample) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and illustrated booklet on the new care of floors and furniture.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Province _____

When Bliss Carman Wrote-- "Advertising"

By Gerald Wade

After, at each casual meeting,
Wheresoever it might hap,

I can hear your cheery greeting,
"Well, how goes it now, old chap?"



The late Bliss Carman

HOW many people, I wonder, are aware that the simple souled philosopher, Bliss Carman, numbered among his other accomplishments that of writing "Advertising Copy." It is common knowledge that before he actually found himself he was in a fair way to becoming a jack of all trades. He fancied he had it in him to become a member of the legal profession so he studied law. Later he got the idea that he would make a better civil engineer than he would a lawyer, so he put his idea into practice. Wearying of civil engineering, he devoted some time to school teaching, but, alas, had to confess that the work of a schoolmaster was to him the most tiresome drudgery of all.

Poetry was always the passion of his life, but he knew only too well, as he wrote from the hard school of experience that a young poet had to sustain the life that was in him and that the writing of poetry alone did not provide even a modest larder.

He next undertook newspaper work with few successes. There was nothing evidently he was not willing to try, so long as it did not seek to quench the divine spark that glowed in him.

And it was not until "Odds Bodkins" in "Advertising and Selling" made mention of it, that even some of the poet's most intimate friends became aware that he had at one time attempted to find success in the broad commercial art of writing advertising copy "Bodkins" informs us that it was in June.

"These things I remember
Of New England June,
Like a vivid day-dream
In the azure noon,
While one haunting figure
Strays through every scene,
Like the soul of Beauty
Through her lost demesne."

Some twelve years ago while serving as copy chief of a large New York Advertising Agency—

"One morning the boss brought to our office a tall, lanky, kindly soul and said simply: 'This is Bliss Carman. Every day he is coming to write advertising copy for us and to put some of his sincerity and simplicity into the advertising we are doing for our clients,' and that is how Bliss Carman

came to write advertising and to be on our advertising staff, and that is how we all came to know and love him.

"How eagerly he wrote! And how pleased he was when his advertising work was approved. A boyish smile would expand his sensitive face. He had written an advertisement! I am convinced that no poem he ever wrote gave him greater joy of creation than did some of those pieces of copy he wrote on mundane products of commerce. For he wrote them with his whole mind and heart and spirit."

"From the house of Idledaily
You have sought the Great Beyond
Where you go, adventuring gaily,
Dear, delightful, vagabond."

BLISS CARMAN is gone—gone on the vagabond trail about which he loved to write, as Stevenson and other inspired vagabonds loved to write about. Gone along the road of mystery that leads to new discoveries, the great adventure.

"On us he has laid the duty,
The task of the wandering breed,
To better the world with beauty,
Wherever the way may lead.

"Who shall enquire of the season,
Or question the wind when it blows?
We blossom and ask no reason,
The Lord of the Garden knows."

When I heard of his death there came over me the feeling that it was good after all that he had dipped his pen into the ink-pot of advertising, and that all should know that our beloved poet had honored that craft, and had really enjoyed his short sojourn in the copy-rooms of commerce.

But he was a poet, first, last and all the time, and he did not feel altogether at home in the advertising game, it was too strenuous, too definite, too cut-and-dried, too cold-blooded, I was going to say, for his poetic soul. History does not record that he had to punch a clock, but I hardly think it possible, for surely his unfettered soul would have revolted, he would have flown from the place without any ceremony.

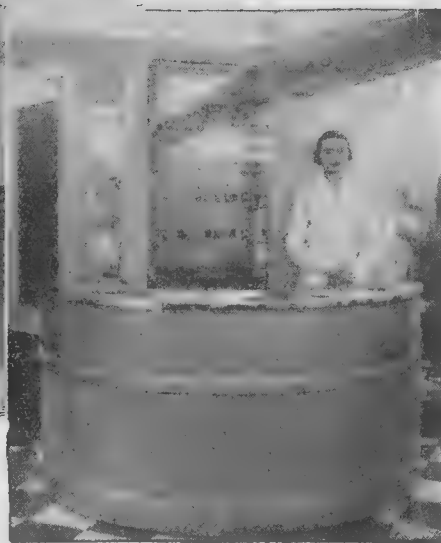
T. G. Roberts recently said: "Carman was as curiously detached from life in [Continued on page 61]



"There is one item of my home treatment which never varies—the preliminary cleansing of the skin with pure soap and water at least twice a day. For this purpose I always recommend Palmolive Soap."

Antoine

5 RUE CAMBON, PARIS



"The vegetable oils of Palmolive Soap leave the skin soft, refreshed, responsive"

*says the celebrated ANTOINE of Paris,
who symbolizes the height of beauty cul-
ture for lovely women of two continents*

"SOME clients seem to think," says Antoine of Paris, "that my treatment will give them a beautiful complexion with no more effort on their part than an occasional visit to my salon. 'You compliment me too much, madame,' I say. 'It is necessary for you to do your share between visits to my salon.'"

Antoine continues by stressing the need for soap and water cleanliness . . . and he prescribes, for this purpose, "just one soap—Palmolive."

"Its delicate yet penetrating lather," he says, "is the most effective means of clearing away every trace of dust and rouge and powder from the tiny pores of the skin."

Beauty specialist to Paris society

Paris society, New York society, the better known figures in the theatrical world form Antoine's exclusive clientele. He is one of the most far-famed of all Parisian beauty specialists with a reputation which extends to both England and America.

Antoine has, of course, experimented with various home



beauty methods to determine which would be best. And he is convinced that nothing is so satisfactory as Palmolive.

Palmolive is pure. Its color is the natural color of olive and palm oils. The natural odor of these oils makes unnecessary the addition of heavy perfumes. It contains no other fats whatever.

And more than 18,900 beauty experts recognize its special advantages. They find that it cleanses as other soaps can not—that it removes impurities *without skin irritation*. Never has any product, of any kind, had such tremendous professional endorsement. This is the kind of endorsement—and the only kind—which women can trust, because it is the recommendation of those who know.

Here is the famous treatment

Massage a lather of Palmolive Soap gently into the pores for two minutes. Then rinse it away with warm water, till you can actually feel the pores being freed of impurities, dirt, make-up. Then rinse with cold water. There! Isn't that refreshing?

"I always recommend Palmolive Soap," says Antoine. And his clients find it ideal for the bath, as well. You will, too.

Olive oil, as combined with palm oil in Palmolive Soap, produces a lather which brings out natural loveliness. It protects the skin . . . is safe, soothing, delicate.



Retail Price 10c

PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEA and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.



TANGEE

**Its Color Changes
Like Magic on Your Lips**

Tangee is the one lipstick which gives you the natural color required for your individual complexion, whether you are fairest blonde, darkest brunette or titian red. For Tangee changes as you put it on and blends perfectly with your own natural coloring.

Tangee leaves no greasy substance on the lips, but gives a glow that is natural, warm and lovely. This glow is lasting for Tangee is waterproof and permanent, and cannot smear.

Tangee is made on a solidified cream base so that it not only beautifies but actually soothes and heals. And Tangee outlasts several of the usual lipsticks!

Tangee Lipstick, \$1.25. The same marvelous color in *Rouge Compact*, \$1.00 . . . *Crème Rouge*, \$1.25. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, \$1.25. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, \$1.25. *Day Cream*, a foundation cream, protects the skin, \$1.25. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, \$1.25. Look for the name TANGEE on the package, and patronize the store that gives you what you ask for.



SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-Up.")

PALMERS LIMITED, DEPT. W. H. 4
750 Vitre St., West Montreal, Canada

Name.....

Address.....

Once Our Enemy! Now Our Greatest Exponent of Empire

Some Impressions and Truths About General Smuts, Empire Builder

By C. B. Robertson

DO YOU remember when our Canadian boys marched off to fight the Boers in South Africa? No? Oh well, perhaps you were in your cradle then; perhaps, even, it was long before you were born. But go they did, singing "The Soldiers of the Queen," and, later, "The Absent-Minded Beggar," but the song which we remember best, I think, is: "We'll Hang Old Kruger on a Sour Apple Tree!"

The boys sang it as they marched through the streets on their way to entrain. Youngsters who played soldiers in the school yards sang it. Their dads whistled it. "Old Kruger" was burned in effigy at a big bonfire in my little home town. Yes — "We'll hang Old Kruger" — or burn him, or somehow, anyway, destroy him utterly, for he meant the Boers, and how we hated the Boers! If you are not so very young (that you didn't know even the World War) you know what that kind of hate means. Yes — Kruger and Smuts, and the other leaders of that war — we hated them with the war-hate, which is like no other hate in the world, because it is so unreasoning.

It was in Bermuda that I saw my first Boer. During the war, a number of prisoners had been sent there for safe-keeping. Some of them liked it so much that they asked to stay when the war was over, and the others were sent home. This one was a fine old bearded chap with kindly blue eyes. He was a wood-carver, and I had him make me a walking-stick. He took the measurement of my clenched fist, so that the crook would fit it perfectly. He had some way of figuring it out, and it was a perfect piece of work in Bermuda cedar, made with loving care. That was several years ago.

I saw my second Boer today.

There was a great crowd of good Canadians gathered together to do this man honor, to sit at his feet and to gain something of his wisdom in fellowship. Leaders of the Church were there, the Government, the Universities, the Military. Young people too, earnestly hearing his words of brotherhood.

Yes, time heals bitter wounds, for time destroys bitterness. Only thirty years ago, General Jan Christiaan Smuts was a hated name in Canada; in all the British Empire. Today, the British Empire does him honor.

WHAT does it all mean? Are we grateful because this great general conquered German East Africa for us in the Great War? Are we pleased that this powerful statesman and his fellow-Boers became loyal subjects, in gratitude for the generous treatment of the victorious British? Perhaps. But something more. This man, had he come to us as a militarist, would not have been received with open arms in Canada, but he came as a messenger of World Peace. Everyone knows of the power which his fine brain and great heart

exert in the affairs of the League of Nations. All the world looks upon this man as one of the world's great leaders, in the march toward world-brotherhood.

General Smuts has been called, too, "one of the greatest of living Empire

builders." When I heard him talk, I realized his reason for devotion to the Empire; a reason more vast than the Imperialistic idea. "One of the greatest of living Empire Builders" — this man who, with honors from Cambridge, at the age of twenty-one was the Attorney General of the Transvaal; this man who offered his life in leading fellow-Boers, enemies of the Empire to the death, in warfare against the British. And this is what I heard him say today:

because I believe that in our group we have solved problems which humanity has been after for thousands of years, but which is beginning to be realized in our group, and which, from our group — the Empire — and by the example of our group will gradually spread and permeate until it dominates man kind. That is my faith! I believe that, in the British Empire, we have, really, something of the greatest human value, of the greatest value not only for ourselves, but for the human race, and so I am a missionary of Empire, in spite of my past. I see, here, the great ideals are being realized which mankind is after, and which will mean a better earth; a new era for the rest of mankind.

"The great task which lies before us today is to see how we can bring together the world on some such basis as already exists in the British Empire, and it is on that ground and with that thought that I have approached the question of the League of Nations, which I am sure may yet, in the fullness of time, perhaps after generations, prove to be as great a shield to the world as the British Empire proves to be, to one-quarter of the human race, living beneath the British flag."

Isn't it a great idea — that the British Empire is pointing the way to a world brotherhood? Does it seem that this great man is idealizing the Empire? If you think so, and your mind dwells upon internal family discords, just remember that only by idealizing the real thing can be realized the real thing.

General Smuts went on: "Coming here today, I find myself among friends. That, to my mind, is the dominant note in the Empire. You may cover the continents of the earth, but, wherever the British flag flies, the dominant note is friendship. In fact, you find yourselves in a family circle. We may speak different languages; we may have a different past; we may even, in the past, have flown at each other's throats, but we are friends, and we feel ourselves in a great family circle. To my mind that is one of the most precious achievements to the credit of the human race!"

"We do not always realize these things. We do not sit down quietly to think what it means on terms of human advance, of human peace and security; that we should have this group spread over the earth, dominated by similar ideals, united together by sentiments of friendship and co-operation, and forming this close circle both for themselves and for the good of the world — but to me this is, in many ways, the greatest political achievement of time."

DO YOU say that this sounds like the utterances of an impracticable visionary — an idealist too high-falutin' for this every-day world? Well — it was the brilliant Sir Robert Falconer who introduced the man. He said: "Among lawyers

"And that is why I talk Empire —

[Continued on Page 86]



General Jan Christiaan Smuts, former Prime Minister of the Union of South Africa.



EVEN Sarah Bernhardt, who threatened to sue a hotel because an uninviting bathroom spoiled her day and her evening performance, would have been charmed by the beauty of this typical Crane room. Even the most frugal will be delighted by the economy with which this beauty is here offered to Canadian home-builders. The *Corwith* bath with overhead shower, the *Norwich* lavatory, the *Santon* closet, all new fixtures full of character, cost no more than old-fashioned clumsy

ones. The delicate India ivory hue in the fixtures adds only a fraction to the complete cost of a bathroom. The decorations . . . linoleum for the floor, canvased wainscot, papered walls . . . actually can be had for less than a stereotyped room. For a book of twelve such beautiful rooms, one of which may exactly fit your taste, purse, and house, write for the book, *Bathrooms for Out-of-the-Ordinary Homes*. Your architect and plumbing contractor will help you plan and make the installation.

Valves



CRANE



Fittings

FIXTURES, VALVES, FITTINGS, AND PIPING, FOR DOMESTIC AND INDUSTRIAL USE

Crane Limited, General Offices, 1170 Beaver Hall Square, Montreal + Branches and sales offices in twenty-two cities in Canada and British Isles



Free—267 suggestions for brightening everyday meals

The most convenient way to serve DEL MONTE Fruits, of course, is just as they come from the can. But don't let that make you miss the many other treats they offer. In "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book" and "Peaches—11 Food Experts Tell Us How to Serve Them" you will find scores of suggestions for cocktails, salads and simple made-up desserts you just can't help enjoying. Both of them will be sent you without cost—together with a number of other DEL MONTE recipe leaflets. Write Dept. 37-J California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Del Monte Fruits for Salad, pictured below, is a combination of Del Monte Peaches, Apricots, Pears, Pineapple and Cherries in one can. A tremendous convenience when preparing fruit cocktails, salads or special desserts.



What *do* reject half of the peaches you had selected and taken home?

Yet, to make DEL MONTE Quality possible, we do it every day—after taking our pick of the finest fruit—right from the orchard

Imagine having the opportunity of walking out into the world's finest peach orchards, just when the fruit was fully ripe and luscious with juice

—taking your pick of just the peaches you wanted

—and then, when you got home, discarding a half of the fruit you had selected, because it didn't quite meet your quality ideals!

Not many women would do it! Yet we do it—every day—in packing DEL MONTE Fruits. No less exacting method will make possible the perfection and flavor for which this label stands.

Del Monte the finest orchard fruit

The orchards—where DEL MONTE Peaches are grown—are the finest in the world, developed from varieties most suited for canning needs.

Picking begins only when the fruit is fully ripe—long after shipping has started to markets where the fruit is sold fresh.

Only a part of the crop is selected—fruit that measures up in appearance, size and perfection to the quality level DEL MONTE sets.

Yet this is only a start. After selecting its fruit in the orchard, re-checking its fruit at the cannery door, there are *three different* times when fruit intended for DEL MONTE is again sorted—and part of it, perfectly wholesome but not measuring up to DEL MONTE ideals, diverted into lower grades.

Skilled workers—expert supervision

All of this, of course, brings up real problems—problems of training and careful management which might never occur to the housewife buying a can of fruit.

For one thing, it takes a lot of work in selecting personnel. In *one* DEL MONTE cannery—and there are DEL MONTE canneries scattered through the finest orchard and garden sections of the West and Middle West—there will be at the height of the season as many as 1000 skilled women doing this job of careful canning for you. Each is

trained in the best way to do her particular task. Yet one older, more experienced worker out of each 16 spends *all* her time in supervision only—watching every bit of fruit that passes over the canning tables—guarding the quality we demand for this label.

Packed for natural flavor

And what is true of the care with which DEL MONTE Fruits are selected and graded is equally true of its selection of just the right syrup to bring out each fruit's own natural flavor.

The syrup on each DEL MONTE Fruit is chosen for the variety itself—independent of any commercial standard—the particular degree of syrup which experience has shown to best supplement and develop the fruit's own distinctive appeal. It is made from pure sugar and water—nothing added. The result is a naturalness of flavor, a tree-ripened goodness, which means more than just "quality" in its ordinary commercial sense.

Back of all this, of course, is DEL MONTE's long experience—and the resources which it has built up over many years. Its operations

are not restricted to any one section. DEL MONTE searches out the finest growing and producing districts—and builds its canneries right on the spot. From Alaska to the Mexican border—from Hawaii to the Middle West—DEL MONTE draws the world's finest foods for your everyday table.

Whether you happen to want fruits, vegetables, dried fruits, canned fish, condiments, or any one of a remarkably wide list of other prepared foods, you may be sure DEL MONTE has set its quality ideals just as high for all. By insisting on DEL MONTE you are sure of what you are getting—without lost time or argument—at reasonable prices—no matter when or where you buy.



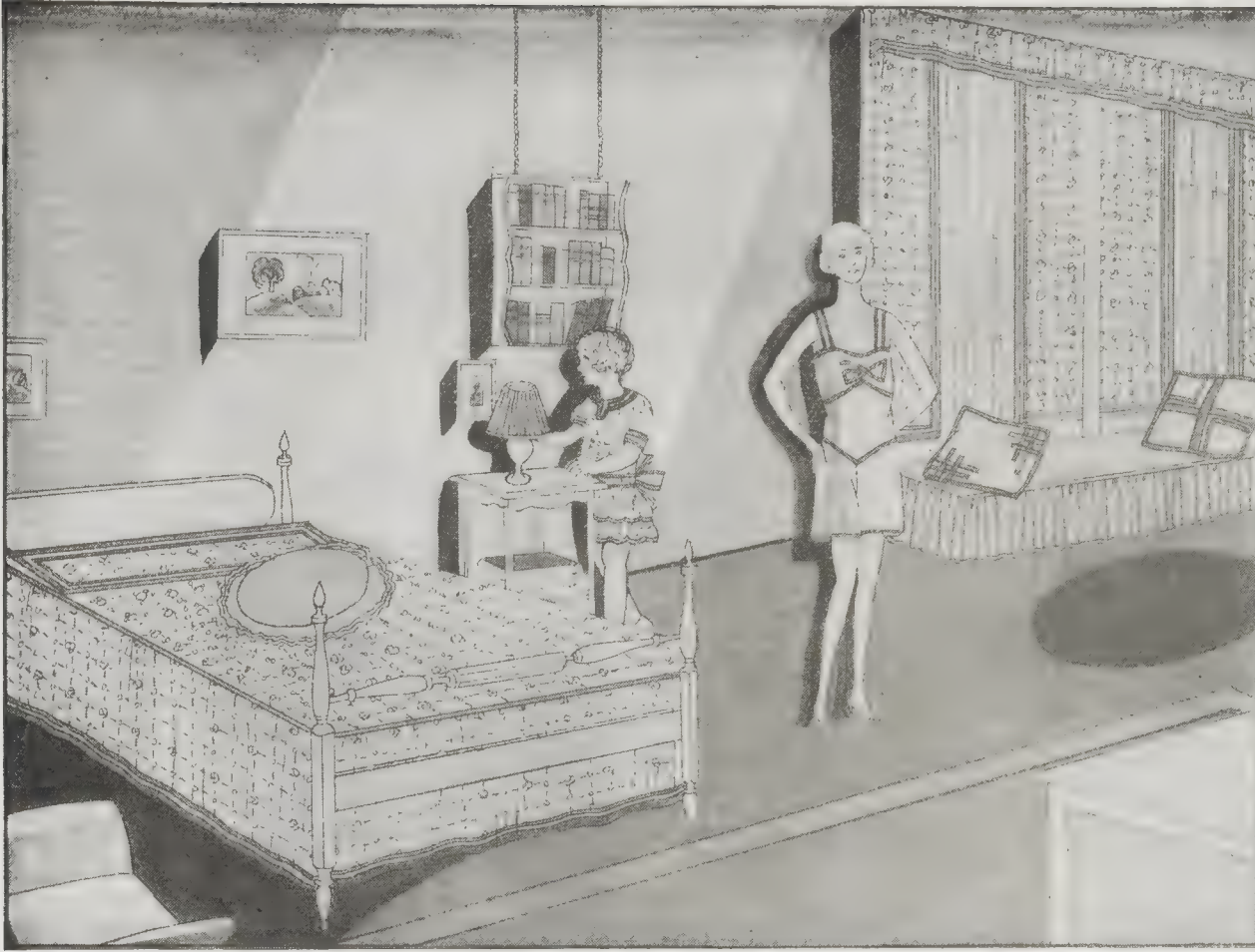
Only Bartlett Pears are canned under the Del Monte label. Their remarkable delicacy and flavor contribute to your enjoyment of this wonderful fruit.



Del Monte Peaches—sliced for your convenience.



**IT PAYS TO INSIST
IF YOU WANT
THE BEST**



A Few of the Many Purposes for Which Tape is Suitable

THE new season brings several fashions in which tape is particularly helpful, since it not only saves hours of labor in cutting and folding but insures the neat and accurate finish so important to the success of needlework.

All kinds of practical gifts may carry the stamp of originality by the addition of tape trimming, which can be purchased in all the modern colors.

Colorful schemes galore can be worked up, the combination of tape with the cheerful chintz of today makes a most attractive and dainty bedroom setting. Take our illustration above in which the following examples are depicted.

The colors of the chintz: Yale, light blue and dull gold figures outlined with black on a white background, determine the color scheme of the room.

Overdrapes are of the chintz, edged with two rows of Yale blue percale tape: the outside line of 1 inch width and the inner of 9/16-inch width. The valance extends across the entire width of the two windows.

The Window Seat is covered with plain light blue glazed chintz with Yale

blue tape in widths matching the trim of the curtains.

The Bed Spread is made in four sections: the top, fitting exactly the top measurement of the mattress; two side sections are flounces cut with once and a half the length measurement of the mattress and a width corresponding to the distance from the floor to the top of the mattress; the end section flounce which corresponds with the sides in allowance for fullness and in width. These separate sections are each finished on three sides with the two rows of tape in 1-inch width and 9/16-inch, joined to the top with a seam on the right side. This seam is covered with a strapping of 9/16-inch width tape.

The Pillow Cover is a piece of chintz large enough to cover the bed pillow with a generous allowance on the four sides. The edges are finished with the two rows of Yale blue tape.

The oval pillow on the bed repeats both the color and decoration of the window seat cover.

The two square pillows give an interesting spot of bright color. They are covered with pale gold percale and

decorated with the two widths of tape. On one the design is a simple corner interlace and on the other a rectangular line arrangement.

The Lamp Shades. The shade on the bedside lamp is made of light blue gathered over a lining of gold colored batiste. Strands of Yale blue bias tape mark the sections of the shade. The same color of tape is used for binding the edges. The shades on the side lights are of chintz finished with Yale blue bindings.

The figure displays an all-in-one combination which is made of natural pongee with edge bindings, seam strapings and bow-knot motif in width 7/16-inch of turquoise heavy wash silk tape. The bow-knot is made with tape which is folded through the centre for a narrow width. With this double fold of tape corners are made by reversing the fold with a single turn. Blanket stitches with boilfast embroidery cotton outline the bow-knot.

The little two-year-old miss wears a quaint little model printed dimity dress with bindings of Copen nainsook tape in 7/16-inch width. An extra strapping of the tape at neck and sleeve ends gives an effective emphasis to the Copen.



FOR every home use, Diamond Dyes are the finest dyes you can buy. They are made to give you real service. They contain the highest quality anilines that can be produced!

It's the quality of the anilines in Diamond Dyes that enables them to give such soft, bright, new looking colors to dresses, drapes, lingerie. Because they are so rich in pure anilines, Diamond Dyes are wonderfully easy to use. They go on smoothly and evenly—without spotting or streaking. And they keep their depth and brilliance through months of wear and washing.

Diamond Dyes in the *white package* are the best dyes you can buy for general use. They will dye or tint any material; silk, wool, cotton, linen, rayon; any mixed goods. The *blue package* is a special dye for pure silk or wool only. It enables you to dye your more valuable articles of silk or wool with results equal to the finest professional work. Either package at any drug store—fifteen cents.

Diamond Dyes

Highest Quality Anilines



Free Beautiful 64 page book, full of dollar-saving ideas for dress and home decoration. The supply is limited, so mail the coupon, now!

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Please send "Color Craft" FREE.

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BB-156

Are We Training Too Many Nurses?

By a Trained Nurse

STATISTICS are not pleasant things, but they are the common predominator of facts.

Are we training too many nurses? A recent quotation of out-of-work nurses in the United States, gives figures that are worthy of note.

Here in a progressive western city, with a population of almost 30,000, the question of employment for its trained nurses throughout the winter has become acute; while registers in all the adjacent cities of the province, contain long lists who are unable to find employment. A dozen training schools continue to add their quota to the already presumably overcrowded profession.

While a nurse's training calls for adaptability to versatile conditions, few nurses can break away from the urge of their profession, lay lightly aside their uniform and fit into a business or commercial position, to tide them over weeks of no cases and straitened finances.

True a nurse's remuneration for her services, when working is fair, but it must not be forgotten, that her calling leads her into many byways where the pecuniary end dare never be mentioned, other than to substantiate her services, with some of life's necessities; and the deficit side of her ledger will all too frequently show figures that will never be cancelled.

Training schools demand a high standard of efficiency, three years hard strenuous labor, with stiff theoretical examinations, after which the government asks proof of ability and registration fees.

Many graduate nurses will agree that "finishing," however, is like stepping over the edge of the world into space. Her well ordered life gives place to weary hours of waiting for something that is bewildering and indefinite. The house of her dreams has vanished, and the sincerity of her purpose is almost swamped by the insecurity of her sustenance.

What is the problem and its solution?

yes, Champions do
make a car
perform better



Champion
the better spark plug

One big thing a motorist is proud of is his car's performance. And he will permit no one but himself to be the true judge of it.

He knows the world of difference if a cylinder or two is weak or sluggish. He senses it every time there is a job of get-away or acceleration, or a bit of hill-climbing to do. The foot comes down on the accelerator, but the sure, snappy response of old isn't there.

Millions of motorists have learned what to do about that. They avoid it entirely by using Champion Spark Plugs.

Performance depends on spark plugs in the last analysis. But, no spark plugs—not even Champions, the better spark plugs—can go on forever. Superior though they are, Champions should be changed every 10,000 miles as faithfully as you change crankcase oil at more frequent intervals.

Motorists all over the world say that Champions do assure better performance and that regular renewals maintain it. We invite you to prove it for yourself.

You can get Champions at any good dealer's where you will find a chart designating the correct size and type for your particular engine. Install a set, then judge for yourself the difference in performance. You won't be able to escape it.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED
WINDSOR ONTARIO

A C A N A D I A N - M A D E P R O D U C T

Concerning Cats

By Anna Nelson Reed

IN THE first place, I never did like cats, and I was always more or less afraid of them. I'm not one of those people with the awful name, who faint away if a cat comes into the room, or who know by unpleasant sensations when a cat is within a mile or so of them, but I always feel uneasy when I see a cat walking her "wild lone" around the room in which I am sitting. I never know what she will do next, but I am reasonably sure she will end up by suddenly jumping into my lap and settling down there, precisely as if I had invited her. This fondness which cats seem to feel for being near a person who shrinks from them is well known, I understand, by those who suffer most from the animal's proximity. I used to try to think that, in my case, it was only imagination, but when I heard that it was a scientific fact I stopped trying not to believe it, which was a relief, so far as it went.

As a child, I remember being ashamed to my own feeling in regard to cats, and when it was joyfully announced by my brother and sister that there were several beautiful kittens in the cellar.

I rushed there with them forthwith, to take my turn in selecting one to be my very own. My kitten, I remember, was a black and white morsel, which squirmed madly when I (being forced thereto by emulation) gingerly lifted him from his barrel home. If I remember rightly, those snake-like twistings on the part of my chosen cat brought on such a fit of the creeps that my fingers incontinently dropped the infant—thereby bringing down upon my devoted head the scorn and vituperation of my youthful relatives. Later in life, when I discovered that, instead of affording a unique example of cat antipathy, I belonged to a recognized class of unfortunates, I ceased trying to conceal my feelings.

I well recall a visit I once paid a cat-loving friend of mine. I was to stay a week, and though I had previously been warned not to object to the fact that her cats were given the freedom of the home and allowed unrestrained familiarities with the inmates thereof, I made up my mind that, if I had to yield to the rules of the house, it would not be without a struggle. So, almost immediately on my arrival, I said to my friend something to this effect:

"My dear, I do not wish to hurt your feelings in regard to your beloved cats, but please, if you love me, try to keep them away from me during my stay!"

Rather to my astonishment, she appeared neither offended nor grieved at my request (I had been informed that she might be both) and smilingly promised to do her best. And I wish to here record that she kept her promise—but, when one is the owner of seven cats of varying ages, each one of whom is imbued with the fixed idea that cats have an inalienable right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness, it is a trifle difficult to successfully enforce a regimen of strict discipline, suddenly imposed. I have since thought that those seven cats must afterward have reminisced among themselves in regard to that one incomprehensible week, preceded and followed as it was by the life of delightful freedom to which they had been accustomed.

One of my friend's cats, a jet black and scrawny puss, had the habit (considered by my hostess very clever and

attractive) of suddenly appearing in the most unexpected places. I might be sitting alone by the hearth, reading or writing, when I would be conscious of a slight movement just above my head, and looking up would behold the small black head of Mary Jeannette (such was her pleasing cognomen) accompanied by her green and sparkling eyes, emerging from the top of a vase on the mantel above me. My poor friend, having conscientiously scoured the room for cats before leaving me, could not be blamed, for she could hardly be expected to examine such hiding places as those into which no cat less thin and snaky than Mary J. could have entered.

There was also a cat (I have forgotten his name) who, had hardly left the kitten stage of existence and who possessed more than normal vivacity. He was also extremely observant, and should you by any chance happen to have upon your person some floating ribbon or gently waving drapery, the slight motion thus created was taken by him as a direct challenge to a game or battle as events might prove. Straight at

the moving object would he dash, then from that to another, reducing me to a state of nervous apprehension only appreciable by those who feel toward the feline race as I do. That cat would actually jump at one's eyelashes if he saw them move—my friend said he had done so more than once. To crown all, there was a frolicsome younger sister in the home, who couldn't resist the fun of dropping the smallest of the kittens over my shoulder into my lap occasionally, so that I never felt really safe. To say that, even under these circumstances, I had a very enjoyable visit, is to give the highest praise to my friend and her family!

MY AUNT and her household, composed of her husband and grown-up son and daughter, were devoted to cats, and during my numerous visits at their home I became acquainted with all sorts and conditions of cats. There was a "Captain Grey," a large Maltese cat, who loved to settle down to slumber directly in the middle of my freshly-made bed, and who also had a friendly habit of going around in the wee small hours to visit each member of the family in turn—leaping upon their prostrate bodies and waking them with tongue or paw. (It is needless to say that I kept my door fast shut at night!) I think it was this same cat who was somewhat addicted to fits, during which seizures he used to run up the wall and fly madly 'round the room, overturning everything in his way and scratching and clawing right and left.

But the worst cat they ever had was called "Jim Jams," and truly he was well named, for he certainly acted most of the time as if he were the victim of delirium tremens. He was the quickest cat in all his movements I ever saw. It was impossible to keep track of him. One moment he would be seen calmly washing his face on the opposite side of the adjoining room, and the next there would be a flash of striped fur and a rush like a hurricane and the cat would be under my chair, twining around my feet and ankles, thereby causing me, of course, great nervous distress. My Aunt, on the contrary, would peacefully recline upon the couch and allow [Continued on Page 94]



THE INSTINCTIVE CHOICE OF CANADA'S OLDEST AND FINEST FAMILIES

The highest tribute to Willys-Knight quality is its widespread acceptance by families of culture and discernment. These families choose Willys-Knight for the same reasons that King George chooses Knight-motored cars in England — King Albert in Belgium — King Alfonso in Spain.

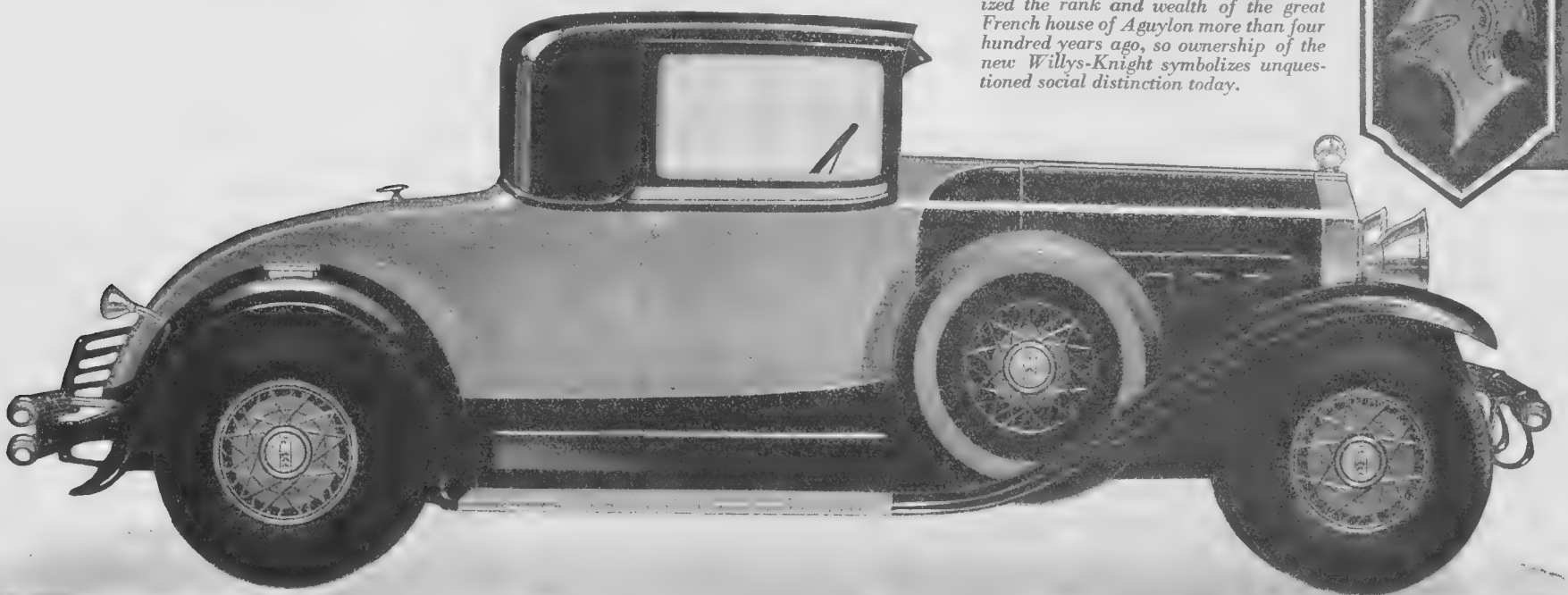
Only a superlatively engineered car could gain such select approval. Yet engineering excellence tells but half the story of Willys-Knight preference in Canada. This year a more brilliant beauty, increased power and added interior refinements carry to still higher peaks the fine traditions upon which the Willys-Knight reputation has been built. Unhurried precision of construction is revealed in the dashing smartness of body lines and the inbuilt luxury of every appointment.

The Knight double sleeve-valve engine is the only engine whose power and smoothness are undiminished after one hundred thousand miles of driving—an engine that never requires costly valve grinding and carbon removing. Add to this such features as seven-bearing crankshaft . . . 4 hydraulic two-way shock absorbers . . . one-shot lubrication . . . manual heat control . . . full internal four-wheel brakes . . . automatic radiator shutters . . . and you will understand why the Willys-Knight Great Six has become a world standard for measuring quality and value in fine motor cars.

Great Six Coupe (as illustrated), Sedan, Touring, Roadster, 5-passenger Coupe, all \$2675 (6 wire wheels and trunk rack included). The new Willys-Knight "70B" ranges from \$1275 to \$1575. All prices f.o.b. factory, Toronto. Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg.



Just as shields of the above design symbolized the rank and wealth of the great French house of Aguyon more than four hundred years ago, so ownership of the new Willys-Knight symbolizes unquestioned social distinction today.



WILLYS-KNIGHT

SENSATIONAL VALUES

A NEW

6

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AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

The new Dodge Six—big, handsome, comfortable and capable—is the lowest-priced six . . . the lowest-priced closed car of any description . . . ever to bear the time-honored name of Dodge Brothers. With silent, safe Mono-piece Steel bodies and internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, it offers a measure of value that establishes a new high-point in Dodge Brothers long record of outstanding value achievements.

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8

IN LINE

\$1400

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

The new Dodge Eight-in-Line brings to the eight-cylinder field every typical Dodge Brothers characteristic of quality, stamina and dependability. It is an exceptional achievement in engineering, a triumph in luxury, roominess and comfort, as well as a brilliant performer. But most important of all, it is, in every respect, a typical Dodge Brothers product embodying true Dodge Brothers fineness in every part.

DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

DODGE BROTHERS

UPHOLDING EVERY TRADITION OF DODGE DEPENDABILITY

A Week-End in Dicken's Kent

Continued from page 26

or may not have been won on the playing-fields of Eton, but most assuredly English patience and imperturbability must have been largely bred in England's cricket fields!

Outside the cricket ground lies the Monk's Vineyard, now a green and shady public promenade, but once the property of the ancient school. It was here that Edwin Drood was accosted by the old woman from the opium den, just before his mysterious disappearance.

On Sunday we are particularly fortunate as it happens to be the day appointed for a General Thanksgiving in all churches, in connection with King George's restoration to health "All Rochester" will be present at the Special Service in the Cathedral.

We make our way to the ancient edifice around which the life of Rochester has revolved these many centuries. We go down through back streets past grey garden walls, and old fashioned houses, over-run with ivy. Their doors are all green and their brass bells and letter boxes are shining brightly. A turn in the road brings us to Minor Canon Row, where all the houses have an ecclesiastical air. Even the tradesmen's entrances resemble church doors. A tall old elm stands in one corner of the street. Its trunk is overgrown with moss. Rooks cawing noisily overhead break the blessed tranquility. In one of these houses resided the Rev. Septimus Crisparkle with his mother, the china shepherdess. Here too, in the world of actuality, Sybil Thorndyke, England's greatest tragedienne today, spent her girlhood.

The Cathedral is already filled, and with some difficulty we find chairs to sit on. The troops have come over from Chatham, military music rings out under the lofty Norman arches. The organ rolls forth sonorously. The Mayor and Aldermen arrive, attired in scarlet robes and wearing their gold chains of office. They are preceded up the aisle by a glorious being of prodigious chest girth and redundant calves. He is gorgeously clad in a blue velvet coat and scarlet kneebreeches. He wears silk stockings and pumps. In his hand he bears (never could he descend to mere carrying) a heavy gilded mace, which he deposits in a stand kept for the purpose, and with a regal air, he slowly seats himself. Mayor and Aldermen are completely eclipsed.

After service we stroll down to the Castle Gardens. Here again we find the strange, appealing blending of the new and the old.

The ancient Norman Keep of Rochester Castle dates from the twelfth century and is known as the "New" Keep. An earlier one is said to have existed, built by Julius Caesar. We paid three-pence for a ticket at the very modern door of a very ancient tower, glimpsing as we did so, a large cheery room, gay with colored engravings and bright chintz.

Through flower beds and garden walks we come to the Keep. Resolutely we climb to the upper battlements. Inside all is empty, grim and sombre. Flocks of pigeons flutter in and out of the silent stone chambers. Up the broken, winding steps we toil, holding fast to the handrails, now and then pausing to look through narrow loopholes and openings which once served to warn of the approaching foe.

From the top there is a magnificent view of the City, the Medway and the beautiful undulating Kentish country. The Keep is surrounded by a wall which reaches down almost to the High Street.

We gaze down at the scene below us and see grey walls, crumbling towers and masonry, green lawns and flower beds, where once tiltings and joustings took place. Plump, pink-cheeked babies in perambulators sleep calmly in the sunshine, innumerable pigeons are being fed by children. In the soft breeze the trees rustle and the wavelets on the river plash. It is essentially an English scene.

WHAT the English-speaking world owes to Rochester can never be estimated. Here was the true birth-place of Charles Dickens' fancy although not of his physical body. A more ideal spot to stimulate the creative imagination of a child of genius surely could not exist. The memories and scenes of the five years during which his father was attached to the Dockyard at Chatham, lingered with him, drawing him irresistibly. Again and again, he returned in his stories, to the ancient city and its neighborhood. The house of his dreams—Gadshill—is close by it. His last days were spent near it, and the last words he wrote were of one of its oldest houses.

Time is all too short and there are many places which we cannot visit—Canterbury, Dover, Deal, and others. But we must not leave without a visit to the Leather Bottle Inn at Cobham.

We reach the village after passing through some of the most beautiful scenery in Kent, so justly called "the garden of England." By Cobham Woods, beloved of Dickens, along the paths so often trodden by him, we come to it. Mr. Pickwick might well describe it as "one of the most desirable places of residence I ever met with."

A single narrow street, with old-world cottages on either side, a small, grey, Norman church, a churchyard wrapped in holy calm—and—the Leather Bottle Inn.

Some of the cottages are thatched, others have tiled roofs, brown and mossy with age. Many of them have latticed windows, and quaint low doors. Every cottage has a garden and every garden is filled with roses all a-bloom. There are roses everywhere, roses creeping, roses peeping, roses proudly, flaunting, roses drooping shyly, roses smiling saucily at the sun. Red, pink, yellow, crimson roses, in bud and blooming. To understand all is to forgive all, and, as we pause at the door of the old Inn, we freely forgive the English writer of drawing room ballads his rather wearisome reiteration of the "rose" theme.

It was to the Leather Bottle Inn that the love-sick Tracy Tupman made his way after discovering the faithlessness of Rachel. We find it filled with visitors. It is a place of pilgrimage. From the ends of the world they come, drawn by the irresistible force of a great genius and a great heart.

The walls of the oak panelled rooms are covered from ceiling to floor with etchings, engravings and pictures of Dickens' immortals. Frowning, smiling, simpering at us from their frames as they will frown, smile and simper at generations yet to come. Their unquenchable life they owe to the all-pitying, all comprehending humanity of their creator. Always ready to break a lance in defence of the oppressed and down-trodden, his sternness, like that of the One whom he tried humbly to follow, was only for hypocrisy, self-complacency and hardness of heart.

As we come out into the sunshine we can only repeat the words inscribed on the evergreen wreath under his Memorial-tablet in Rochester Cathedral—"Lord, keep his memory green."



SUN-TANNED

THEIR BODIES LITHELY BEND IN BALANCE AS THE WAVES RUSH BY



LEAN and healthy under a Pacific sun they ride the curling waves . . . tense, vigorous, clear-eyed, they laugh in sport as the long breakers rumble on the beach at Waikiki . . . and as they lounge along the sand or sit in the cool cafes of the hotels, they find new vigor and refreshment in drinking "Canada Dry."

Here is a beverage which suits the healthy activity of outdoor men and women. Keen as the piercing beauty of a tropic sunrise . . . mellow as a lingering afternoon under the whispering palms . . . delightful as dancing moonlight on the rest-

less, blue Pacific . . . such is the quality, the taste, the marvelous flavour of this fine old ginger ale.

This is the sportsman's beverage. For in it sportsmen recognize the quality which makes it the aristocrat of beverages—basic excellence. The very foundation of "Canada Dry" is "Liquid Ginger"—which we make from selected Jamaica ginger root by a special process. This process is exclusively controlled by us and, unlike any other method, retains for "Canada Dry" all of the original aroma, flavour and natural essence of the ginger root. Rigid laboratory control assures uniformity, purity and highest quality. A special process of carbonation enables "Canada Dry" to retain its delicately piquant life and sparkle long after the bottle has been opened.

The result is not only a marvelous flavour but also a wonderful refreshing quality which is appealing to more and more people every day. The result of clean sport well played is healthfulness; and the vigor of "Canada Dry" suggests to sportsmen the vigor of a game well played.

Convince yourself! At the Houses of Parliament in Ottawa it is served. In great hotels in New York you'll find it. Travel to Paris, London, South America; notice what beverage appears in the saloons of famous transatlantic liners. These are the places where "Canada Dry" has won the approving nod of connoisseurs.

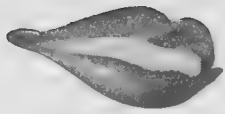
Serve "Canada Dry." It will grace your table as it does those of many, many people. Order it today in the convenient cartons of 6 or 12 bottles.



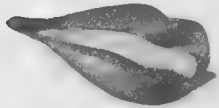
“CANADA DRY”

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Canada Dry Ginger Ale Limited, Toronto, Edmonton and Montreal



*Why not use the dentifrice
that makes it easier for
your dentist?*



WHEN you step from your dentist's chair with every tooth clean, and with gums which have the coral glow of health—then is the time to start using Forhan's.

This dentifrice gives the health of the mouth double protection—for it helps to safeguard the gums as well as the teeth.

When R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., was a practising dentist, he perfected a preparation for his own use in treating pyorrhea. The reputation of this treatment spread until it was used by dentists everywhere. Then the question naturally arose, "Patients need the daily benefits of this preparation—why not make its advantages a part of their hygiene in the home?"

Dr. Forhan succeeded in developing a combination of his preparation with ingredients which safely, thoroughly, cleansed the teeth. This was the origin of Forhan's, the dentifrice with a double purpose. Used with massage at the time of brushing, it helps give your gums that firmness which good health demands.

Even the healthy mouth needs this excellent dentifrice. It may enable you to keep the mouth of youth far into middle age.

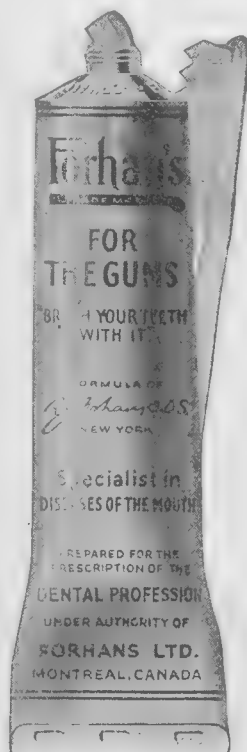
Forhan's for the gums comes in two sizes—35¢ and 60¢—a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste, and exceedingly well worth it. Forhan's Limited, Montreal.

Any mouth may have pyorrhea
and at forty the odds are

4 out of 5

Forhan's
for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS



Mel Cuts a Love Knot

Continued from page 16

Will nodded his assent. "Boiling 'ct."

"Well," Mel's tone signified that there was no argument. "She's gonna get a red-hot time, like she oughta get."

Will's head wagged slowly and doubtfully. "I shore would like 'er to," he said. "But I ain't wantin' to get 'ungfer no murder."

"Are you dead?" countered the unquenched Mel.

"No I ain't," snapped Will, "But I'm good an' sore."

"An' won't she be good an' sore when she sets down an' gets tipped over backward?"

Some latent chivalry in Will came to the surface. "That ain't no way, shape or form to treat a lady," he protested. "Yer can't do it, that's all. It's rough-house stuff."

"Tek! Tek!" chuckled Mel disgustedly. "You make me tired. Sure its rough-house stuff, but like the doctor said, 'The tougher the disease, the tougher the cure.' This is a tough case hain't it?"

Will agreed that it might be.

"Well," continued Mel, doggedly. "It needs a tough cure. This hain't no time at all to be standin' on the rules of no social etiquette. Point to figgur on, is, do you want to be tied hand an' foot, body an' soul, up to a big, masterful widder woman an' four lazy great kids? Do you want to slave out your guts mornin', noon an' night, week-days, Sundays, an' Dominion Days, an' give up your crib, 'bacey, an' pals, or do you want to be free of your amorphous entanglement. I'm givin' you the choice. Choose, Will Gosport—freedom or slavery—or hereafter hold your dog-gone yap."

"Oly smoke, Mel," remarked Will in admiration. "Yer talks like one of them seven day abverb parsons."

"Choose," insisted Mel, inexorably. "Freedom or slavery."

"Freedom, Mel, freedom. That's what," answered Will stoutly.

"That bein' decided," Mel was happy once more. "Likewise, all bein' fair in love, plague an' pestilence, like the prophet said, we can make good use of that collapsing chair, an' some other little doo-dinkuses I rigged up ready. Sit down—guilelessly! on that bunk. There, on the cushion."

"No blinkin' fear," protested Will quickly. "I don't sit down on nothink—not in this 'ere 'aunted 'ouse."

"Shucks!" chuckled Mel. "That one hain't near so bad. All it does is fold up like a box." He gripped Will by the arm and led him outside. "See that trough? That is guaranteed to cool the armour of any widder woman around this settlement. I'll show you how it works when we get it fixed over your door."

In Will's breast, the spark of returning hope was slowly kindled. "'Oly smoke, Mel," he whispered. "Your're a blinkin' marvel."

Later that evening, Mel's ancient team of sorrels struggled over to Will Gosport's shack, with a wagon load of assorted junk. The two conspirators worked steadily next morning at an early hour, and by breakfast time everything was in readiness for the expected visitor.

During breakfast, Will developed misgivings. "Supposin' things go wrong, what then?" he asked.

"Don't you worry, sonny," was the semi-boastful reply. "Old Mel knows he's doin'. We'll fix her, good an' plenty. We'll pry her loose off'n you."

"I wish," said Will earnestly. "That it was you an' not me, she was acomin' to see. She's a dangerous woman, she is."

Mel threw forward his chest bravely. "No woman ever got the best of Mel Tutter," he asserted. "An' none never will. I've scummed this, and I've had experience. Here, have another stack of flapjacks, an' rest happy."

MRS. JANE ELTERBERG tripped into the one roomed shack of Will Gosport early that afternoon, as trippingly as a two-hundred pounder can

and often does. Jane was big, blonde and determined. She advanced like a top-heavy battleship on the shrinking Will, and overwhelmed him with a caress more like a collision, quite unaware that old Mel was lying on the loose boards along the rafters with his twinkling eyes glued to a wide crack. It was with the greatest of difficulty that the peeper restrained an audible chuckle.

"Well, Billy," gushed the widow, standing back enough to let Will come up, panting, for air. "Aren't you gonna tell me, 'Welcome'?"

"Why, shore," mumbled the unhappy Will. Now it came down to the actual conflict, he missed the guiding hand of Mel. Jane looked like a mountain to him, and he was fearful of swift, retaliatory action, when the 'rough stuff' started. Furtively his eyes sought the door, and he edged around in that direction.

Jane's sharp eyes were already traveling round the room. "Just what I thought, from what Mel told me," she said in a business-like manner. "Of course, I don't approve of Mel altogether, and when we're married I won't stand him buttin' in. These walls will need to be thoroughly cleaned and kalsomined before it's fit to live in, and we'll need a lean-to kitchen."

Will was wordless, his mind turning over the problem of what Mel had to do with it. A phrase of Mel's recurred to him. "I figured on this"—it was when he first read the note. So Mel had engineered the visit.

Jane continued her investigations. "That big, clumsy chair will have to go out in the kitchen, an' we'll need to get a new table. What is there up there on those boards?"

For one brief moment, Will was tempted to squeal. "Ole—" he started, then stammered badly. "Ole boards—just dryin' out."

"H'm! Harbour for mice—thought I heard one squeakin' just now. They'll have to come out—might as well do it right away. We can't have the place lookin' like an old lumber yard."

Will glanced aloft apprehensively. Had he known it, old Mel's heart was skipping a few beats at the time. "I'll get 'em down in a bit," Will replied quickly. "If you'll just sit down—right on that cushion—I'll make yer a cup o' tea."

Jane wagged a forefinger playfully. "Now, now!" she cautioned. "An' you'll set beside me, I guess, an' hold my hand. I think—" with a deft movement for one so large, she caught the unsuspecting Will by the shoulders, gently, but, oh, so firmly, and coaxed him backwards towards the cushion. "I think—" she repeated, "I know a trick worth two of that. You shall sit down on the cushion, and I shall sit—" Will's weight hit the cushion, and Jane started back in open-eyed amazement at the immediate result.

The centre gave way sharply, the two ends of the bunk came up at right angles, a flap shot up in front. All that remained visible of Will was two, wildly kicking legs.

"Hi! Lemme out!" screamed Will.

A great, engulfing wave of mirth superseded Jane's surprise. Peal after peal of deep-toned laughter shook her massive frame, until, near to collapse, she sank back exhausted into the easy chair for relief from the pain of her aching sides. No sooner had she seated herself than the diabolical mechanism came into play, and over she went in a backward dive at a speed which froze the laughter to her face. She hit the floor with a crash which rocked the foundations of the shack, and sat for one brief moment blank and dazed.

Mel, above, crammed six square inches of greasy shirt sleeve into his mouth, and spluttered hopelessly. Fortunately for him, the good lady was too occupied with her own emotions to locate the true direction of the gurgling laugh.

Wild-eyed and gasping, she scrambled to her feet and made across the room intent on mayhem. She gripped one feebly kicking leg, and hauled Will forth

[Continued on page 42]

The New Durant—"6-14"

DURANT MOTORS OF CANADA, LIMITED, presents the new Durant 6-14, a classic in the medium-price, six-cylinder field. This new automobile symbolizes a unique expression of Durant engineering genius.

It is brilliant and triumphantly different—a car cut to its own original pattern, ultra modern in style, charming in color theme, luxurious in riding comfort and thrilling in performance.

The appealing beauty of the large, commodious body is itself an invitation to sense the spirited action of the 6-14 on the road. This you are invited to do, for in no other way can you gain a true conception of this new standard of Durant quality.

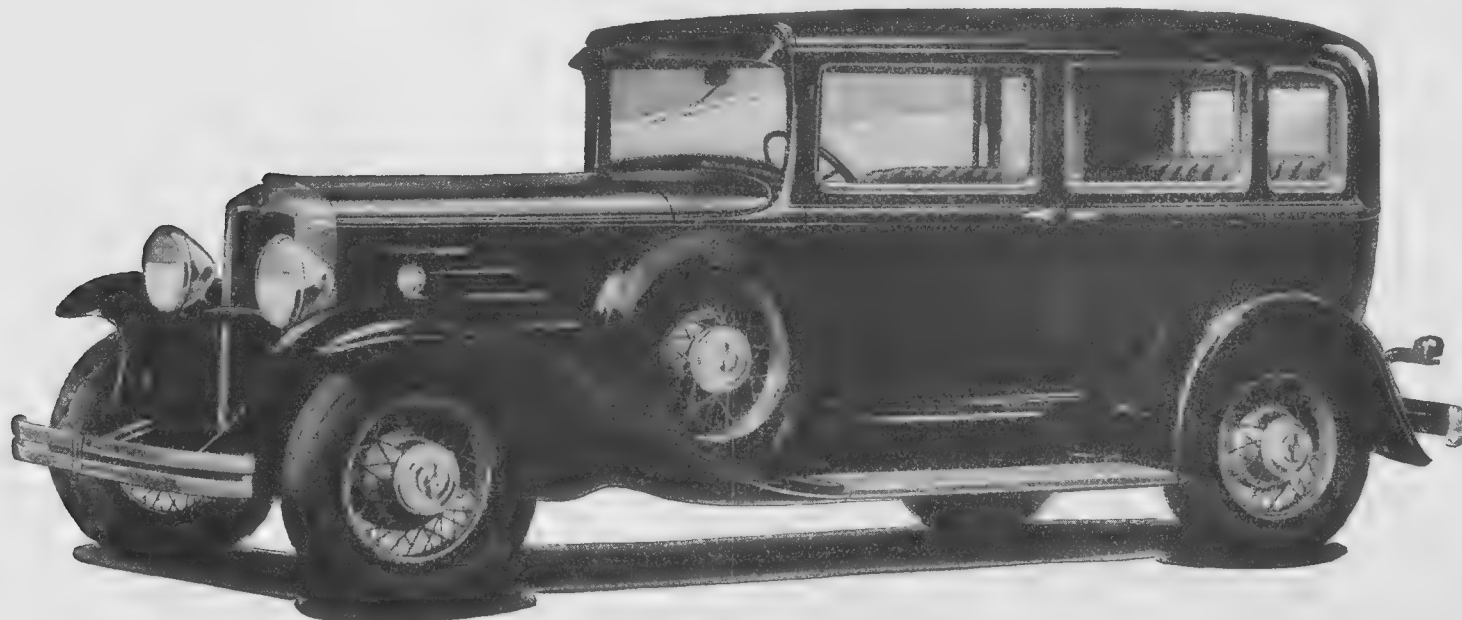
Ask your Durant dealer for details, and at the first opportunity, drive the Durant 6-14 and marvel at its great value at so fair a price.



APPEARANCE
PERFORMANCE
COMFORT
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The Durant Four continues as an important unit among Durant products.

DURANT MOTORS of CANADA, LIMITED
TORONTO (LEASIDE) CANADA



*Durant, Six Cylinder, De Luxe Sedan
Model "6-14"*

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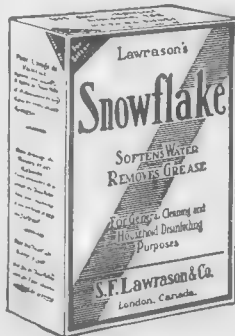


Snowflake Softens Water Saves Soap and Labour

For dish-washing, cleaning and laundry purposes hard water requires a great deal more labour than soft water.



In the kitchen Snowflake makes dish-washing easier because it removes every trace of grease.



Snowflake cleans pots and pans and keeps the sink white.



Snowflake in the laundry makes whiter clothes, cuts the soap bill to less than half, and lightens the work.

Use Snowflake in your bath. It keeps your skin soft and prevents roughness caused by hard water. Also no soap ring forms around the tub—both tub and basin can be kept spotless and shining by its use.

Order some today—your grocer has it.

Lawrason's Snowflake

Softens water—cuts grease

Also Makers of **FLUSHO** for Cleaning Toilet Bowls 25¢ and 30¢ per can

Mel Cuts a Love Knot

Continued from page 40

unceremoniously from his cubby hole, depositing him on the floor much as a sack of potatoes.

"You false, misguided wretch!" she stormed, shaking a fist in front of Will's eyes. "Takin' advantage of a poor trustin' widder woman like that. What d'you mean by it, eh? Get up an' answer me."

But Will lay trembling on the floor, speechless from fright and chagrin.

"I'll learn you!" Jane lifted him by the collar and set him upright. "I'll learn you manners." She shook him violently back and forth. "I'll learn you how to treat respectable widder women." She piloted him towards the door, still shaking him this way and that with each forward step. Without releasing her hold she opened the door, and was in the very act of propelling the unfortunate man headlong, when there was an unrestrained "Ha! Ha!" and a mad scramble on the rafter boards.

Old Mel, rolling around in his unconquerable amusement at the turn of events, had thrust his toe in a crack and had edged one loose board out of place. One dangling foot slipped downwards through the opening. Feeling himself falling, Mel clutched the first thing that promised the checking of a swift and painful descent. It happened to be a taut haywire the two men had industriously fixed through the wall of the shack that very morning—Mel's piece de resistance for the final quenching of the love fire—and the far end was connected with a sizable wooden plug in the bottom of the filled water trough over the exact centre of the doorway.

Jane paused at the sound of Mel's laughter, and down over the wriggling Will there descended a sharp, all-sufficing shower of cold water. Startled, Jane released her hold of Will suddenly. He staggered a little, made a futile effort to get his balance, and then plopped down in the middle of the miniature cloudburst. Before he could crawl out of range he was drenched to the skin.

"I'm through with you, for ever—you toad." Jane cast a look of unutterable scorn at the miserable Will, before turning her attention to the mystery of the agitated overhead foot.

"Come down," she commanded. "Come down, whoever you are."

Mel climbed down sheepishly.

"So it's you, Mel Tutter." Jane snorted. "I might have known you was at the bottom of it all."

Mel stood before her much like a naughty boy caught at mischief, but his mind and eyes were working fast. Mrs. Jane stood squarely in his one avenue of retreat.

"It's a pity an old man like you couldn't use his brains to better sense," continued the indignant lady. "Still" her tone softened enough for Mel to notice. "You have got brains Mel, which is more than that crawling toad outside." She tittered. "Wasn't it funny to see Will's legs kickin' about in the air? An' then for him to get that soaking."

Mel laughed diplomatically. "Fun-ner'n a circus," he agreed.

"You know, Mel," the lady seemed to have forgotten her own late unpleasantness. "I've often thought how fine it must be to be an inventor like you. How proud a woman could be when she knows her husband is makin' things that no other man ever made. I feel so sorry for you living all alone like you do, and comin' in from the fields or from your inventions all tired out, and then having to set to work to cook up a supper. What you want, a big, strong, brave man like you—"

Mel suddenly remembered the symptoms and was galvanized into action. "Ouch!" he screamed, clapping his hands violently to his middle regions. "My stummick! It's the appendiz! Ouch!"

Jane advanced in evidenced concern, and Mel seeing his chance, ducked swiftly under her arm and bounded out of the shack like an india-rubber ball. "Come on, Will," he gasped, as he sprinted away at top speed. "If I'd been there another two minutes, she'd have been marryin' me 'stead of you."

Will raced alongside. "Where you goin'?"

"Home to git my blankets," gasped Mel. "Goin' out to the jungles for a spell."

After fifty yards of first speed, and Will puffed. "Ease down, ole-timer. She can't ketch us now. I'm comin' out to the 'ills with you."

Mel cast a cautious glance over his shoulder before slowing down to a dog-trot. "Whew! That was close!" after another backward glance at the shack.

Will called a halt a little farther along, and they sat on the trunk of a wind fallen tree to regain their breath.

Mel's face was wreathed with one vast smile. He turned to his crony in triumph. "What did I tell you?" he cried. He answered his own question. "Didn't I tell you I'd pry her loose off'n you? An' hain't it done?" His chest expanded visibly with pride. "There's no dog-gone, weepy-eyed widder women ever got the better of old Mel Tutter, an'—"

"ere she comes," broke in Will excitedly, jumping to his feet.

Mel finished his sentence at the end of the next long sprint. "An' none never will, not while I c'n outrun 'em."

The Gypsy Palmist

By Vera V. Robertson

Thin hands and plump hands, fingers short and long;
I am a Gypsy palmist and of hands I sing a song.
I sing a song of lines and mounts as loud as I can sing.
And if you'll tarry by my tent I'll tell you many a thing.

A combination of weak lines means to zig-zag your way in life,
But if you have much braver lines you'll overcome all strife.
You'll overcome all strife my dear, and in the end you'll score,
And you'll get so much of what you want, that you won't want any more.

I know a certain lassie, she is very fair to see,
She holds out pretty dimpled hands whenever she meets me.
I want to turn my eyes away, the lines they are so sad,
There's a little cross upon each mount, and crosses are so bad.

I wonder if I told her she should sometimes kneel and pray,
If it would make her run from me and not come another day?
I'd like to think I'd helped her before it is too late,—
Who wants to see a pretty child swing on a broken gate?

I know another lassie, her name is Maureen,
She holds out hands all work-stained, but her heart is sweet and clean.
Her thumbs they are so generous she would give her shift away,
And Oh it was my favourite hymn I heard her hum one day!

Thin hands and plump hands, fingers short and long;
I am a Gypsy palmist and of hands I sing a song.
I hope my voice is mellow and I know my song is true.
Now don't you want to hear my dear what kind of hands belong to you?

“Chicken and rice
'n everything
nice!”



The contents of
Clark's Chicken Soup
have passed
Federal Government
inspection.



AND that's what Clark's Chicken Soup is made from. Open a can of it today . . . warm it . . . help yourself to a liberal spoonful and taste it . . . just taste! . . . A-a-ah! a soup with such a delicious flavor could contain nothing but the best—could be the result of nothing but the most careful cooking.

All the goodness of plump, milk-fed chickens (every one passed by a Government inspector) rice and celery tastefully seasoned.

Here is the soup to bring that jaded appetite back to normal—to give you that feeling of inner warmth so necessary these chilly days.

At your grocer's . . . get a supply today!

CLARK'S SOUPS



*Made in
Canada*

TOMATO	VEGETABLE	OXTAIL
CHICKEN	PEA	GREEN PEA
MUTTON BROTH	SCOTCH BROTH	
MOCK TURTLE	JULIENNE	CELERY
MULLIGATAWNY	CONSOMME	



"PINK TOOTH BRUSH?"

It's an SOS from your GUMS

DON'T think that merely cleaning your teeth once or twice a day can keep them free from danger. Quite the contrary . . . it won't, and it doesn't!

For, as any dentist will tell you, one sure way to wreck the health of your teeth is to let your gums become tender, soft, unsound. And if you sometimes see a tinge of "pink" upon your morning tooth brush, it's a warning before your eyes that your gums are weakening . . . that your teeth are in peril.

How soft foods endanger the health of our gums

Gum troubles start in the dining room. Modern soft foods rob gums of work. Circulation grows languid. Tissues become tender. Resistance to infection is lowered. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease and even pyorrhea often get their start in just this way. But with Ipana Tooth Paste and light massage you can invigorate your gums and repair the damage done them by this soft, unstimulating food.

How Ipana and massage build firm, pink gums

Your dentist will gladly explain why massage is so good for your gums . . . how it stirs the flagging circulation, firms and invigorates the dormant tissues. And he will show you how to perform it with the brush, easily and quickly, as you clean your teeth with Ipana.

For Ipana's content of ziratol, an antiseptic and hemostatic widely used by gum specialists, has a stimulating action upon the gums which augments and improves the mechanical effects of massage.

Whether your tooth brush "shows pink" or not, start now with Ipana. Its use is a precaution and a protection against the ever-threatening danger of gingival disorders.

Send the coupon if you would like the 10-day sample. It will quickly prove Ipana's cleansing power and its clean, refreshing taste.

But the better way is to start with a full-size tube from the drug store. For that lasts over a month and makes a fairer test of Ipana's power to tone and strengthen your gums.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

MADE IN CANADA



BRISTOL-MYERS CO. C-O-2
1241 Benoit St. Montreal, P. Q.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp.

Name

Address

City Prof. 2

Today's Opportunity in the Department Store

Continued from page 18

1. What does a customer look for when she buys merchandise?
2. How is it possible to tell what values a customer desires?

3. Why should the salesperson know the values of each article in her department?

4. How can a salesperson learn to judge values?

5. How much information about the merchandise should the salesperson give the customer?

(This question requires explanation. The clerk is advised not to display her knowledge to the point of boring her customer.)

6. What kinds of materials are used to make bedding?

7. How does the way fabrics are made affect their value?

8. What values does a customer look for when she buys table linen?

9. What points affect the laundering quality of table linen?

10. Why is linen expensive?

11. What values does a customer look for when she buys towels?

12. What values does a customer look for when she buys bedding?

13. What are the chief talking points for spreads?

14. What facts should a salesperson know about blankets?

The answers to these questions are comprehensive and detailed. They are sales talk, of course, but they certainly would tend to raise an employee's estimate of the worth-whileness of her services to the store and the public.

The first question happens to be: "What does a customer look for when she buys merchandise?"

This dignified statement is the answer:

"When a customer comes into a department, she may or may not have some need in mind. Possibly she wants to buy a luncheon-cloth. She may have decided on a plain hemstitched one of a certain size at a fairly definite price. On the other hand, she may simply be looking for a gift and may have come into the linen department to see if she can't find something that appeals to her. She may even have her attention turned to an attractive luncheon cloth because she happened to see it as she passed through the department. But in any case, before she will make a purchase, she must feel a need for the article which is being considered.

"Even this statement—that a customer has a need which she desires to satisfy—is not sufficient to explain a purchase. A woman does not want simply a luncheon-cloth. She wants an article which will supply her with certain very definite services, or values, as they will be called. She wants to buy beauty or durability or appropriateness or fashion, or some other desirable quality. Perhaps she wants to buy all four values and others besides. The fact that a certain cloth is very inexpensive makes no appeal to the customer if she thinks it is unattractive, if it is flimsy-looking, if it seems likely to fade, if it is the wrong size for her table, or if it lacks any important qualities she wants. The chief fact to remember is that the customer does not buy an article; instead she buys values, beauty, durability . . .

"The psychology of a customer's remarks and actions, her comments on the goods when she is examining them, showing by words and gestures what, in these stressed "values" she is seeking — of course most of the purchasers as well as the salesladies are feminine—is gone into rather fully.

It seems there is much more to "clerking" than making out a sales slip!

CLERKS receive a minimum wage of twelve dollars a week. Average pay runs between seventeen and thirty-two dollars a week. Those who sell large, expensive articles such as pianos and furniture and furs receive forty and fifty dollars and more and sometimes there is a commission added to the salary.

The opportunity open to any girl or young man who starts clerking in a department store is to become a buyer, eventually. The buyer is also his department's manager. Often a buyer's salary will be ten or twelve thousand dollars a year. It may be unlimited as it is measured solely by the results of the department manager's acumen in profits and customers' good-will.

The department manager's section of a store may be described as a miniature store. He, or she, at times having to make trips abroad, buys the merchandise to show in the little store, his department. He has as much floor-space in the store as its sales returns warrants and advertising space in the store's advertisements in the daily papers according to his department's needs, and trained salesmen and salesladies. The manager is responsible for all results.

The department manager as a buyer must know the needs in merchandise of the people of the section the store is in, and, as well as knowing thoroughly values in his merchandise he must buy goods suited to their tastes. In garments he suits the goods to the climate. Thin winter coats or coats with low-cut open collars worn satisfactorily on the West Coast would not be suitable garments to offer in the Prairie Provinces.

The lady supervisor and teacher of the department store sales school mentioned, started as saleslady in a Montreal store. Because of her pleasant personality, tact and wise intelligence, this lady was offered a position in the sales school in a large Toronto store. In Toronto she had in her school a Japanese who came all the way from Japan to spend three months learning the store's cash systems and methods of instruction and selling.

The large stores arrange advancements for all those meriting them, or try to, even for their porters, when they show knowledge of the stock in the store or other aptitudes. A clerk may work up to be an assistant manager, and manager. A floorwalker may become an assistant manager, then manager (or buyer). An executive started at two dollars a week in a Winnipeg store. His present position in a department store brings a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

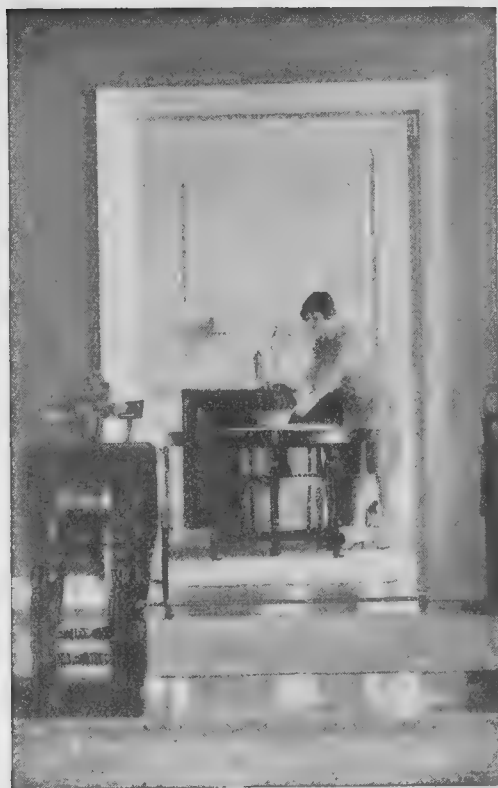
WHILE the department store insists upon certain self-discipline in its clerks it is careful to take thought of their health which brings physical and mental poise, and, of course, a store wants its employees' good-will.

All the large stores have hospitals where a clerk or a customer, not well, may have a nurse's attention. The clerk who is home ill receives a doctor's as well as nurse's attention.

Usually, near the big store will be found a tea-room, a theatre and a number of smaller stores which attract some part of the great crowds the large store gathers about it like bees.

These are the surroundings, this is the environment, in which the young beginner will start to work in the big store of today. His, or her, opportunities there are limited only by the employee's personal aptitude. It is to an employer's benefit to advance the employee when he can.





Furniture Beauty *is often* Skin Deep

A CARELESS foot upon the base of a table . . . a dainty bracelet slipping across its surface, and the lustrous finish is scratched or marred.

Fine furniture deserves lasting protection. It deserves a finish which is not only beautiful when new, but which stubbornly resists the wear and tear of daily use. That is why women who know look for DUCO Finish when they buy their furniture. They realize that it is wiser and more economical to insist upon this handsome, durable finish than to risk the cost and trouble of having their furniture done over from time to time.

Perhaps you associate DUCO only with color—with the finish that protects your motor car or gives your breakfast-room set its beauty and resistance to wear. But there is *clear* DUCO also . . . DUCO that not only enriches the loveliness of natural wood, but also provides a tough, protecting film which wards off the bumps and scratches which all furniture must undergo.

You may not find furniture finished in genuine DUCO in every store. But it's worth some extra trouble to look for stores where this fine furniture is sold.



DUCO is a registered trade name.

Only one Canadian company can legally make DUCO

Only articles finished in C-I-L DUCO can legally be described as "Duco Finish."

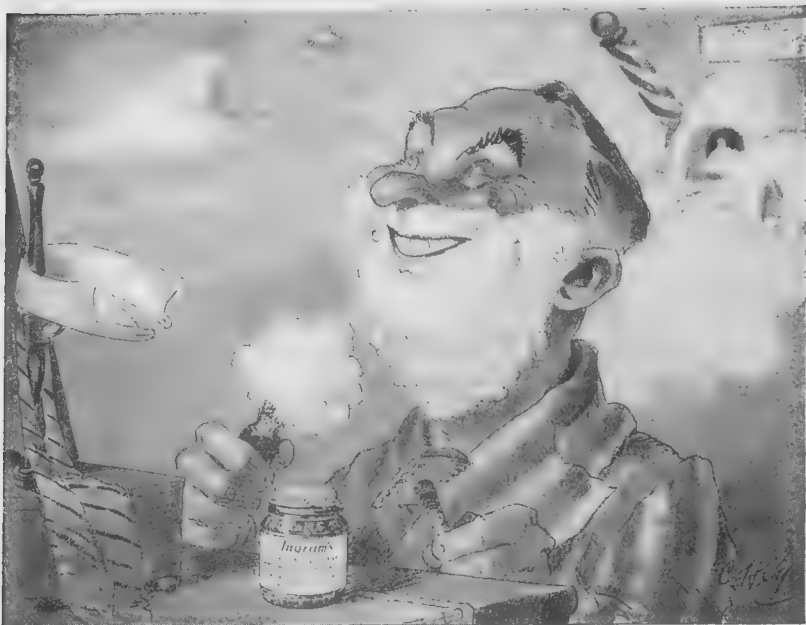
CANADIAN INDUSTRIES LIMITED FLINT PAINT & VARNISH DIVISION

Factories: TORONTO - REGINA

Branches: HALIFAX - MONTREAL - WINNIPEG - CALGARY - VANCOUVER



A COOL stingless shave is yours with INGRAM'S!



(IN TUBES AND JARS, BOTH COOL)

DOES shaving leave your face all "fiery" and nicked? *It shouldn't.* Does it leave you with one of those skins you hesitate to touch? *It shouldn't.*

Or is your face as clear and cool as a May morning, as smooth as a mill-pond?

It should be, and it *will* be if you'll just try Ingram's Shaving Cream!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

For Ingram's is a delight to the faces of all shaving men. It takes the sting out of the morning shave. It leaves a clear cheek and a smooth skin when you put your razor in the box.

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming richly on your face. For Ingram's is its own skin lotion, and because of three special healing and cooling ingredients, it tightens, tones and heals the skin. It's a shaving cream, a lotion and a tonic all in one!

With it you can shave closer—your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. And above

all you'll shave without those fiery little pin-prick stabs that most men bemoan! Ingram's does all these things and does them well:

1. It will cool and tone your face while you shave.
2. It will keep your skin in better shape.
3. It will enable you to shave closer without discomfort.
4. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet underneath.



If you will just go to two minutes' trouble you'll be rewarded with a lifetime's happiness of clear, cool shaves. That coupon below brings you seven glorious and cool morning shaves! Our sample is no beauty, but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends that any company ever had.

Send the Ingram coupon now

Don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for sample. Do it now!



**COOL SHAVES
FREE**

F.O.2

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
1241 Benoit St., Montreal, P. Q.
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name

Address

City Prov.....

**INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM**

*"Never mind your Whiskers,
think about your Face"*

Young Man and His Problem

By H. J. Russell, F.C.I.

The Question Box

DURING the past few weeks we have answered numerous inquiries from eastern and western correspondents concerning the possibilities of various occupations for young men. These answers have been mailed direct, but as from time to time several inquiries ask questions of a similar nature, it is evident that there is occasionally some general interest in special branches.

More recently, questions have been asked as to the uses of certain business studies and their application in business. Some study of these matters is important to all young men engaged in business occupations. There is an altogether too common situation of youths leaving school from, say, grades nine, ten or eleven, at ages from fourteen to eighteen; of proceeding to a junior position in an office; of doing no further studying; and then of being unable to advance, because of lack of special training, to higher positions.

Quite recently word came to me of a young man who had been with a firm for some three years, working comfortably along on the assumption that the future would take care of itself and that in due course he would move up. An opportunity did occur and in point of service he was next in line but investigation showed that he was not competent technically to fill the position and he was compelled to miss the opportunity.

The bottom is a good place to start, it is said, but a bad place to stay, and if this be true, young men ought during the first few years of their business careers, to be busily engaged in improving their education by means of technical studies of the kind most likely to prove of future value.

Choosing Your Life Work

SOME aspects of the situation are strikingly drawn by Herbert Spencer, who has this to say:

"We that have but span-long lives must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage.

Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results, which the same years might bring if otherwise applied."

A Business Group

WITH a view to giving information concerning the central purpose of certain business studies, the remainder of this department is devoted to short discussions which may prove of help to young men interested in devoting a portion of their leisure time to self-improvement, in connection with which it has been remarked that the greatest room in the world is the room for improvement. "I will study and get ready," said great Lincoln according to report, "and some day my time will come."

Business Economics

ECONOMICS may be defined as the study of man in regard to his activities in gaining a living. We must be careful, however, to see that we do not narrow our study to the provision of the physical necessities of existence.

Man does not live by bread alone. Man wants to do more than exist, he wants to live.

Business Administration

THE function of business administration is to control and direct business activities. This control and direction may be thought of as including three things:

- (1) The establishment of policies.
- (2) The planning and setting up of an organization for carrying out these policies.
- (3) The operating or running of the organization.

Penmanship

THE decay of good penmanship nowadays is a theme which is constantly engaging the attention of merchants and business men generally. Among the multiplicity of subjects, penmanship has been thrust into the background.

It is not surprising, therefore, when we reflect that so much of the work of the world is committed to paper, that employers set a high value on young men who can, at least, write a neat and legible hand.

Neither should it surprise anyone to find good writers placed in charge of the best accounting work of a business house. Good writing is a steady advertisement of the youth who does it.

Business Correspondence

ONE may treat letters as matters of routine, but to do so is to neglect an opportunity.

It takes some thought, and some imagination perhaps, actually to increase the firm's good-will by every letter one writes, no matter upon what subject or occasion, but the thing becomes easier with practise.

Bookkeeping

MANY young workers entering the field of business to-day are likely to find themselves charged with duties which, while closely allied with bookkeeping, do not necessarily involve the ability to keep a set of books.

It follows therefore that instruction in bookkeeping must do more than place emphasis upon mechanical routine.

Salesmanship

UNDER modern industrial conditions, most of us have a surplus of the commodity or service in which we specialize.

Thus, the farmer raises more wheat than he can use himself; the carpenter builds more houses than he can live in; the physician has a greater knowledge of medicine than he needs for his own welfare; and the bookkeeper knows more about accounts than he needs to keep his own individual records.

The greater the amount of surplus we have in any article or service, the more we must use salesmanship to dispose of it.

Shorthand

SHORTHAND is one of the most useful of the technical business subjects. It frequently leads to secretarial or other executive positions. Its promotional possibilities are well recognized. For young men it often opens the door to a close connection with important executives.

While there may not be as many boys as there are girls in stenographic work, it is fairly certain that young men who have superior ability in shorthand will find exceptional business opportunities immediately available to them.

Guidance

THE discussion on business subjects will be continued in a subsequent number. In the meantime, those who wish for more information on any of the subjects suggested or on others, are invited to address the editor of this department, stating their requirements and giving also the extent of their education, in order that the information given may be as closely adapted to their needs as possible.



Banff

... SOCIETY'S ROCKY MOUNTAIN SUMMER RESORT

18 HOLE
GOLF COURSE

▼

NEW
\$100,000
GOLF HOUSE

▼

SULPHUR
SWIMMING POOL

▼

FRESH WATER
SWIMMING POOL

▼

FOUR
"EN TOUT CAS"
TENNIS COURTS

▼

SADDLE HORSES

▼

MOUNTAIN
PONIES



Let it be the Canadian Rockies this Summer

Banff offers everything in one

Swimming—two private pools at Banff Springs. *Golf*—a Stanley Thompson 18 hole course costing \$400,000, new clubhouse, Indian caddies. *Tennis*—four perfect courts. *Riding*—saddle horses for the bridle paths, sure-footed ponies for the trails. *Fishing*—trout in the mountain lakes and streams. *Boating*—skiffs and canoes on the Spray and the Bow. *Motoring* over wonderful roads.

And! All centred on the finest hotel in the Rocky Mountains,—the summer social centre of North America.

Lake Louise only 40 miles away. Take the spruce scented trails, climb into the eternal snow, listen to fine concerts and dance to a suave orchestra when the shadows have lengthened. Plan to join the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

BANFF SPRINGS HOTEL

Opening May 15, Banff Springs Hotel offers special monthly rates for longer term or resident guests. Daily rates, European plan, Single with Bath \$8.00 up; Double \$14.00 up. Period suites for two, \$35.00 up. Special servants' quarters. All rates 20% lower during May, June and September. For reservations, rates, information, write Banff Springs Hotel, Alberta, Canada, or any Canadian Pacific Office.

A CANADIAN PACIFIC HOTEL

FREE . . . 10-day tube of Pepsodent



Film

that is found by dental research to discolor teeth and foster serious tooth and gum disorders.

To Rid Teeth of Destructive Germs

Remove film twice every day

It will cost you nothing for 10 days' supply of this special film-removing tooth paste. Discolorations disappear. Teeth find new protection.

CERTAIN germs are present in tooth decay. Other types in pyorrhea; still another kind in trench mouth. Authorities believe that 8 dental troubles out of 10 are caused by bacterial infection.

Germs are covered and imprisoned by a dingy, clinging coating on the teeth and gums called film. There they breed by millions in contact with teeth and tissues.

Germ-laden film fills every tiny crevice in enamel. It clings so tightly that you may brush until you harm the teeth and gums without dislodging it effectively. That is why all ordinary methods fail in combating film.

Remove film a different way

To reach and remove these germs, film must be combated. To remove film dental authorities developed the different acting tooth paste, Pepsodent.

First, Pepsodent curdles film, then light brushing easily removes it . . . safely, gently. No pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasives, but a fine creamy paste commonly prescribed for soft teeth and tender gums.

When shall we send you your supply?

Here is a way to lovelier teeth plus far greater protection from these serious diseases. Write to nearest address immediately for your supply to try.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent, the tooth paste featured in the Amos'n' Andy Radio Program

The Premier Radio Feature AMOS 'n' ANDY



You will find yourself awaiting eagerly these incomparable blackface artists. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network.



7 p. m. on stations operating on Eastern time
10:30 p. m. on stations operating on Central time
9:30 p. m., Mountain time—8:30 p. m., Pacific time

FREE 10-DAY TUBE

Mail coupon to

The Pepsodent Co.,
Dept. 324, 191 George St.,
Toronto 2, Ont., Can.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Other Offices: The Pepsodent Co., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.; 8 India St., London, E. C. 3, Eng.; (Australia), Ltd., 72 Wentworth Ave., Sydney, N. S. W. Only one tube to a family 3408 Can.

Pepsodent

The Special Film-Removing Dentifrice

A House From an Artist's Portfolio

Continued from page 24

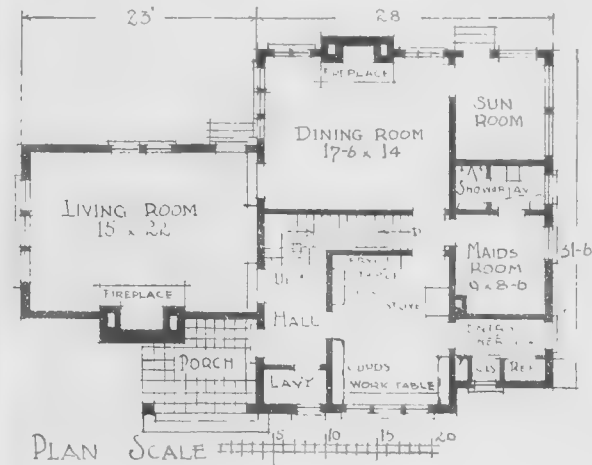
character when we washed at the farm-yard pump—but anyone who has washed regularly at the old pump is generally willing to let character go, and take the bathroom.

THE porch is laid with hard-burned brown tile laid on a reinforced concrete base, and the interior floors are of oak, if possible in wide boards. We all know the stress that must be laid on the entrance hall, that even in the smallest home it gives the intro-

bread and pastry. The door of the bread cupboard lowers and serves as a bread board. The equipment necessary in the cleaning up after the meal is served includes the incinerator, work table and sink. Cabinets and drawers are steel lacquered light brown, and the blue grey porcelain sink and stove make a pleasing contrast. The accents appear in the colorful utensils, and on the floor is a heavy inlaid linoleum in two colors, while the small closet near the entry is for the storing of cleaning equipment.

As the house is close to the street line it is terraced up on the front and the driveway is at a lower level. The side entry is also convenient and the servants quarters are entirely separate with lavatory attached.

The sketch shows the dining room with its painted pine panelled walls and fireplace. When designing a fireplace I always remember the saying of Charles Dudley Warner when he saw for the first time a register in the floor — "Think of bringing up a family around a hole in the floor," and in those days the heat



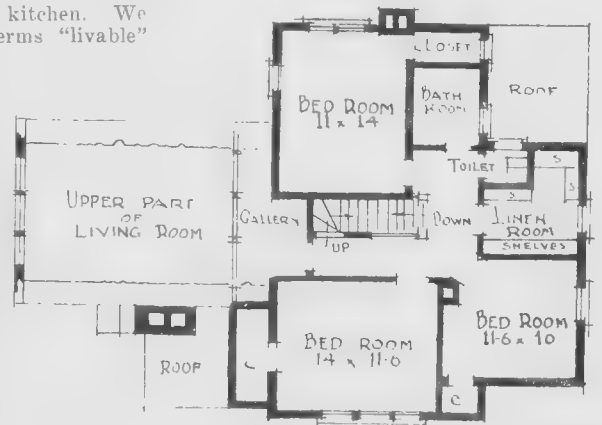
duction to the rest of the house. Immediately as you enter there is a small clothes closet and lavatory, and then the slim balustered stairs climb at the further end. Naturally, the stair treads are of the same material as the floor, oak, and the risers are of fir or pine painted white as well as the newel and balusters. On either side the delicately moulded doors give entry to the kitchen and living room.

A different feature of this plan is the two steps down into the living room. There is an old architectural saying that "Inside the house, one step down spells danger, but two steps lift the room into life." This lowering of the floor necessitates the collar ceiling being lower, but from the hallway and from the dining room looking down into this living room with its two storied beamed ceiling, pine panelled walls and great fireplace it gives a pleasant glow to think that a room like this might be yours.

THE position of the kitchen is of great importance and it has been placed on the plan near the front with easy access to front door, living room and dining room. Strongly as some may object to the term "machine age" yet there can be no doubt of its fitness when considering the kitchen. We generally cling to the terms "livable" and "traditional" when describing a living room, but the kitchen is a room that should be thought out in terms of efficiency. As the pantry has been dispensed with its functions are incorporated into the planing of the kitchen in which as in all kitchens the work is divided into two parts, "Preparation and serving" and "the restoration of the different utensils and dishes to their proper order." The description of the kitchen begins with the entry of the food. Next

register was the last cry of modernism and the vantage point from which the family endeavored to dispense cheer and warmth in lieu of a hearth. The period of hearth heating seems to represent to many of us the ideal of homely comforts, the centre of human emotions, and I suppose that the love of the early homes of this country is so closely associated with our own childish memories and the hearthstone of our own individual grandparents that we forget, never having actually experienced ourselves the discomfort of the cold when away from the fire.

THE sun room is beside the dining room and the furniture of the dining room is of mahogany. Indirect lighting is used from above the centre of the table, the light being thrown on to the ceiling and then flung back on to the table. As I have related the living room ceiling goes to the pitch of the roof, with a small gallery overlooking it, where an orchestra might be stationed or if wished a wonderful organ could be installed. The ceiling of this floor in the other rooms is nine feet high and the upstairs eight feet six inches with small attic dormitory



UPSTAIRS PLAN - SCALE 1/8" = 1'-0"

for boys or a billiard room. The material used in the interior walls is wood studding with metal lathing on it, then plastered three coats. In the hall and living room above the panelling a stucco plastered effect is gained by the use of the trowel, the plaster being left a dull grey, and in the dining room I have carried the panelling up to the ceiling. The mantel is in a gray marble. In Canada we have some of the finest marbles in the world. I have visited the

[Continued on page 61]

CANADA'S LOWEST-PRICED FULL-SIZE CAR

PLYMOUTH

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

SENSATIONAL
NEW LOW PRICES

\$735

AND UP F.O.B. FACTORY



	NEW PRICES	OLD PRICES	SAVINGS
4-DOOR SEDAN (3-window) .	\$775	\$890	\$115
COUPE	735	820	85
ROADSTER (with rumble seat) .	760	850	90
DE LUXE COUPE (with rumble seat)	775	870	95
2-DOOR SEDAN	755	860	105

[All prices F.O.B. Windsor, Ontario, including standard factory equipment (freight and taxes extra)]

NOW, for the first time at such low prices, you are able to obtain a motor car that has *full* size.

That has weatherproof internal-expanding 4-wheel hydraulic brakes.

That has 45-horsepower high-compression engine with full force-feed lubrication and rubber engine mountings.

That has a low-swung, perfectly-balanced chassis with 5-inch frame.

That has long semi-elliptic springs with self-adjusting spring shackles.

That has the scientific engineering principles and the precision workmanship which is characteristic of Chrysler Standardized Quality.

Come in. See and ride in the *full-size* Plymouth. Learn for yourself *today* that your motor car dollar can buy in the Plymouth at these new sensational low prices more in performance, comfort, style, economy, safety, quality, value and prestige than has ever been possible before.

PLYMOUTH MOTOR CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD. • DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

THE CANADIAN-BUILT PLYMOUTH FOR CANADIANS



BERRYCRAFT Finishes beautify Toronto's finest homes

Toronto, modern business center, calls upon Berry Brothers for fine industrial and household finishes. Here interior decorators known for good workmanship express their preference for Berrycraft products. In the Berrycraft line are finishes for every household and industrial purpose. Floors and woodwork will keep their beauty for years when finished with Liquid Granite, the million step-test varnish. Use Berrycraft Quick-Drying Enamel for a lasting, colorful finish on woodwork and furniture. Outdoors use Berrycraft House Paint—a revolutionary product made with Lionoil—world-famous wood preservative and rust preventive. Insist upon these wear-resisting Berrycraft Finishes. Get the utmost in beauty and permanence at an actual saving in cost.

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Varnishes Enamels Lacquers Paints
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EASTER

By John Mackay, D.D. Principal Manitoba College

THREE great streams of human longing and human gladness, ranging all the way from trembling hope to perfect certainty and radiant joy, meet and mingle in the recurring miracle of Easter.

The Nordic races, toilsomely founding their homes amid the great, dark forests of Northern Europe, saw, each autumn, the sun slowly and inevitably receding Northward, saw the days grow shorter and shorter and less and less bright; saw the nights grow longer and darker; saw the flowers die, the leaves fall and the grass wither before the chill breath of winter ere it piled all the forest ways high with overmantling snow; saw all this and felt their hearts sink with a nameless dread lest the sun should vanish altogether and light disappear from the earth. For long days, with anxious hearts, they watched the unequal contest, fear tugging at their hearts. Then slowly the issue changed, the days lengthened, the sun grew warmer, the snows began to melt, till one glad day the rivers broke their icy bands and went racing and singing down to the sea, carrying with them the overplus of the melting snows; the trees put forth their opening leaves, the grass began to grow and the birds to sing. Light and life had won and another cycle of beauty and fruitfulness had begun upon the earth. Then these hardy Northern races held high festival in honor of Easter, the goddess of Spring. As they pushed their conquests Southward the festival went with them until all Europe took part in the glad festival of Spring.

WHEN the Jews took possession of their promised land, they found that their neighbors and fellow citizens kept a similar feast of rejoicing for the advent of Spring. As that feast coincided in time with the greatest event in their history as a people, their escape from Egypt and their consolidation into a united people under the wise guidance of Moses, they united in one great festival, the Passover, rejoicing for the returning fruitfulness of the earth and for the dramatic beginnings of their history as a nation. Thus the Passover became their greatest religious as well as national Festival, a festival still kept by devout Jews around the world.

Side by side these two festivals were kept throughout the Roman world, as that world, drunk with cruelty and lust, slowly tottered to its fall. Israel had lost her independence as a nation and was in the hands of bigotted ecclesiastical authorities whose bitter narrowness was soon to lead to the destruction of their Holy City and the dispersion of the nation. Pagan Rome, finding her old gods futile to stay the corruption which was eating out her heart, turned from one religion to another, from one superstition to another and found abiding help in none.

Yet in the midst of a decadent world there were still many devout souls who cherished the hope of a signal incursion of heaven into the affairs of men to turn back the tides of corruption and death. The prophets of Israel had long foretold the coming of Emmanuel, God with us, who should set up the Kingdom of God upon the earth and this hope had spread over the Roman world and was eagerly

looked for wherever men and women waited devoutly for guidance from the unseen.

When the long expected Messiah did appear however, it was in a guise which none of the official exponents of religion recognized. Who in that brutal Roman world, where mere strength counted for so much and the real values were measured by lavish display and barbaric splendour, could see the most signal incursion of the Divine into human history in a little babe, born in a manger and brought up in a carpenter's home in out-of-the-way Nazareth.

Yet, when He came forth on His mission of teaching and healing and holding fellowship with the lowly and the outcast of earth, some few devout souls felt the spell of His wondrous personality and twelve fishermen left all and followed Him. As they watched Him from day to day and became more like Him in their own innermost lives, they slowly came to the conclusion, voiced by Peter "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Their thought of His mission, however was derived from the traditions of their people and they looked for Him to set up a new Jewish Kingdom at Jerusalem. They had seen such wonderful manifestations of Divine power in His healing and redeeming of men that they would not believe Him when He tried to tell them that He was going up to Jerusalem to die. And when they saw Him allow Himself to be arrested, tried, scourged, spit upon and sentenced to death; when they stood afar off and saw Him writhing in the agonies of death and finally hanging limp and lifeless

between two dying thieves, all the hopes they had built up about Him tumbled to earth like a house of cards and for three dreadful days they wandered about, crushed and bewildered, like men in a dream, unable to fully comprehend what had taken place, but plunged into the depths of despair.

Then, one glad morning, came the astounding news "The Master is risen, is risen indeed." Again and again He appeared to the little company, and as the wonder of it all came home to them, they entered a new world of fullness of life, of radiant joy. Life had forever conquered death. God had manifested Himself once for all in a human life and every word He spoke, every miracle He wrought flamed out now with a new wonder and beauty. The little band of broken and beaten men became new beings, with the light of heaven shining on their faces, mighty with the life of God in their hearts, flaming out over the decadent Roman world and lifting multitudes out of a sordid life of cruelty and lust and licentiousness, into lives of purity and courage and nobility and laying, within one short lifetime, the foundations of that civilization which has remade Europe and is slowly sweeping over the whole world.

For all who felt the touch of that abounding life, that Sunday morning long ago became a time of joy unspeakable, a glad festival of light and love and life.

At first the little band was mostly composed of Jews and the customs

and ideas associated with the Passover were taken up and the new festival was called the Pascha. But as the glad tidings reached and captured the sturdy Nordic races, the Spring festival was merged in the new Christian one and the name of Easter was applied to it. Thus Jew and Roman and the Nordic hosts each found the wholesome gladness of old nature and national festivals taken up and sanctified by the Easter message and the Easter joy. And ever as the years go by, to slowly widening circles of every colour and nation and tribe and tongue around the world comes a new accession of life and joy with Eastertide.

Slowly as the centuries have rolled past, more and more of the sons of men have felt the joy and thrilled at the wonder of the Easter message, until today there is hardly a tribe or race or tongue under the blue dome of heaven which has not some members whose hearts warm and whose faces take on a new light of gladness when Easter comes.

Perhaps there never was a time in the history of the world when this great fact needed to be faced so squarely and understood so deeply as today. The tremendous progress of modern science has practically annihilated time and space and made the whole world one compact neighborhood, has multiplied methods for transmitting thought and speech to such an extent that no part of the world can escape the contagion of any fashion in thought which gains a footing anywhere. And that same modern science has penetrated so deeply into the mysteries of the world that is seen, and has been so rudely shocked to its very foundations by the horror of the world war that great schools have sprung up in the heart of the most civilized nations who believe in nothing but blind force and crass materialism. Bertrand Russel, the leading spokesman of these materialists in Great Britain says in his book "Mysticism and Logic"—"Brief and powerless is man's life: on him and all his race the slow, sure doom falls pitiless and dark. Blind to good and evil, reckless of destruction, omnipotent matter rolls on its relentless way; for man, condemned today to lose his dearest, tomorrow himself to pass through the gates of darkness, it remains only to cherish, ere yet the blow falls, the lofty thoughts which ennoble his little day; disdaining the coward terrors of the slave of fate, to worship at the shrine which his own hands have built; undismayed by the empire of chance, to preserve a mind free from the wanton tyranny which rules his outward life; proudly defiant of the irresistible forces that tolerate, for a moment, his knowledge and his condemnation, to sustain alone, a weary but unyielding Atlas, the world that his own ideals have fashioned despite the trampling march of unconscious power." Such is the philosophy of despair offered to the modern world as the last word of Science, and grasped at too eagerly by those who desire a philosophic justification for their code of morals—"Let us eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we die." Is it any wonder that unrest and self indulgence and crime follow, as darkness follows sunset in the lives of those who fail to think through the implications of such a theory of life.

It cannot be too strongly stated that such a view is not a necessary result of Science itself. Michael Pupin, a more profound scientist than Bertrand Russel, in The New Reformation says—"I cannot resist, then, crossing the boundary line which separates the external material world from the internal world of my consciousness. Here I find a power which is at work creating this internal world; this power is a manifestation of a new entity in the existence of which mankind always believed and called it the soul of man. This belief is the essence extracted from all human experience. No physical reality rests on a broader and surer foundation of experience than this belief. The soul is the creative co-ordinator residing in the body of man and guiding its functions so as to make the life of man a cosmos, a creation of simple law and beautiful order. Our belief [Continued on page 92]



Now moist cold and dry cold in the same refrigerator

Frigidaire equipped with the new Hydrator now offers an extra service. Mail the coupon for new salad recipe book and full details about the Hydrator... today



The famous "Frigidaire Cold Control"

Now, for the first time, you can have moist, reviving cold for vegetables and dry, frosty cold for meats and other foods... both in the same cabinet. You can have

the right type of refrigeration for every kind of food. You can enjoy a new convenience in your kitchen. All of these advantages are brought to your home by the new Frigidaire Hydrator... now standard equipment on all household Frigidaires.

And what a difference the Hydrator makes in quality and flavor!

Celery comes out of the Hydrator crisp and brittle. Lettuce takes on a dew-drenched freshness. Tomatoes become firmer. Parsley, cress and other garnishes seem almost to grow again!

You'll want to know more about the Hydrator. And you'll want to know more about the Frigidaire "Cold Control" which enables you to speed the freezing of ice cubes and desserts. You'll want to know more about Frigidaire's surplus power that keeps foods fresher... longer. You'll want to see and examine the beautiful cabinets in



rust-proof Porcelain-on-steel inside and out. These features are being shown at the nearest Frigidaire dis-

play room. See a complete demonstration now.

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And by all means send for the latest Frigidaire catalog and our new, free, salad recipe book. The recipe book contains many new recipes which you have probably never tried before. It also gives you full details about the Hydrator. Mail the coupon today.

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Please send me, free, your new salad recipe book and a copy of the Frigidaire catalog.

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Electric Refrigerators for Homes, Stores and Public Institutions... Electric Water Coolers for Homes, Stores, Offices and Factories... Ice Cream Cabinets... Milk Cooling Equipment... Room Coolers

Gillette

a NEW a

No more "razor pull" . . .
No more wiping . . .
with this new blade of
processed steel

\$1.00
for ten
and 50c
for five



The New Gillette Blades
in the new green packet

New processed steel . . .
Rust-resisting . . . Just rinse
. . . Shake dry

How many tedious minutes you have had to waste in unscrewing your razor, washing it off, and carefully wiping it dry! How many towels have been cut! Now the nuisance of unscrewing your razor, washing it off, carefully wiping it dry — and risking a cut towel — all this is abolished forever. A single twist of the fingers turns the new razor blade at right angles. The new processed blade resists rust. Hold the razor under hot running water. Shake thoroughly. Lay on the shelf. That's all.

Shaves closer in corners

The ends of the blade are square — the old blades were rounded. A square end is much easier and safer to handle with wet fingers . . . no fishing down the drain pipe for a slippery blade. But even more important, the ends of the blade are much more nearly flush with the ends of the razor cap and guard . . . much easier now to reach those tough little corners around the mouth, the ears, the nose.

Notice the longer, bent-back teeth

You'll see, too, that the teeth of the New Gillette are a bit longer—rounded a little farther back. A little improvement? Yes. But notice how smoothly the new razor slides over your skin.

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago Gillette changed the shaving habits of the world. Today Gillette offers another great contribution to man's shaving comfort—a New Gillette Blade and a New Gillette Razor (patents pending).

The new blade can be used in your present Gillette Razor. But the New Gillette Razor has so many points of superiority that any man who has tried it once will gladly discard the faithful instrument of the past.

Used together, the New Gillette Blade and the New Gillette Razor abolish forever two unpleasant factors in shaving — "razor pull," and the tedious drying of razor parts.

These are only two of the advantages of the new razor and the new blade. Read the other advantages summed up under "Quick Facts."

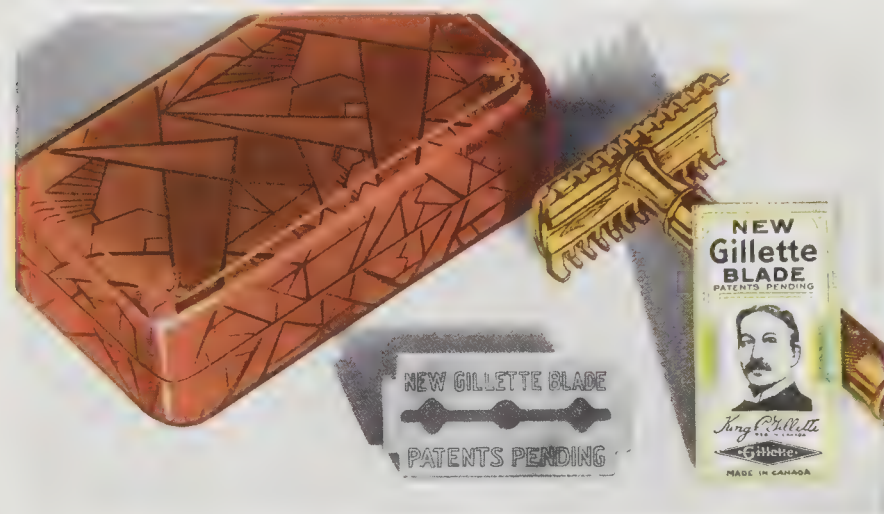
Back of these great improvements lies a fascinating story of research.

Cause of "razor-pull" found

More than twenty-seven thousand men were interviewed. Tens of thousands of used razors were examined, and this conclusion was reached:

In almost every case when a man complains that his razor "pulls," an expert examination shows that the razor has been nicked by being dropped on the wash stand or floor.

Why should a little nick — even a microscopic nick — spoil your shave? Here is the reason:



THE NEW GILLETTE RAZOR, 24K, gold-plated, in beautiful case, complete with New Gillette Blade. . . . Price \$1.00
Other De Luxe models at \$5.00 to \$75.00



announces BLADE... NEW RAZOR

The old posts that stuck through the blade and so often stubbed the edges are gone, too.

*Blade edge is clear
but protected*

Still another improvement. The guard of the New Gillette has the famous channel beneath the blade edge. This channel allows the blade to meet the beard full and clear, yet with perfect safety. Until now this feature has been available only in Gillette Razors selling at \$5.00 to \$75.00.

QUICK FACTS

1. New blade can be used in your old Gillette
2. New processed steel; new blade resists rust
3. Cut-out corners of blade prevent "razor pull"
4. To clean, turn guard at right angles . . . rinse . . . shake dry
5. New shape guard channel gives full shaving clearance
6. New shape guard teeth meet skin smoothly, naturally
7. No projecting posts to dull blade edges
8. Reinforced razor corners prevent damage if dropped
9. Square blade ends safer to handle
10. Shaves easier around mouth, nose, ears
11. New blades same price as old
12. New razor, 24K. gold-plated, with one new blade, in case, \$1.00



And the price is only ONE DOLLAR

The New Gillette Razor, with all its improvements, is now offered to you, 24K. gold-plated and packed in a neat case, for only \$1.00. And the new blades of steel especially processed to resist rust, come to

you at the same price as the old . . . \$1.00 for ten.

To men who want the greatest bargain in comfort and convenience that \$1.00 has ever bought, we say, see your dealer today!

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL

Whatever You Have to Dye, Use Twink for the Best Results!

Canadian women who want uniform results from home dyeing invariably use Twink, and this practice is not only confined to Canadian women, for Twink is recognized throughout the world as a dependable soap dye harmless to the most delicate fabrics.

With 22 colours to choose from, you can always wear the newest shades. You can dye your stockings to the latest hue that mode demands. You can freshen up your lingerie, do over your last year's dresses and brighten up a hundred things around the home. There is no risk with Twink. Get a few packets today from your nearest drug store, just follow the directions and your wardrobe will be fresh... colourful... like new again.

LEVER BROS. LIMITED
Eastern Avenue, Toronto

Twink

Made by
the Makers of
LUX



"The Heel of Achilles"

Continued from page 22

IT WAS no great shock to Ranny. He was rather expecting it:

"Farmin' ya out, kid—with th' Panthers," the manager informed him in a kindly tone. "Leetle inexperienced, 'at's all. Season in th' minors'll prime ya for us—stay with it, kid."

No—Ranny knew something was behind his long stay on the bench. He was prepared to face disappointment, and try harder. Anyhow, he'd be sure of plenty of games, with the Panthers! No more warming the bench! It was that jibe of "Old Barney's" that rankled, though—that stuck! All his hero-worship—pride of a fellow-townsmen in "Old Barney's" kingship—thrown back in his face!

That the little goalie was jesting—that he was totally unaware of young Walker's intense regard—never once occurred to the youngster; he was cut to the heart—his loyalty to "Old Barney" changed to intense dislike; a dislike that persisted like a festering sore, as he followed in the newspapers the Rangers' all-conquering progress in the Big Time. The significance of the small scores by which the Rangers won game after game was not lost on Ranny; as king of the goalies, "Old Barney" was enjoying an uninterrupted reign.

Strenuous battles in the minor pro. league saw the new Panther winger developing rapidly into the star scoring-threat of the London team; sport-writers began featuring his work. And quaintly-worded notes came from Uncle Bill, praising the youngster and offering much sage advice out of his long experience as a wing-man.

Ranny revelled in the hard going—enjoyed to the full the tilts with once-famous defence stars, now bolstering up minor rearguards. His goal average fattened with each succeeding game, as he developed a vicious wing-shot that few minor league goalies could handle.

Yet, despite the adulation of teammates and fans, ever in the back of his mind was the memory of "Old Barney's" jibe. Sport writers lauded his powerful shot; the Allan Cup amateurs had won the honor because his wing-shot had smashed the best unpaid goalie in Canada; and, "Old Barney" had sneered and laughed at it!

Ranny could not forget that

ONE feature of the National League schedule games brought a measure of comfort to the youngster. The papers told of the Maroons' rapidly overhauling the all-conquering Rangers, and threatening to make a real battle of the race to the play-offs.

Despite the fact that the Reds had dropped him, with all his heart Ranny hoped this would happen—prayed fervently that the Reds would nose out the Rangers for the honors.

Panthers already had a commanding lead in the minors—they could scarcely be overhauled and headed out of their play-offs—so that there was little to interfere with young Walker's intense interest in the Big Time race. Eagerly he followed the progress of Rangers and Reds; puzzled his brain daily computing averages, figuring percentages—hanging tensely on the result of each game, as the flight of time brought the end of the schedule in sight.

Thus it was that news of the Maroons' sudden slump filled him with dismay. Casualty after casualty occurred in the Reds' ranks—they started down the back-trail, as the Rangers continued to soar!

Then, for a week, National League happenings were relegated to the limbo, as far as Ranny was concerned—his every interest was occupied by something nearer to home. The Lions flashed unexpected strength—hammered all opposition hard—and crept menacingly up on the league-leading Panthers. The team must win its next three starts, in order to escape this startling Lion menace.

And they were hectic battles, those three games! Two of them went to

overtime. It was Ranny's wing-shot that brought the team through on top.

The excitement over, Ranny re-started his checking up. To his surprise, he found that the slipping Maroons had stiffened; Rangers held their place at the top, but a loss to the Pirates in mid-week, coupled with the Reds' victories over Boston and Chicago, cut the gap between the Montreal team and the leaders.

Ranny was overjoyed. Alone in his room, he was again busy with averages,



doping out chances and comparing figures, when a tap came on the door.

"Walker—somethin' ta tell ya!"

Ranny grinned up at the Panther coach. "Shoot!" he said.

"I see ya're busy—" the coach eyed the figure-covered papers littering the bedroom desk. "So I'll make it snappy. Ran—ya're recalled!"

"WHAT?" Papers, pencils—everything flew from the desk, as Walker sprang erect, wide-eyed and gasping.

"Yeah—Maroons jist wires: 'Start Walker back here immediately.' Well, ya sure helped us, kid! Dunno how we'll fill your place in our play-off—but—good luck!"

Flushing, Ranny gripped the outstretched hand. The shock was so unexpected that it dazed the youngster. Only momentarily, though. Next minute he was barging excitedly around the room, slamming belongings into grips.

"Immediately" meant quick—Ranny meant to catch that last night train to Montreal.

"FEELIN' fit, Kid?"

Ed Turner grinned at the sturdy figure beside him. Ed wasn't addicted to making unnecessary remarks—one look at Ranny Walker was sufficient to reveal to his practised eye that the youngster was in prime shape, after his strenuous work in the minors; but Turner had never quite forgiven himself for guessing wrong and letting this talented junior get away—and he felt the need of some friendly remark.

"Listen, kid—we can use speed an' shootin' on 'at line; they's a good market for brains, too! Casultees has hit us hard, kid—Stewart's out, so's Phillipps; Hooley's jist comin' back. I gets good word of you, on them Panthers—deliver some of it for me, an' you'll hit th' Series—see?"

"All I ask, Ed," grated Ranny tensely, "is a good chance! Let me out there—often—and you'll not shed any tears over me! Maybe firing me, that time, was a good thing, at that—"

"Well," the coach growled, "'at wasn't altogether my fault, kid."

Ranny Walker early proved the value of his experience in the minors. He'd met old stars, there—famous, seasoned veterans who knew—and used—all the tricks of the trade; and, thanks to youth, speed and heart, he'd more than held his own. Now, returning to the Big Time, famous names meant nothing to him—he was eager to match speed and wits with the top-notchers.

Two brilliant games he turned in against Canadiens and Senators—scoring a timely goal in each from wing-shots which smashed into the net utterly deceiving famous goalies—assisting in

valuable victories which, at this stage of the League race, added to an already strong team morale in the camp of the fighting Reds. Then his name went on the regulars—he was left-winger on the first string.

The note from Uncle Bill pleased him more than anything else. "You got there, lad"—old "Rusty" scrawled—"and listen—I'm comin' to see you go into the finals! I ben studyin' them schedules. I'm expectin' to make Montreal in time to see you help trim them Rangers. Mebby I'll bring Maizie along."

Ranny grinned as he read that. Unk was a bit previous! The Reds had a row to hoe before they pulled up close enough to threaten the Rangers! He had been studying the schedules, too,—and to his elation discovered that the Reds' last section game was versus the New York team; further, if they won four out of the next six games, it meant that Reds and Rangers would be tied when they lined up for that last battle!

"Gosh!" he muttered. "That means I'll have a chance to get back at 'Old Barney!' Can I, though?" Some of that former awe returned, as, setting his teeth, he visualized, with mixed emotions, possibilities in that coming battle.

Sport writers spread themselves enthusiastically over the continued improvement and storming play of young Walker of the Reds. In game after game he flashed a sterling performance, and—what they particularly noted—his goal average already mounted close to the high-scoring leaders! Considering the time he had been back—the comparatively few games he had figured in—his scoring record was phenomenal. Computing his chances, sport writers claimed that Walker would give them all a run for the title.

One particularly strenuous battle—the second last in the schedule—saw the Reds trailing the Bruins by a goal, with in three minutes of time. Then two lightning plays in succession—climaxed by ripping wing-shots from Walker's stick—put the Reds on top. The win sent them into a tie with Rangers for the first section honors; the winner of the final scheduled game would cinch the end-of-season play-off berth.

And the crucial game found both Rangers and Reds at full strength, luckily free from casualties. It was on Montreal ice—and the hockey world seethed with excitement at the prospect.

Never had the Forum held a bigger or more wildly enthusiastic crowd. Ranny Walker, skating to his wing for the opening bell, thrilled to the spectacle of that sea of faces. A complete sell-out—twelve to fifteen thousand or more—each of those tiny white blobs, seen from the ice, representing a rabid fan—

"CLANG!" The bell—Walker swung to his position—tense, keyed up for the game of his life.

Ranny had need of all his speed, skill and stamina, this night! Rangers players early showed that they had been checking up on the Reds—young Walker was watched more closely than a rural chicken-fancier watches his pets when a hawk is in the neighborhood. Every time the puck flew to the left, a stalwart Ranger was camping right on the heels of the Maroons' main scoring threat.

It was no pink tea, that game! Despite the vigilance of officials, numerous butt-ends, trips and cross-checks got by. Player after player fell victim—player after player went to the penalty box as the referee started stern measures in an effort to stop the over-strenuous work—relief changes came with every second stopping bell.

Several players were sporting bandaged heads—others limped painfully—as the teams swung into the final period, with still not a goal registered on the score sheet. It was a battle worthy of the significance attached to the outcome!

(Continued on page 56)



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"The Heel of Achilles"

Continued from page 55

THE game was doing something to young Ranny Walker. Starting out full of confidence—eager for the test and anxious for the opportunity to drive some shots at "Old Barney" Breen which would wipe out the sting of his gibe—by the end of the first period all this had been rudely jolted out of him. He could make little headway on the wing against the rugged checking of the Rangers; when he did get a chance for a shot—and he drove in some stingers that carried every ounce of his strength—"Old Barney" coolly picked them off so easily that doubts began flooding in on Ranny—doubts of the efficacy and power of his specialty, the wing-shot that other goalies had feared and succumbed to; "Old Barney" was demonstrating that he could handle his best, and with little difficulty.

Ranny skated off quickly at the second breathing spell. Hurried to the dressing-room and flopped on the rubbing-table, his mind a jumble of conflicting thoughts as the trainers kneaded the ache from his battered limbs. There his Uncle Bill found him.

"How comin', lad?" was "Rusty's" cheery greeting. Shrewdly the veteran eyed him—sensed quickly that something was troubling the mind behind that strained face of the youngster.

"What's eatin' ya, Ran? Ya ain't—" "Unk, I'm hoodooed!" Ranny stammered. "It's the worst game I ever put up—and—it's that darned old 'Barney'—"

"Hey? What's Barney been doin'? All I see him do is stoppin' shots—"

"That's it, Unk! He stops 'em! Listen—I've been mowing down goalies in both leagues with that drive I got worked up—member you showed me how to get it away? Ain't a goalie stops that shot, once I get it away right. But—" (his head drooped dejectedly) "it's pie to that old eagle!"

"Hu-huh—hm-m-m!" Rusty's shrewd eyes squinted at the youngster. "Got your nanny-goat, hey? He's onto y'r pet li'l wing-shot, huh? Well, listen—I'll put ya wise ta somethin' about Barney, lad—"

IT WAS a different Ranny Walker skating eagerly to his wing for the final period. Youth recovers quickly from hard knocks and strenuous exertion—thanks to the trainers' devoted attentions, the ache had left his limbs—the blur was gone from before his eyes; keen, alert, tensely he awaited the bell.

Great stunt, that of Unk's! Would it work, though. Barney was a fox—had a lot of experience since his amateur days. He'd told Hooley—but the cagey right-winger was dubious; promised to try it, though, if the chance came. Would need skill and wits to the nth degree, to put that over. Meanwhile, Ranny's former hopes had revived a lot—he had a few bouquets to fling at "Old Barney"—one or more might zip by the old fox—

But the period was a repetition of the others. So close was the checking—so tight and rugged the defences of both teams—that the big clock ticked away the minutes with Rangers and Reds held fast in a seemingly unbreakable deadlock. No sign of a red light flashing—

Several times Ranny forced his way clear for shots at "Old Barney"; had to get them away quickly—Ranger checks

materialized from nowhere, whenever he grabbed the puck—but get them away he did; hard, deadly drives, with every ounce of power behind them. The king of goalies smothered his every attempt with uncanny ease!

Ranny began to lose heart. Stoutly he struggled against the sure belief that "Old Barney" was unbeatable; back it came again—persistent—as failure followed on failure, and time flew towards the close.

Suddenly, above the din, Ranny heard the hoarse yell of his Uncle Bill: "Ya gotta hurry, Ran—hurry—ya gotta—"

The rest was drowned in the roar that came then. The puck had flashed to left wing—instantly Ranny snapped it up and shot away from his policeman-playing check. Up surged the billowing crowd.

In Ranny's ears was an appalling din; in his half-dazed mind one single compelling thought. Suddenly cool, he found his every faculty responding perfectly to the urge—

Past centre he darted—flashed by a back-checking ranger forward who swooped frantically—on to the blue line, behind which the massive ranger defence loomed huge and rock-like—

A swerve—he was by! There, just ahead, the grotesquely padded figure of "Old Barney." An almost irresistible desire came—intensely he wanted to surge in and ram this thrust past that old fox, crouched tense, but cool, in the Ranger net. He glanced up quickly—saw that Hooley had ranged abreast—then, stifling the desire, he snapped the puck across.

Hooley took a stride—"Old Barney" crouched to cover—and instantly Ranny banged his stick hard on the ice—loud, rapid taps—

At the sound "Old Barney" lunged like lightning across his goal—instinctively covering the threat from the expected pass. Hooley coasted in and drove for the unguarded corner—

Then "Old Barney" sensed his mistake. Snarling, desperately, he hurled his body back across the goal.

He was a split second too late! Over his frantically outflung foot the puck flashed into the meshes.

The bell clanged before the red light ceased to flicker. Maroons had won!

AS THE exhausted players skated to the opening at the side, jostling their way through the mob that had surged on the ice, Coach Turner called out, beckoningly, to "Old Barney." Ranny was close at the goalie's heels.

"Mebby," the coach grinned, "them kids hasn't no stren'th, ol'-timer—but ya gotta admit they has brains—hey?"

But the king of goalies paid no heed. He was staring hard at the Maroon left-winger.

"Say," he blurted, "name's Walker, ain't it? You any relation to old 'Rusty' Walker?"

"My uncle," replied Ranny. "Old Barney" gasped. "Dang!" he exploded. "So 'at's where ya got it! I plays against 'Rusty' out West, an' he pulls 'at trick on me—guess he tells ya, hey?"

"Yep!"—Ranny turned and pointed to the grinning face of his Uncle Bill, peering from behind the Maroon box—"he did!"

Hoar Frost on the Trees

By Daniel F. O'Connell

Last night o'er the woodland I noted
How darkened and still were the trees,
But I knew not that over them floated
All the beauty this morning one sees.

Nature, while I slept had been weaving
Dewey lace on her spindle she spun,
And when God's great artist was leaving
Each dew-drop, a pearl had become.

These beautiful gems of her weather
Our lady is wearing today,

So charmingly woven together,
And arranged in her own lovely way.

Here nature has woven her laces
She has laid them on branches and stem,
From her loom in the great open spaces
Fell her mantle of beauty on them.

Each tree has received without favor
Of these hoar frosted gems of her shawl,
All this beauty, one night of her labor
This morning is spread over all.

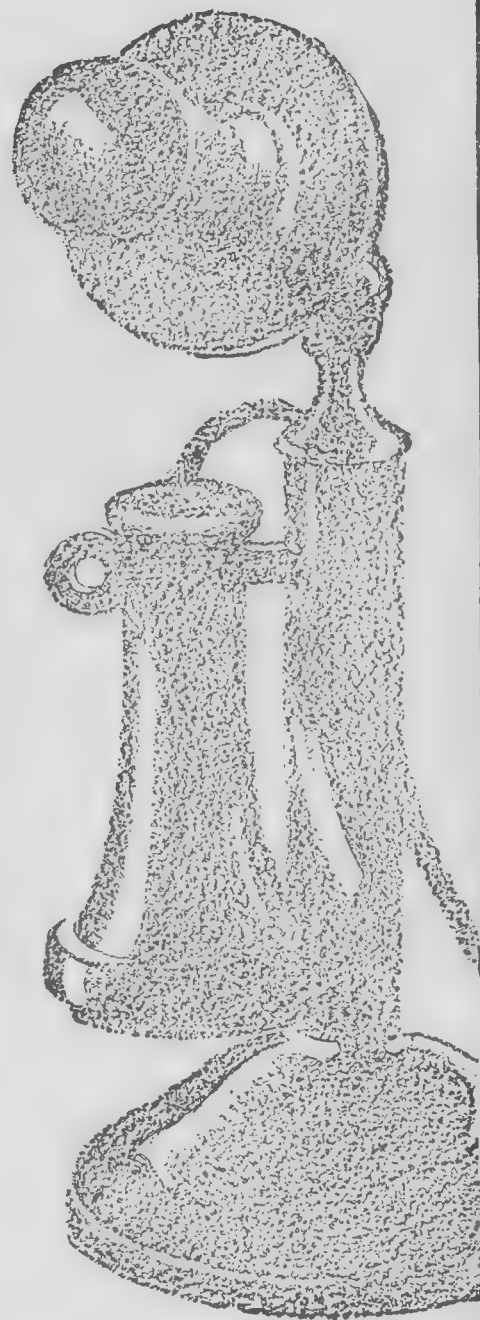
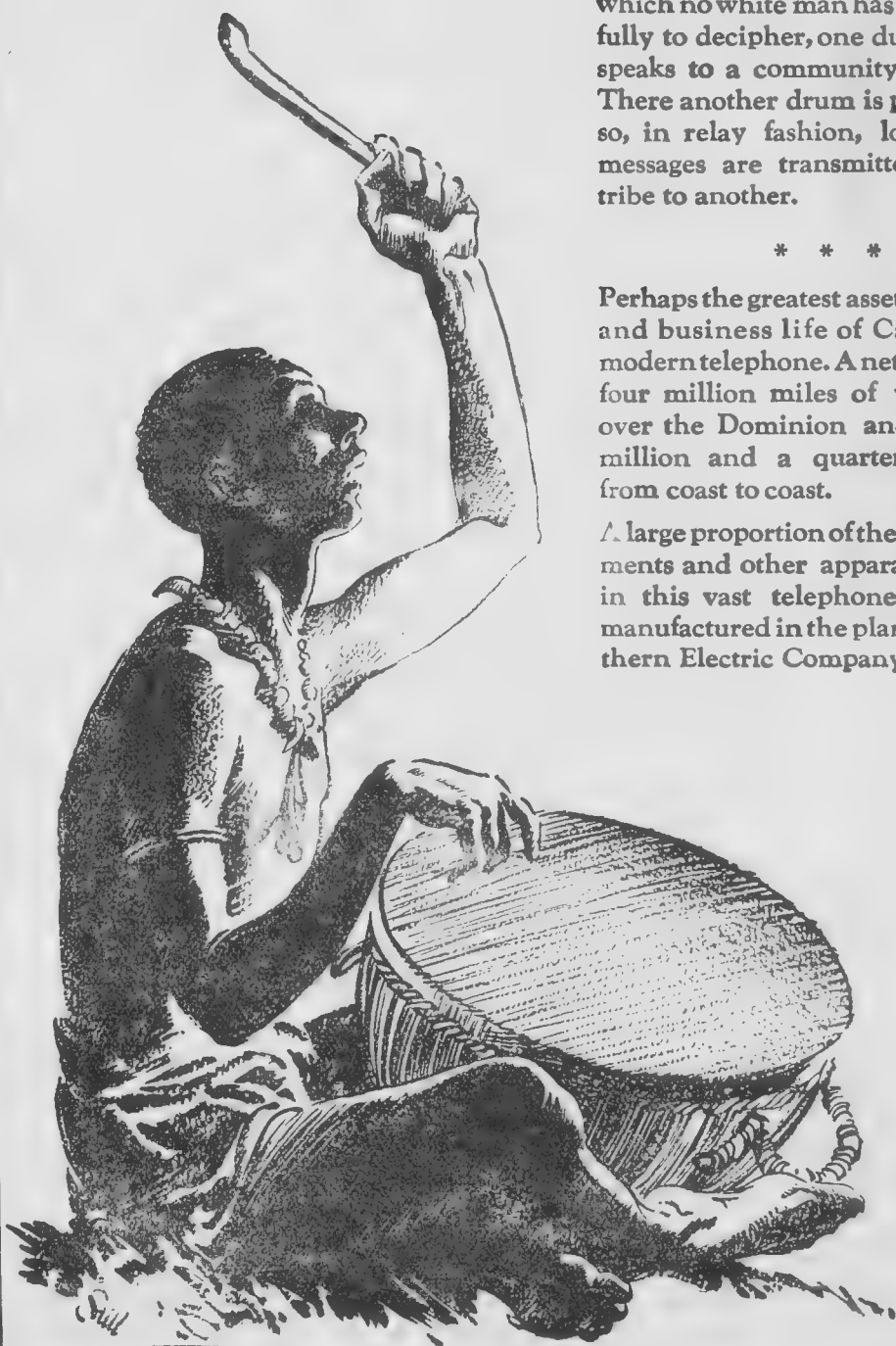
COMMUNICATION

THROUGH the jungles of darkest Africa the voice of the primitive "telephone"—the drum—still reverberates. By means of a code of drum-beats which no white man has yet been able fully to decipher, one dusky operator speaks to a community miles away. There another drum is pounded, and so, in relay fashion, long distance messages are transmitted from one tribe to another.

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No Defence

Continued from page 15

"It's different—it's different."

"Ah, it's a woman!"

"Never mind what it is. I will not tell. There are things more shameful than death."

"Yes," snarled the old man. "Rather than save yourself, you bring dishonor upon him who gave you birth."

Dyck's face was submerged in color.

"Father," said he, "on my honor I wouldn't hurt you if I could help it, but I'll not tell the world of the quarrel between that man and myself. My silence may hurt you, but it would hurt someone else far more if I told."

"By God, I think you're some mad dreamer slipped out of the ancient fold! Do you know where you are? You're in jail. If you're found guilty, you'll be sent to prison at least for the years that'll spoil the making of your life; and you do it because you think you'll spare somebody. Well, I ask you to spare me. I don't want the man that's going to inherit my name, when my time comes, to bring foulness on it. We've been a rough race, we Calhouns; we've done mad, bad things, perhaps, but none has shamed us before the world—none but you."

"I have never shamed you, Miles Calhoun," replied his son sharply. "As the ancients said, *alis volat propriis*—I will fly with my own wings. Come weal, come woe, come dark, come light, I have fixed my mind, and nothing shall change it. You loved my mother better than the rest of the world. You would have thought it no shame to have said so to your own father. Well, I say it to you—I'll stand by what my conscience and my soul have dictated to me. You call me a dreamer. Let it be so. I'm Irish; I'm a Celt. I've drunk deep of all that Ireland means. All that's behind me is my own, back to the shadowy kings of Ireland, who lost life and gave it because they believed in what they did. So will I. If I'm to walk the hills no more on the estate where you are master, let it be so. I have no fear; I want no favor. If it is to be prison, then it shall be prison. If it is to be shame, then let it be shame. There are days when men Well, I will suffer, fearlessly if helplessly but I will not break the oath which I have taken. And so I will not do it—never—never—never!"

He picked up the cloak which the old man had dropped on the floor, and handed it to him.

"There is no good in staying longer. I must go into court again tomorrow. I have to think how my lawyer shall answer the evidence given."

"But of one thing have you thought?" asked his father. "You will not tell the cause of the quarrel, for the reason that you might hurt somebody. If you don't tell the cause, and you are condemned, won't that hurt somebody even more?"

For a moment Dyck stood silent, absorbed. His face looked pinched, his whole appearance shrivelled. Then, with deliberation, he said:

"This is not a matter of expediency, but of principle. My heart tells me what to do, and my heart has always been right."

There was silence for a long time. At last the old man drew the cloak about his shoulders and turned towards the door.

"Wait a minute, Father," said Dyck. "Don't go like that. You'd better not come and see me again. If I'm condemned, go back to Playmore; if I'm acquitted, to go back to Playmore, that's the place for you to be. You've got your own troubles there."

"And you—if you're set free?"

"If I'm acquitted, I'll take to the high seas—till I'm cured."

A moment later, without further words, Dyck was alone. He heard the door clang.

He sat for some time on the edge of his bed, buried in dejection. Presently, however, the door opened.

"A letter for you, sir," said the jailer.

THE light of the cell was dim, but Dyck managed to read the letter without great difficulty, as the writing was almost as precise as print. The

sight of it caught his heart like a warm hand and pressed it. This was the substance of the letter:

"My Dear Friend:—

"I have wanted to visit you in prison, but my mother has forbidden it, and so, even if I could be let to enter, I must not disobey her. I have not read the papers giving an account of your trial. I only know you are charged with killing a bad man, notorious in Dublin life, and that many think he got his just deserts in being killed.

"I saw Christopher Dogan only a week ago, before we came to Dublin. His eyes, as he talked of you, shone like the secret hill-fires where the peasants make illegal drink.

"Look you," he said to me, 'I care not what a jury decides. I know my man; and I also know that if the fellow Boyne died by his hand, it was in fair fight. I have read Dyck Calhoun's story in the stars; and I know what his end will be. It will be fair, not foul; good, not bad; great, not low. Tell him that from me, Miss,' was what he said.

"I also will not believe that your fate is an evil one, that the law will grind you between the millstones of guilt and dishonor; but if the law should call you guilty, I still will not believe. Far away I will think of you, and believe in you, dear, masterful, madman friend. Yes, you are a madman, for Michael Clones told me—faith, he loves you well!—that you've been living a gay life in Dublin since you came here, and that the man you are accused of killing was in great part the cause of it.

"I think I never saw my mother so troubled in spirit as she is at this time. Of course, she could not feel as I do about you. It isn't that which makes her sad and haggard; it is that we are leaving Ireland behind.

"Yes, she and I are saying good-bye to Ireland. That's why I think she might have let me see you before we went; but since it must not be, well, then, it must not. But we shall meet again. In my soul I know that on the hills somewhere far off, as on the first day we met, we shall meet each other once more. Where are we going? Oh, very far! We are going to my Uncle Bryan—Bryan Llyn, in Virginia. A letter has come from him urging us to make our home with him. You see, my friend—"

Then followed the story which Bryan Llyn had told her mother and herself, and she wrote of her mother's decision to go out to the new, great home which her uncle had made among the cotton-fields of the South. When she had finished that part of the tale, she went on as follows:

"We shall know your fate only through the letters that will follow us, but I will not believe in your bad luck. Listen to me—why don't you come to America also? Oh, think it over! Don't believe the worst will come. When they release you from prison, innocent and acquitted, cross the ocean and set up your tent under the Stars and Stripes. Think of it! Nearly all those men in America who fought under Washington and won were born in these islands. They took with them to that far land the memory and love of these old homes. You and I would have fought for England and with the British troops, because we detest revolution. Here, in Ireland, we have seen its evils; and yet if we had fought for the Union Jack beyond the mountains of Maine and in the lonely woods, we should, I believe, in the end have said that the freedom fought for by the American States was well won.

"So keep this matter in your mind, as my mother and I will soon be gone. She would not let me come to you—I think I have never seen her so disturbed as when I asked her—and she forbade me to write to you; but I disobey her. Well, this is a sad business. I know my mother has suffered. I know her married life was unhappy, and that her husband—my father, died many a year ago, leaving a dark trail of regret behind him; but,

[Continued on page 60]

Graceful Beauty that cloaks a Mighty Engine

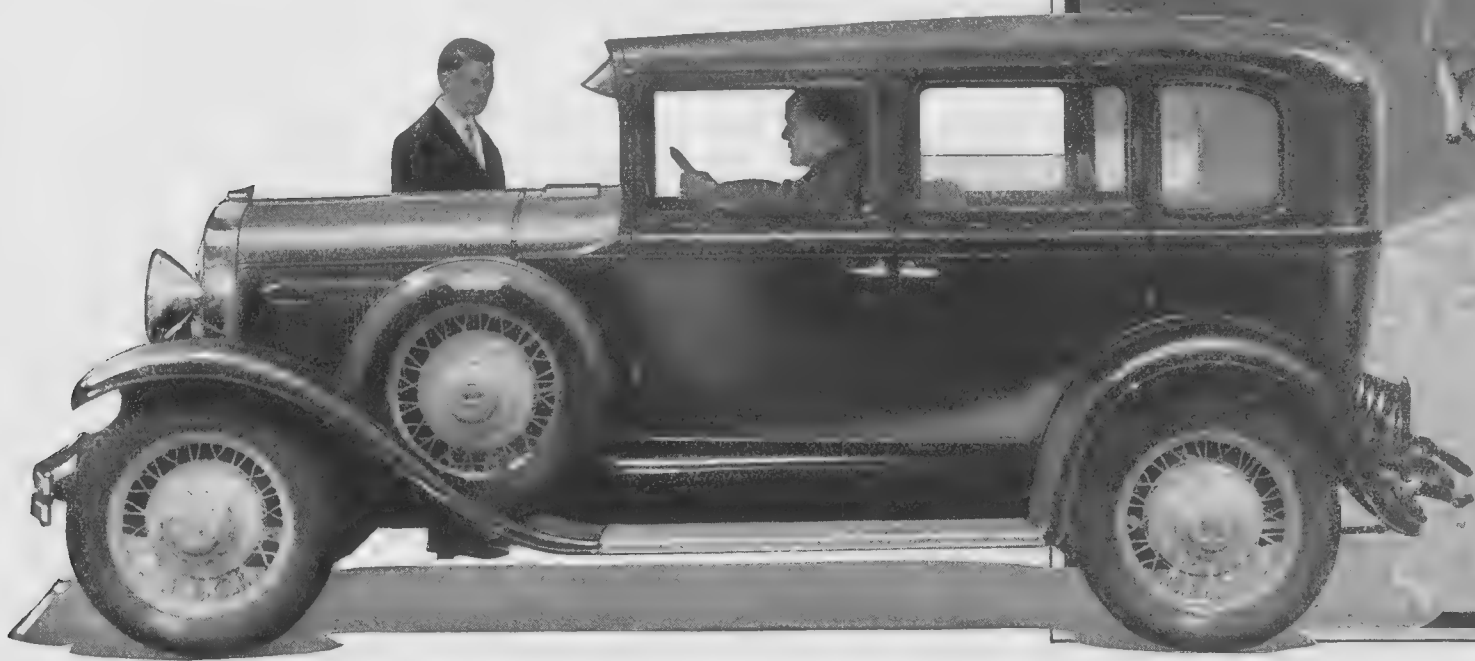
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A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

also world's largest maker of surgical dressings,
bandages, absorbent cotton, etc.

No Defence

Continued from page 58

you see, I never knew my father. That was all long ago, and it is a hundred times best forgotten.

"Our ship sails for Virginia in three days, and I must go. I will keep looking back to the prison where lies, charged with an evil crime, of which he is not guilty, a young man for whom I shall always carry the spirit of good friendship.

"Do not believe all will not go well. The thing to do is to keep the courage of our hearts and the faith of our souls, and I hope I always shall. I believe in you, and, believing, I say good-bye. I say farewell in the great hope that somehow, somewhere, we shall help each other on the way of life. God be with you!

"I am your friend,
"SHEILA LLYN."

"P.S.—I beg you to remember that America is a good place for a young man to live in and succeed."

Dyck read the letter with a wonderful slowness. He realized that by happy accident—it could be nothing else—Mrs. Llyn had been able to keep from her daughter the fact that the man who had been killed in the tavern by the river was her father. It was clear that the girl was kept much to herself, read no newspapers, and saw few people, and that those whom she saw had been careful to hold their peace about her close relationship to Erris Boyne. None but the evil-minded would recall the fact to her.

Sheila's ignorance must not be broken by himself. He had done the right thing—he had held his peace for the girl's sake, and he would hold it to the end. Slowly he folded up the letter, pressed it to his lips, and put it in the pocket over his heart.

"IS IT near the time?" asked Michael. Clones of his friend, as they stood in front of the prison.

His companion, who was seated on a stone, wrapped in dark-green coverings faded and worn, and looking pinched with cold in the dour November day, said, without lifting his head:

"Seven minutes, an' he'll be out, God bless him!"

"And save him and protect him?" said Michael. "He deserved punishment no more than I did, and it's broke him. I've seen the gray gather at his temples, though he's only been in prison four years. He was condemned to eight, but they've let him free, I don't know why. Perhaps it was because of what he told the Government about the French navy. I've seen the joy of life sob itself down to the sour earth. When I took him the news of his father's death, and told him the creditors were swallowing what was left of Playmore, what do you think he did?"

Old Christopher Dogan smiled; his eyes twinkled with a mirth which had more pain than gaiety.

"God love you, I know what he did. He flung out his hands, and said, 'Let it go! It's nothing to me.' Michael, have I said true?"

Michael nodded.

"Almost his very words you've used, and he flung out his hands, as you said."

"Aye, he'll be changed; but they've kept the clothes he had when he went to prison, and he'll come out in them, I'm thinking—"

"Ah, no!" interrupted Michael. "That can't be, for his clothes was stole. Only a week ago he sent to me for a suit of my own. I wouldn't have him wear my clothes—he a gentleman! It wasn't fitting. So I sent him a suit I bought from a shop, but he wouldn't have it. He would leave prison a poor man, as a peasant in peasant's clothes. So he wrote to me. Here is the letter." He drew from his pocket a sheet of paper, and spread it out. "See—read it. Ah, well, never mind," he added, as old Christopher shook his head. "Never mind, I'll read it to you!" Thereupon he read the note, and added: "We'll see

him of the Calhouns risin' high beyant poverty and misfortune some day."

Old Christopher nodded.

"I'm glad Miles Calhoun was buried on the hilltop above Playmore. He had his day; he lived his life. Things went wrong with him, and he paid the price we all must pay for work ill-done."

"There you're right, Christopher Dogan, and I remember the day the downfall began. It was when him that's now Lord Mallow, Governor of Jamaica, came to summon Miles Calhoun to Dublin. Things were never the same after that: but I well remember one talk I had with Miles Calhoun just before his death: 'Michael,' he said to me, 'my family have had many ups and downs, and some that bear my name have been in prison before this, but never for killing a man out of fair fight.' 'One of your name may be in prison, sir,' said I, 'but not for killing a man out of fair fight. If you believe he did, there's no death bad enough for you!' He was silent for a while; then at last he whispered Mr. Dyck's name, and said to me: 'Tell him that as a Calhoun I love him, and as his father I love him ten times more. For, look you, Michael, though we never ran together, but quarrelled and took our own paths, yet we are both Calhouns, and my heart is warm to him. If my son were a thousand times a criminal, nevertheless I would ache to take him by the hand.'"

"Hush! Look at the prison gate," said his companion, and stood up.

As the gates of the prison opened, the sun broke through the clouds and gave a brilliant phase to the scene. Out of the gates there came slowly, yet firmly, dressed in peasant clothes, the stalwart but faded figure of Dyck Calhoun.

Terribly changed he was. He had entered prison with the flush upon his cheek, the lilt of young manhood in his eyes, with hair black and hands slender and handsome. There was no look of youth in his face now. It was the face of a middle-aged man from which the dew of youth had vanished, into which life's storms had come and gone. Though the body was held erect, yet the head was thrust slightly forward, and the heavy eyebrows were like a pent-house. The eyes were slightly feverish, and round the mouth there crept a smile, half-cynical but a little happy. All freshness was gone from his hands. One hung at his side, listless, corded; the other doffed his hat in reply to the salute of his two humble friends.

As the gates closed behind him he looked gravely at the two men, who were standing not a foot apart. There swept slowly into his eyes, enlarging, brightening them, the glamour of the Celtic soul. Of all Ireland, or all who had even known him, these two were the only ones welcoming him into the world again!

Michael Clones, with his oval red face, big nose, steely eye, and steadfast bearing, had in him the soul of great kings. His hat was set firmly on his head. His kneebreeches were neat, if coarse; his stockings were clean. His feet were well shod, his coat worn, and he had still the look that belongs to the well-to-do peasant. He was a figure of courage and endurance.

Dyck's hand went out to him, and a warm smile crept to his lips.

"Michael—ever faithful Michael!"

A moisture came to Michael's eyes. He did not speak as, with a look of gratitude, he clasped the hand Dyck offered him.

Presently Dyck turned to old Christopher with a kindly laugh.

"Well, old Friend! You, too come to see the stag set loose again? You're not many, that's sure." A grim, hard look came into his face, but both hands went out and caught the old man's shoulders affectionately. "This is no day for you to be waiting at prison's gates, Christopher; but there are two men who believe in me—two in all the world. It isn't the killing," he added after a moment's silence—"it isn't the killing that [Continued on page 62]

Why Bliss Carman Wrote "Advertising"

Continued from page 30

his character as in intellect. Bliss Carman the man could stand aloof from the dust and knocks of living as easily as could the poet. If he ever stepped down into the arena, it was at a whim; and at a whim he stepped up and out again. He accepted no other responsibilities. He gave no hostage to life."

His detachment from the stress of business and the hubbub of human comedy and tragedy around him did not suggest heartlessness, nor cold purpose, but something elfish, elusive, like a wild bird chary of the cage door.

"Captains and conquerors leave
a little dust,
The poet doth remain."

Carman was a great poet; but the proof of his greatness as a poet is not to be found in the verses by which he is known to the majority of his admirers. Much has been said of him as a "Sweet Singer," and a "Poet of Nature," other things have been said equally true and equally meaningless. That he sang sweetly and many times of flowers and birds and trees, no one will deny; but to know him for the great philosopher that he was, one must read and study his earlier books.

"There's a schooner in the offing,
With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
For the Island of Desire.

"Without a hail at parting
Or any colors shown,
My friend has gone aboard her—
For the Isles of the Unknown."

A House From an Artist's Portfolio

Continued from page 48

quarries in Quebec, where some of the most glorious marble can be produced if only given the encouragement of our own people—and in the West marble quarries are being exploited. The uses of marble is restricted to certain places. In this dining-room with Elizabethan hint it may be appropriately used in the facing of the fireplace. It could be used in the entrance hall and living-room in squares on a reinforced concrete floor, and in the bathrooms it is particularly suited both for walls and floors.

THE essentials of clothes closets are somewhat difficult to plan. Clothes closets to be perfect should have light and ventilation. Ventilation can always be got, but a window into the clothes closet is somewhat difficult to plan without sacrificing something more important. The pride in a store of fine linens is every woman's birthright and in this plan a store room is shown. Those who have studied closet and store rooms realize that in order rests beauty, for in the planning of the linen room the size of the house and amount of entertaining done must be considered. The model layout provides a quick means of storing and classifying the different types and sizes of the linens. Shelves for the usable material are of convenient height while the high spaces are reserved for the storage of winter blankets in the summer, and summer linens in the winter. The room in this plan is square, the ideal layout for a linen room. A drop table is attached to the door for the receiving of the incoming laundry. The shelves of this room are built to fit their contents with no space behind the piles for concealment of small articles; on one side the shelves are made wide enough to take folded sheets, and the towels rest on similar narrow shelves, while the towelling and other linens are given their proper spacing.

This home could be built progressively—the living room added when the purse will allow.



Your Child is Safe from foot troubles in later life



Patent Leather Oxford

Only if you thoughtfully provide thoughtfully-made shoes. For example, do you know that your child's feet should never come in contact with the bare leather. Leather is tanned by a process of chemical acids and extracts possessing qualities which embalm the animal hide. These same acids, embodied in the leather, will burn, distort and ruin children's feet if not protected with Hurlbuts (Anti-acid) Insulated Footwear. Hurlbuts are the only shoes "insulated" against the child's foot coming in contact with the leather. In Hurlbut Shoes, underneath the insole, there is a thick layer of pure virgin wool (piano felt). Above this is a sterilized Sea-Island Duck insole. This prevents the embalming substances in the leather coming in contact with the tender skin.

Hurlbut Shoes are the only shoes that have this insulated feature, and are also the only children's shoes built on an entirely natural (barefoot freedom) last. There are no nails, rivets or tacks to rust in Hurlbut Shoes. Hurlbuts are the only shoes that can be worn comfortably without a stocking.

If your dealer cannot supply HURLBUTS, send your order to HURLBUT CO. LTD., PRESTON, ONTARIO, for the only genuine HURLBUT ACID-FREE FOOTWEAR manufactured, and see that the Hurlbut name and Trade Mark is on the sole and insole.

Women can enjoy the same advantages of shoe comfort as children

There is no substitute for Hurlbut. Do not accept any footwear without this Trade Mark and seal on sole and inner sole.



HURLBUT

TRADE MARK REGISTERED
CUSHION SOLE
Shoes for Children

The Only Guaranteed Tackless Insulated Anti-Acid Shoes Made

Hurlbut Prices the same from Atlantic to Pacific—from Mexico to Alaska. Hurlbuts shipped duty free to all points in United States

HURLBUTS "PUSSY FEET"

Sizes	Widths D & E
2 to 6	
Strap Styles	\$2.00
Oxford Styles	\$2.25
Lace and Button Boots	\$2.50

HURLBUTS

Sizes	Widths A to E
5 to 7 1/2	
Strap Styles	\$3.25
Oxford Styles	\$3.50
All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels.	

HURLBUTS

Sizes	Widths A to E
8 to 10 1/2	
Strap Styles	\$3.75
Oxford Styles	\$4.00
All with Hurlbuts Natural Wedge Heels.	

HURLBUTS

Sizes	Widths A to E
11 to 2	
Strap Styles	\$4.75
Oxford Styles	\$5.00
All with Rubber Heels.	

Hurlbut Selected upper leathers are deep black ebony patent, tropical brown calf, jet black velvet calf, finest black or brown kid.

**SPARE TIRES-
SPARK PLUGS-
LAMP BULBS-**

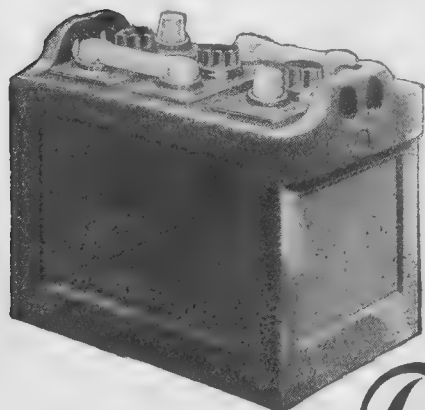
But ONLY ONE BATTERY!

Did it ever occur to you that while you carry spare tires, spare spark plugs and spare bulbs—you have only one battery?

For this reason the manufacturer of your car has taken unusual care in the selection of this most important item—and that is why most Canadian-built cars leave the factory with Prest-O-Lite storage batteries.

While you may even ride on the rims of your wheels, with spark plugs missing or one headlight out—remember you cannot ride a foot without battery power. Consider your battery. All it needs is a little water now and then to keep it efficient—and when replacement time comes, do what most automotive engineers do—buy a Prest-O-Lite and be safe rather than sorry.

Prest-O-Lite stations reach from coast to coast, ready to stand behind the Prest-O-Lite guarantee, and give competent, courteous service.



Prest-O-Lite Storage
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Vancouver TORONTO Winnipeg

Prest-O-Lite
Storage
Battery
—right for every car

No Defence

Continued from page 60

hurts so. If it's true that I killed Erris Boyne, what hurts most is the reason why I killed him."

"One way or another—does it matter now," asked Christopher gently.

"Is it that you think nothing matters since I've paid the price, sunk myself in shame, lost my friends, and come out with not a penny left?" asked Dyck. "But yes," he added with a smile, wry and twisted, "Yes, I have a little left!"

He drew from his pocket four small pieces of gold, and gazed ironically at them in his palm.

"Look at them!" He held out his hand, so that the two men could see the little coins. "Those were taken from me when I entered prison. They've been in the hands of the head of the jail ever since. They give them to me now—all that's left of what I was."

"No, not all, sir," declared Michael. "There's something left from Playmore—there's ninety pounds, and it's in my pocket. It was got from the sale of your sporting-kit. There was the boat upon the lake, the gun, and all kinds of raffia stuff not sold with Playmore."

Dyck nodded and smiled.

"Good Michael!"

Then he drew himself up stiffly, and blew in and out his breath as if with the joy of living. For four hard years he had been denied the free air of free men. Even when walking in the prison-yard, on cold or fair days, when the air was like a knife or when it had the sun of summer in it, it still had seemed to choke him.

In prison he had read, thought, and worked much. They had at least done that for him. The Attorney-General had given him freedom to work with his hands, and to slave in the workshop like one whose living depended on it. Some philanthropic official had started the idea of a workshop, and the officials had given the best of the prisoners a chance to learn trades and make a little money before they went out into the world. All that Dyck had earned went to purchase things he needed, and to help his fellow-prisoners or their families.

Where was he now? The gap between the old life of nonchalance, frivolity, fantasy, and excitement was as great as that between heaven and hell. Here he was, after four years of prison, walking the highway with two of the humblest creatures of Ireland, and yet, as his soul said, two of the best.

Stalking along in thought, he suddenly became conscious that Michael and Christopher had fallen behind. He turned round.

"Come on. Come on with me."

But the two shook their heads.

"It's not fitting, you a Calhoun of Playmore!" Christopher answered.

"Well, then, listen to me," said Dyck, for he saw the men could not bear his new democracy. "I'm hungry. In four years I haven't had a meal that came from the right place or went to the right spot. Is the little tavern, the Hen and Chickens, on the Liffeside, still going? I mean the place where the seamen and the merchantship officers visit."

Michael nodded.

"Well, look you, Michael—get you both there, and order me as good a meal of fish and chops and baked pudding as can be bought for money. Aye, and I'll have a bottle of red French wine, and you two will have what you like best. Mark me, we'll sit together there, for we're one of a kind. I've got to take to a life that fits me, an ex-jailbird, a man that's been in prison for killing."

"There's the king's army," said Michael. "They make good officers in it."

A strange, half-sore smile came to Dyck's thin lips.

"Michael," said he, "give up these vain illusions. I was condemned for killing a man not in fair fight. I can't enter the army as an officer, and you should know it. The king himself could set me up again; but the distance

between him and me is ten times round the world and back again!" But then Dyck nodded kindly. It was as if suddenly the martyr spirit had lifted him out of rigid, painful isolation, and he was speaking from a hilltop. "No, my friends, what is in my mind now is that I'm hungry. For four years I've eaten the bread of prison, and it's soured my mouth and galled my belly. Go you to that inn and make ready a good meal."

The two men started to leave, but old Christopher turned round and stretched a hand up and out.

"Son of Ireland, bright and black and black and bright may be the picture of your life, but I see for you brightness and sweet faces, and music and song. It's not Irish music, and it's not Irish song, but the soul of the thing is Irish. Grim things await you, but you will conquer where the eagle sways to the shore, where the white mist flees from the hills, where heroes meet, where the hand of Moyra stirs the blue and the witches flee from the voice of God. There is honor coming to you in the world."

Having said his say, with hand outstretched, having thrilled the air with the voice of one who had the soul of a prophet, the old man turned. With head bent forward, he shuffled away with Michael Clones along the stony street.

Dyck watched them go, his heart beating hard, his spirit overwhelmed.

It was not far to the Castle, yet every footstep had a history. Now and again he met people who knew him. Some bowed a little too profoundly, some nodded; but not one stopped to speak to him, though a few among them were people he had known well in days gone by. Was it the clothes he wore, or was it that his star had sunk so low that none could keep it company? He laughed to himself in scorn, and yet there kept ringing through his brain all the time the bells of St. Anselm's, which he was hearing:

Oh, God, who is the sinner's friend,

Make clean my soul once more!

When he arrived at the Castle walls he stood and looked long at them.

"No, I won't go in. I won't try to see him," he said at last. "God, how strange Ireland is to me! The soil of it, the trees of it, the grass of it, are dearer than ever, but—I'll have no more of Ireland. I'll ask for nothing. I'll get to England. What's Ireland to me? I must make my way somewhere. There's one in there"—he nodded toward the Castle—"that owes me money at cards. He should open his pockets to me, and see me safe on a ship for Australia; but I've had my fill of every one in Ireland. There's nothing here for me but shame. Well, back I'll go to the Hen and Chickens, to find a good dinner there."

He turned and went back slowly along the streets by which he had come, looking not to right nor left, thinking only of where he should go and what he should do outside of Ireland.

At the door of the inn he sniffed the dinner Michael had ordered.

"Man alive!" he said as he entered the place and saw the two men with their hands against the bright fire. "There's only one way to live, and that's the way I'm going to try."

"Well, you'll not try it alone, sir, if you please," said Michael. "I'll be with you, if I may."

"And I'll bless you as you go," said Christopher Dogan.

ENGLAND was in a state of unrest. She had, as yet, been none too successful in the war with France. From the king's castle to the poorest slum in Seven Dials there was a temper bordering on despair. Ministries came and went; statesmen rose and fell. The army was indifferently recruited and badly paid. England's battles were fought by men of whom many were only mercenaries, with no stake in England's rise or fall. [Cont. on page 63]

No Defence

Continued from page 62

In the army and navy there were protests, many and powerful, against the smallness of the pay, while the cost of living had vastly increased. In more than one engagement on land England had had setbacks of a serious kind, and there were those who saw in the blind-eyed naval policy, in the general disregard of the seamen's position, in the means used for recruiting, the omens of disaster. The police courts furnished the navy with the worst citizens of the country. Quota men, the output of the Irish prisons—seditious, conspiring, dangerous—were drafted for the king's service.

The admiralty pursued its course of seizing men of the mercantile marine, taking them aboard ships, keeping them away for months from the harbors of the kingdom, and then, when their ships returned, denying them the right of visiting their homes. The press-gangs did not confine their activities to the men of the mercantile marine. From the streets after dusk they caught and brought in, often after ill-treatment, torn from their wives and sweethearts, knocked on the head for resisting, tradesmen with businesses, young men studying for the professions, idlers, debtors, out-of-work men. The marvel is that the British fleets fought as well as they did.

Poverty and sorrow, loss and bereavement, were in every street, peeped mournfully out of every window, lurked at street corners. From all parts of the world adventurers came to renew their fortunes in the turmoil of London, and every street was a kaleidoscope of faces and clothes and colors, not British, not patriot, not national.

Among these outlanders were Dyck Calhoun and Michael Clones. They had left Ireland together in the late autumn, leaving behind them the stirrings of the coming revolution, and plunging into another revolt which was to prove the test and trial of English character.

Dyck had left Ireland with ninety pounds in his pocket and many tons' weight of misery in his heart. In his bones he felt tragedies on foot in Ireland which concession and good government could not prevent. He had fled from it all. When he set his face to Holyhead, he felt that he would never live in Ireland again. Yet his courage was firm as he made his way to London, with Michael Clones—faithful, devoted, a friend and yet a servant, treated like a comrade, yet always with a little dominance.

The journey to London had been without event, yet as the coach rolled through country where frost silvered the trees; where, in the early morning, the grass was shining with dew; where the everlasting green hedges and the red roofs of villages made a picture which pleased the eye and stirred the soul, Dyck Calhoun kept wondering what would be his future. He had no profession, no trade, no skill except with his sword; and as he neared London Town—when they left Hendon—he saw the smoke rising in the early winter morning and the business of life spread out before him, brave and buoyant.

As from the heights of Hampstead he looked down on the multitudinous area called London, something throbbed at his heart which seemed like hope; for what he saw was indeed inspiring. When at last, in the Edgware Road, he drew near to living London, he turned to Michael Clones and said:

"Michael, my lad, I think perhaps we'll find a footing here!"

So they reached London, and quartered themselves there in simple lodgings in Soho. Dyck walked the streets, and now and then he paid a visit to the barracks where soldiers were, to satisfy the thought that perhaps in the life of the common soldier he might after all, find his future. It was, however, borne in upon him by a chance remark of Michael one day—"I'm not young enough to be recruit, and you wouldn't go alone without me, would you?"—that this way to livelihood was not open to him.

His faithful companion's remark had fixed Dyck's mind against entering the army, and then, towards the end of the winter, a fateful thing happened. His purse containing what was left of the ninety pounds—two-fifths of it—disappeared. It had been stolen, and in all the bitter days to come, when poverty and misery ground them down, no hint of the thief, no sign of the robber, was ever revealed.

Then, at last, a day when a letter came from Ireland. It was from the firm in which Bryan Llyn of Virginia had been interested, for the letter had been sent to their care, and Dyck had given them his address in London on this very chance. It reached Dyck's hand on the day after the last penny had been paid out for their lodgings, and they faced the streets, penniless, foodless—one was going to say friendless. The handwriting was that of Sheila Llyn.

At a street corner, by a chemist's shop where a red light burned, Dyck opened and read the letter. This is what Sheila had written to him:

"My Dear Friend:

"The time is near (I understand by a late letter to my mother from an official) when you will be freed from prison and will face the world again. I have not written you since your trial, but I have never forgotten and never shall. I have been forbidden to write to you or think of you, but I will take my own way about you. I have known all that has happened since we left Ireland, through the letters my mother has received. I know that Playmore has been sold, and I am sorry.

"Now that your day of release is near, and you are to be again a free man, have you decided about your future? Is it to be in Ireland? No, I think not. Ireland is no place for a sane and level man to fight his fight for honor, fame, and name. I hear that things are worse there in every way than they have been in our lifetime.

"After what has happened in any case, it is not a field that offers you a chance. Listen to me. Ireland and England are not the only places in the world. My uncle came here to Virginia a poor man. He is now immensely rich. He had little to begin with, but he was young like you—indeed, a little older than you—when he first came. He invested wisely, worked bravely, and his wealth grew fast. No man needs a fortune to start the business of life in this country. He can get plenty of land for almost nothing; he can get credit for planting and furnishing his land, and, if he has friends, the credit is sure.

"All America is ready for 'the likes of you.' Think it over, and meanwhile please know there has been placed with the firm in Dublin money enough to bring you here with comfort. You must not refuse it. Take it as a loan, for I know you will not take it as a gift.

"I do not know the story of the killing, even as it was told in court. Well, some one killed the man, but not you, and the truth will out in time. If one should come to me out of the courts of heaven, and say that there it was declared you were a rogue, I should say heaven was no place for me. No, of one thing I am sure—you never killed an undefended man. Wayward, wanton, reckless, dissipated you may have been, but you were never depraved—never!

"When you are free, lift up your shoulders to all the threats of time, then go straight to the old firm where the money is, draw it, take ship, and come here. If you let me know you are coming, I will be there to meet you when you step ashore, to give you a firm hand-clasp; to tell you that in this land there is a good place for you, if you will win it.

"Here there is little crime, though the perils of life are many. There is Indian fighting; there are Indian depredations; and not a dozen miles from where I sit men have been shot for crimes committed. The woods are full of fighters, and pirates harry the coast. On the wall of the room where I write there are

[Continued on page 64]

Barber-Ellis

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WHEN a woman realizes that her letters indicate her social position, she knows that care must be exercised in the choice of stationery. It is difficult to defend the use of inferior writing paper, as she is not usually present when her letters are read. If the letter paper does not creditably represent her, it is at once damaging to her social position.

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The best is yet to be,
The last of life for which
The first was made."



PICTURE yourself 20 or 30 years from now. Will you be one of the ageing millions who still have to struggle for a livelihood—or will you be among the favored few—independent—surrounded by all the good things that color the twilight of life with charm and sweetness?

Make sure NOW of happiness during your precious Sunset years. Make sure by taking out the new Great-West "Prosperity" Policy—a policy that assures peace and plenty for yourself and those you love.

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See Banff and Lake Louise on the way. No side trip necessary. Hotels are on the line and in the heart of Magnificent Scenery.

No Defence

Continued from page 63

carbines that have done service in Indian wars and in the Revolutionary War; and here out of the window I can see hundreds of black heads—slaves, brought from Africa and the Indies, slaves whose devotion to my uncle is very great. I hear them singing now; over the white-tipped cotton-fields there flows the sound of it.

"This plantation has none of the vices that belong to slavery. Here life is complete. The plantation is one great workshop where trades are learned and carried out—shoeing, blacksmithing, building, working in wood and metal.

"I am learning here—you see I am quite old, for I am twenty-one now—the art of management. They tell me that when my uncle's day is done—I grieve to think it is not far off—I must take the rod of control. I work very, very hard. I have to learn figures and finance; I have to see how all the work is done, so that I shall know it is done right. I have had to discipline the supervisors and bookkeepers, inspect and check the output, superintend the packing, and arrange for the sale of the crop—yes, I arranged for the sale of this year's crop myself. So I live the practical life, and when I say that you could make your home here and win success, I do it with some knowledge.

"I beg you take ship for the Virginian coast. Enter upon the new life here with faith and courage. Have no fear. Heaven that has thus far helped you will guide you to the end.

"I write without my mother's permission, but my uncle knows, and though he does not approve, he does not condemn.

"Once more good-bye, my dear friend, and God be with you.

"Sheila Llyn.

"P.S.—I wonder where you will read this letter. I hope it will find you before your release. Please remember that she who writes it summons you from the darkness where you are to light and freedom here."

Slowly Dyck folded up the letter, when he had read it, and put it in his pocket. Then he turned with pale face and gaunt look to Michael Clones.

"Michael," said he, "that letter is from a lady. It comes from her new home in Virginia."

Michael nodded.

"Aye, aye, sir, I understand you," he said. "Then she doesn't know the truth about her father?"

Dyck sighed heavily.

"No, Michael, she doesn't know the truth."

"I don't believe it would make any difference to her if she did know."

"It would make all the difference to me, Michael. She says she wishes to help me. She tells me that money's been sent to the big firm in Dublin—money to take me across the sea to Virginia."

Michael's face clouded.

"Yes, sir. To Virginia—and what then?"

"Michael, we haven't a penny in the world, you and I, but if I took one farthing of that money I should hope you would kill me. I'm hungry; we've had nothing to eat since yesterday; but if I could put my hands upon that money here and now I wouldn't touch it. Michael, it looks as if we shall have to take to the trade of the footpad."

IN THE days when Dyck Calhoun was on the verge of starvation in London, evil naval rumors were abroad. Newspapers reported, one with apprehension, another with tyrannous comment, mutinous troubles in the fleet.

At first the only demand at Spithead and the Nore had been for an increase of pay, which had not been made since the days of Charles II. Then the sailors' wages were enough for comfortable support; but in 1797, through the rise in the cost of living, and with an advance of thirty per cent on slops, their families could barely maintain themselves. It was said in the streets, and with truth, that seamen who had fought with unconquerable gallantry under Howe, Col-

lingswood, Nelson, and the other big sea-captains, who had borne suffering and wounds, and had been in the shadow of death—that even these men damned a system which, in its stern withdrawal of their class for long spaces of time from their own womenfolk, brought evil results to the fore-castle.

The soldier was always in touch with his own social world, and he had leave sufficient to enable him to break the back of monotony. He drank, gambled, and orated; but his indulgences were little compared with the debauches of able-bodied seamen when, after months of sea life, they reached port again. A ship in port at such a time was not a scene of evangelical habits. Women of loose class, flower-girls, fruit-sellers, and costermongers turned the fore-castle into a pleasure-house where the pleasures were not always secret; where native modesty suffered no affront, and physical good cheer, with ribald paraphrase, was notable everywhere.

"How did it happen, Michael?"

As he spoke, Dyck looked round the fore-castle of the *Ariadne* with a restless and inquisitive expression.

Michael was seated a few feet away, his head bent forward, his hands clasped around his knees.

"Well, it don't matter one way or 'nother," he replied; "but it was like this: The night you got a letter from Virginia we was penniless; so at last I went with my watch to the pawn-broker's. You said you'd wait till I got back, though you knew not where I was goin'." When I got back, you were still broodin'.

You were seated on a horse-block by the chemist's lamp where you had read the letter. It's not for me to say of what you were thinkin'; but I could guess. You'd been struck hard, and there had come to you a letter from one who meant more to you than all the rest of the world; and you wouldn't answer it because things weren't right. As I stood lookin' at you, wonderin' what to do, though I had twelve shillin' in my pocket from the watch I'd pawned, there came four men, and I knew from their looks they were recruitin' officers of the navy. I saw what was in their eyes. They knew—as why shouldn't they, when they saw a gentleman like you in peasant clothes?—that luck had been ag'in' us.

"What the end would have been I don't know. It was you that solved the problem, not them. You looked at the first man of them hard. Then you got to your feet.

"Michael," says you quietly, 'I'm going to sea. England's at war, and there's work to do. So let's make for a king's ship, and have done with misery and poverty.'

"Then you waved a hand to the man in command of the recruitin' gang, and presently stepped up to him and his friends.

"'Sir,' I said to you, 'I'm not going to be pressed into the navy.'

"There's no pressin'," Michael, you answered. 'We'll be quota men. We'll do it for cash—for forty pounds each, and no other. You let them have you as you are. But if you don't want to come,' you added, 'it's all the same to me.'

"Faith, I knew that was only talk. I knew you wanted me. Also I knew the king's navy needed me, for men are hard to get. So, when they'd paid us the cash—forty pounds apiece—I stepped in behind you, and here we are—here we are! Forty pounds apiece—equal to three years' wages of an ordinary recruit of the army. It ain't bad, but we're here for three years, and no escape from it. Yes, here we are!"

Dyck laughed.

"Aye, here we're likely to remain, Michael. There's only this to be said—we'll be fighting the French soon, and it's easy to die in the midst of a great fight. If we don't die, Michael, something else will turn up, maybe."

"That's true, sir! They'll make an officer of you, once they see you fight. This is no place for you, among the common

[Continued on page 65]

No Defence

Continued from page 64

herd. It's the dregs o' the world that comes to the ship's bottom in time of peace or war."

"Well, I'm the dregs of the world, Michael. I'm the supreme dregs."

SOMEHOW the letter from Virginia had decided Dyck Calhoun's fate for him. Here he was—at sea a common sailor in the navy. He and Michael Clones had eaten and drunk as sailors do, and they had realized that, as they ate and drank on the River Thames, they would not eat and drink on the watery fairway. They had seen the tank foul with age, from which water was drawn for men who could not live without it, and the smell of it had revolted Dyck's senses. They had seen the kegs of pickled meat, and they had been told of the evil rations given to the sailors at sea.

The Ariadne had been a flag-ship in her day, the home of an admiral and his staff. She carried seventy-four guns, was easily obedient to her swift sail, and had a reputation for gallantry. From the first hour on board, Dyck Calhoun had fitted in; with a discerning eye he had understood the seamen's needs and the weaknesses of the system.

The months he had spent between his exit from prison and his entrance into the Ariadne had roughened, though not coarsened, his outward appearance. From his first appearance among the seamen he had set himself to become their leader. His enlistment was for three years, and he meant that these three should prove a final success of this naval enterprise, or the stark period in a calendar of tragedy.

The life of the sailor, with its coarseness and drudgery, its inadequate pay, its evil-smelling food, its maggoty bread, its beer drawn from casks that once had held oil or fish, its stinking salt-meat barrels, the hideous stench of the bilge-water—all this could in one sense be no worse than his sufferings in jail. In spite of self-control, jail had been to him the degradation of his hopes, the humiliation of his manhood. He had suffered cold, dampness, fever, and indigestion there, and it had sapped the fresh fibre of life in him.

His days in London had been cruel. He had sought work in great commercial concerns, and had almost been grateful when rejected. When his money was stolen, there seemed nothing to do, as he said to Michael Clones, but to become a footpad or a pirate.

Then the stormy doors of the navy had opened wide to him; and as many a man is tempted into folly or crime by tempestuous nature, so he, forlorn, spiritually unkempt, but physically and mentally well-composed, in a spirit of bravado, flung himself into the bowels of the fleet.

From the moment Dyck arrived on board the Ariadne he was a marked man. Ferens, a disfranchised solicitor, who knew his story, spread the unwholesome truth about him among the ship's people, and he received attentions at once offensive and flattering. The best educated of the ship's hands approached him on the grievances with which the whole navy was stirring.

Something had put a new spirit into the life of His Majesty's ships; it was, in a sense, the reflection of the French Revolution and Tom Paine's Age of Reason. What the Americans had done in establishing a republic, what France was doing by her revolution, got into the veins and minds of some men in England, but it got into the veins and minds of the sailor first; for, however, low his origin, he had intercourse not given to the average landsman. He visited foreign ports, he came in touch with other elements than those of British life and character.

Of all the ships in the navy the Ariadne was the best that Dyck Calhoun could have entered. Her officers were humane and friendly, yet firm; and it was quite certain that if mutiny came they would be treated well. The agitation on the Ariadne in support of the grievances of the sailors was so

moderate that, from the first, Dyck threw in his lot with it. Ferens, the former solicitor, first came to him with a list of proposals, which only repeated the demands made by the agitators at Spithead.

"You're new among us," said Ferens to Dyck. "You don't quite know what we've been doing, I suppose. Some of us have been in the navy for two years, and some for ten. There are men on this ship who could tell you stories that would make your blood run cold—take my word for it. There's a lot of things goin' on that oughtn't to be goin' on. The time has come for reform. Have a look at this paper, and tell me what you think."

Dyck looked at the pockmarked face of Ferens, whose record in the courts was a bad one, and what he saw did not disgust him. It was as though Ferens had stumbled and been badly hit in his fall, but there were no signs of permanent evil in his countenance. He was square-headed, close-cropped, clear-eyed, though his face was yellow where it was not red, and his tongue was soft in his head.

Dyck read the paper slowly and carefully. Then he handed it back without a word.

"Well, what have you got to say?" asked Ferens. "Nothing? Don't you think that's a strong list of grievances and wrongs?"

Dyck nodded.

Yes, it's pretty strong," he said, and he held up his hand. "Number One, wages and cost of living. I'm sure we're right there. Cost of living was down in King Charles's time, and wages were down accordingly. Everything's gone up, and wages should go up. Number Two, the prize-money scandal. I'm with you there. I don't see why an officer should get two thousand five hundred times as much as a seaman. There ought to be a difference, but not so much. Number Three, the food ought to be better; the water ought to be better. We can't live on rum, maggoty bread, and foul water—that's sure. The rum's all right; it's powerful natural stuff, but we ought to have meat that doesn't stink, and bread that isn't alive. What's more, we ought to have lots of lime-juice, or there's no protection for us when we're out at sea with the best meat taken by the officers and the worst left to us; and with foul water and rotten food, there's no hope or help. But, if we're going in for this sort of thing, we ought to do it decently. We can't slap a government in the mouth, and we can't kick an admiral without paying heavy for it in the end. If it's wholesome petitioning you're up to, I'm with you; but I'm not if there's to be knuckle-dusting."

Ferens shrugged a shoulder.

"Things are movin', and we've got to take our stand now when the time is ripe for it, or else lose it forever. Over at Spithead they're gettin' their own way. The Government are goin' to send the Admiralty Board down here, because our admiral says to them that it won't be safe goin' unless they do."

"And what are we going to do here?" asked Dyck. "What's the game of the fleet at the Nore?"

Ferens replied in a low voice:

"Our men are goin' to send out petitions—to the Admiralty and to the House of Commons."

"Why don't you try Lord Howe?"

"He's not in command of a fleet now. Besides, petitions have been sent him, and he's taken no notice."

"Howe? No notice—the best admiral we ever had! I don't believe it," declared Dyck savagely. "Why, the whole navy believes in Howe. They haven't forgotten what he did in '94. He's as near to the seaman as the seaman is to his mother. Who sent the petitions to him?"

"They weren't signed by names—they were anonymous."

Dyck laughed.

"Yes, and all written by the same hand, I suppose."

Ferens nodded.

"I think that's so." [Cont. on page 68]



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THE wheat situation seems to occupy the foremost position on the stage of financial affairs. The air is full of rumors, blasts and counter-blasts from co-operative and non-co-operative leaders, and in spite of all the apparent optimism displayed by both parties, one thing is very evident, and that is that the situation is serious. The Winnipeg grain market continues at a low ebb with but very little business being transacted and statistics would seem to support the belief that unless there is a radical change in the attitude of overseas importers, the carry-over of Canadian wheat will be large.

It is difficult to ascertain with precision the actual cause of the slump from those early days of the year when wheat was quoted at \$1.78 per bushel. It is common knowledge that early in the season both Pool and private exporters firmly believed that with the shortage then estimated, wheat would command a very high price, but this belief was not destined to become a fact. It was a bold attempt to obtain for the producer a price that not only guaranteed a fair reward for his labor but an added reward for his industry. However, the European buyer hung off, buttressed in his belief that wheat would be low, by the increase in production in his own country, by the imposition of heavy tariffs directed against North American wheat, by the flooding of the market with Argentine wheat dumped at extremely low prices and by the production and consumption on the part of the lower classes of edible food other than grain products.

Criticism has been directed against the Western provinces for the publicity given in connection with the guarantees to the banks. In turn the banks have not been left out, some asserting that bankers have become nervous owing to the large quantity of wheat which was unsold. Again, others blame the American Farm Board, who have endeavored to stabilize the price of wheat at \$1.18 per bushel, one newspaper in particular stating as follows:

"In the opinion of most traders, they (the Farm Board) have succeeded simply in demoralizing markets, in frightening off buyers, both speculative and exporting, until the situation somewhat clears. They have definitely abandoned purchasing of wheat at fixed prices as delivered by farmers and co-operative associations, but have stated that they are to continue buying wheat as they may see necessary in terminal markets."

And, finally, the drop in prices was directly attributed to the collapse in the stock market and the necessity of certain grain traders disposing of large quantities of wheat which they were carrying on margin for clients.

The importance of maintaining a clear head and a mind uninfluenced by fear or prejudice cannot be too greatly emphasized. The grain trade of Canada affects not only the farmer but directly and indirectly it touches upon every phase of our industrial and commercial activity. Grain is the very life-blood of our nation's existence. Years ago Manitoba No. 1 Hard was synonymous with all that was best in wheat, and consequently its position in the grain market seemed unimpeachable. If, however, we cannot grow it at a fair return to our producers it will soon be displaced by other wheat, and our position as a wheat producing country will suffer materially. In brief, it seems that orderly marketing in itself is not sufficient to maintain a good price and there must be a closer relation between production and sale than has heretofore existed. Is not the secret to be found in the development of diversified farming? Next month we propose to deal with this question at length.

Though the situation is serious our remarks must not be construed as an attempt to picture blue ruin. In support of this an extract from the monthly letter of the Bank of Montreal may be quoted:

"The delay in the movement of the short crop has already had its effect. Transportation lines on land and water have been deprived of traffic and unemployment in these services has followed. These adverse influences have in lesser degree affected business generally, and to them may in part be attributed the reaction of recent months. No waning confidence is shown in the view that the halt is but temporary, and that with the advent of spring and resumed activities of navigation unemployment will diminish and the volume of trade expand. Meanwhile, current quietude is not likely to disappear."

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Twin Lakes, Sask.
Q. In 1914 when the oil boom was on I invested in Western Petroleum oil shares. As I am married and living where I don't hear much about such things I wonder if you could tell me if they would be worth anything now.

As this company was backed by the mayor and some of the most prominent business men at that time I thought it would be all right. Can you give me any information about it?—C.S.G.

A. The shares of Western Petroleum Company Limited are practically valueless. The company is dormant. Its head office is shown as Calgary, Alberta. We understand that the company's lands are protected by the Imperial Oil Company Limited.

We have been informed but cannot vouch for the accuracy of the information, that the company merged with Alberta Associated Oilfields Limited. If you write to the latter company at 1014 Herald Building, Calgary, you may be able to obtain more definite information.

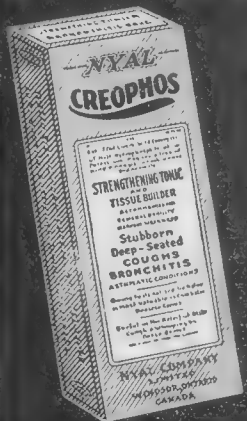
Kinosota, Man.
Q. Kindly let me know in your March issue if the Vitamin Cereal Company of Vancouver is in good standing and a company that shares in will be O.K.—H.H.S.

A. The Vitamin Cereal Company is a small company which has not a long record of satisfactory earning power. The purchase of shares in this company may prove to be very satisfactory, but at the present time it can only be considered as a speculation. Until such a company has a proven record of earnings its securities cannot be considered as investments, and we think possibly you would do better if you purchased the shares of some of the larger well-known Canadian companies, whose shares have a Dominion-wide distribution with a ready market at all times.

You will realize that a small company with only local investment interest is not a very satisfactory form of investment because the shares of such a company are not easily sold, and while the company may earn a satisfactory return, you may have to sacrifice a good portion of your original investment if you wish to dispose of your securities.

Winnipeg, Man.
Q. My policy reads in making a loan of an amount not exceeding ninety-four per cent of the cash surrender value, upon the company's loan agreement form being completed, with interest not exceeding seven per cent. I would like to know if I don't pay this money back to the company, and drop my policy, what can they do. I am assured with Monarch Life Assurance Company.—W.L.W.

A. Insurance companies consider that the cash surrender value of an insurance policy is a fund which belongs to the assured [Continued on Page 92]



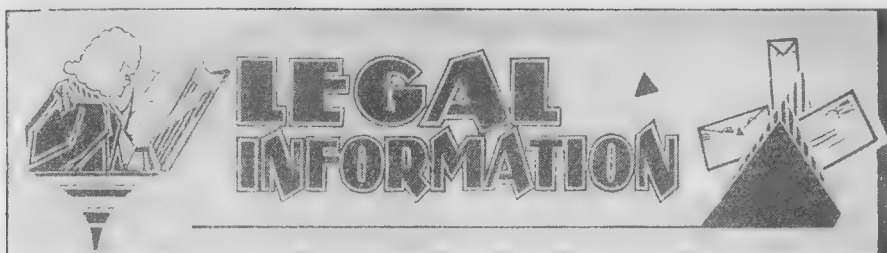
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A SCHOOL BOARD provided for the use and amusement of the pupils attending its school a contrivance known as a "teeter-totter." The contrivance consisted of a trestle and a cross-board kept in position by an iron bracket which in turn was fastened to another clamp. These brackets were held in place originally by a bolt running through transversely but in the course of time the bolt had been removed and the cross-board and trestle had become separated. However the school-children were permitted to use the teeter-totter which they made ready by placing the plank on the trestle, between the flanges at the balancing point. The disrepair into which the apparatus had got, allowed a lateral movement of the cross-board of about 10 or 12 inches on either side.

One day four children were teetering on the plank, and the cap of one fell on the ground. His companion announced that on the next round he would lean over and pick it up. He attempted to do so but in his endeavor he upset the balance of the plank and the other children all fell or were knocked off. One in particular was seriously injured sustaining a broken arm. A school-teacher was in the vicinity but there was no direct evidence that she had warned the injured child not to go on the teeter.

The parents of the boy sued the school board for damages and were successful. The court held that both the school-teacher and the chairman knew of the dangerous condition of the teeter and its lack of safety for at least small children. The non-repair brought about by the negligence of the board was the effective or real cause of the unseating of the child and his fall to the ground, even eliminating all question of faulty construction and giving full effect to the contention of the board that it was not bound to adopt "the most recent inventions and devices," to insure safety.

ANSWERS TO ENQUIRIES

Souris, Man.

Q. A rents land in Manitoba to B on one-third share of crop lease for three years. At the end of three years B goes out and A gets the land again.

Under these conditions please advise me (a) Who owns the straw from the crop grown on the land in the last year B has it—A or B?

(b) If B owns it can he take it off the land;—

1. While he is on the land under his lease?

2. After he has gone off the land and his lease has run out. If yes, how long after his lease is up and he has moved off the land has he to remove the straw?—X.Y.

A. The usual share crop lease provides that the landlord will receive a share of the grain grown. The lease does not reserve to the landlord any share of the straw which therefore will belong to the tenant. This answer will depend upon the terms of the individual contract in which you are concerned.

(b) 1. The tenant B has the right to remove from the land such portion of the straw grown as would not reasonably be required by A or a subsequent tenant for the proper cultivation of the land. For example any straw necessary for the purpose of bedding down animals should be left on the farm.

2. The position of the owner of the surplus straw after B has left the farm is difficult. The former tenant B has no right to return upon the farm and take it away once his lease has expired and if he goes upon the land he is a trespasser and may be sued for damages.

On the other hand, the surplus straw not required for the farming purposes belongs to the former tenant B and if the landlord A uses or destroys it then

he will be liable to B for the value of the straw. B should serve a demand on A for delivery up of the straw and if A refuses to comply, B can start an action for its recovery.

Saint John, N.B.

Q. What is the legal signature of a married woman? Mrs. F. H. Jones or Helen Jones?

What are the duties of the executor of a will?

Can anyone in whose favor the will is drawn be executor?

Does the will change the beneficiary of an insurance policy or does the said beneficiary stand regardless of the will?—A.R.T.

A. The legal signature of a married woman consists of her Christian names and her married surname. Mrs. F. H. Jones is not her legal signature unless the initials F. and H. signify her Christian names. Helen Jones is apparently a woman's proper signature. The title Mr. or Mrs. is not part of the signature at all in the eyes of the law.

The duties of the executor of a will are to obtain possession of the property of the testator and to administer it in accordance with the terms of the will as diligently as possible. The executor may act even though he may also be a beneficiary under the will.

A will does not affect an insurance policy unless the insurance is referred to in the will. The insurance is a matter of contract and if the contract provides for payment to a certain person, then, unless the testator has lawfully changed the beneficiary, the beneficiary shown in the records of the insurance company is the person entitled to the insurance monies. If the named beneficiary comes within the preferred class, such as a wife or child, it is impossible by a will to dispose of the insurance. In such a case the consent of the beneficiary must be obtained.

Prince, Sask.

Q. On September 27th I ordered from The Times Research Bureau of Winnipeg a set of The Times Encyclopedia. My contract, signed by their representative, states that in return for agreed amount I am to receive:—

One set of The Times Encyclopedia 1929 Edition—8 vols.

Perpetual pictured quarterly loose leaf extension service for ten years.

Binders for loose leaf extension service.

Membership in The Times Research Bureau for ten years.

About October 15th I received the eight books of the Encyclopedia and one cover to take loose leaf extensions, but to date no extensions have come to hand.

In November I forwarded a request for information to which I received no reply.

On December 7th I forwarded a second request and on January 13th, 1930, I received a letter from The Times Research Bureau of Chicago advising me that the society of whom I desire information would furnish me with all I desired if I would apply to them.

I have forwarded instalments as per my agreement and have not received a receipt for any of them.

The encyclopedia is worth about 50 per cent of the price I agreed to pay, and, while the information I expected to receive would be worth the balance, my experience leads me to believe that there is no Times Research Bureau in Winnipeg.

In my opinion this amounts to obtaining money by false pretences, and I have ample evidence that The Times Research Bureau have not delivered service as per their contract with me.

Can you advise me on this question, as unless I can get information from them when I want it, I wish to cancel my contract with them.—J.H.T.

[Continued on Page 88]



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"The Rainy Day Pal"

No Defence

Continued from page 65

"Can you wonder, then, that Lord Howe didn't acknowledge them? But I'm still sure he acted promptly. He's a big enough friend of the sailor to waste no time before doing his turn."

Ferens shook his head morosely.

"That may be," he said; "but the petitions were sent weeks ago, and there's no sign from Lord Howe. He was at Bath for gout. My idea is he referred them to the admiral commanding at Portsmouth, and was told that behind the whole thing is conspiracy—French socialism and English politics. I give you my word there's no French agent in the fleet, and if there were, it wouldn't have any effect. Our men's grievances are not new. They're as old as Cromwell."

Suddenly a light of suspicion flashed into Ferens's face.

"You're with us, aren't you? You see the wrongs we've suffered, and how bad it all is! Yet you haven't been on a voyage with us. You've only tasted the life in harbor. Good God, this life is heaven to what we have at sea! We don't mind the fightin'. We'd rather fight than eat." An evil grin covered his face for a minute. "Yes, we'd rather fight than eat, for the stuff we get to eat is hell's broil, God knows! Did you ever think what the life of the sailor is, that swings at the top of a mast with the frost freezin' his very soul, and because he's slow, owing to the cold, gets twenty lashes for not bein' quicker? Well, I've seen that, and a bad sight it is. Did you ever see a man flogged? It ain't a pretty sight. First the back takes the click of the whip like a damned washboard, and you see the ridges rise and go purple and red, and the man has his breath knocked clean out of him with every blow. Nearly every stroke takes off the skin and draws the blood, and a dozen will make the back a ditch of murder. Then the whipper stops, looks at the lashes, feels then tender like, and out and down it comes again. When all the back is ridged and scarred, the flesh, that looked clean and beautiful, becomes a bloody mass. Some men get a hundred lashes, and that's torture and death."

"A man I knew was flogged told me once that the first blow made his flesh quiver in every nerve from his toe-nails to his finger-nails, and stung his heart as if a knife had gone through his body. There was agony in his lungs, and the time between each stroke was terrible, and yet the next came too soon. He choked with the blood from his tongue, lacerated with his teeth, and from his lungs, and went black in the face. I saw his back. It looked like roasted meat; yet he had only had eighty strokes."

"The punishments are bad. Runnin' the gauntlet is one of them. Each member of the crew is armed with three tarry rope-yarns, knotted at the ends. Then between the master-at-arms with a drawn sword and two corporals with drawn swords behind, the thief, stripped to the waist, is placed. The thing is started by a boatswain's mate givin' him a dozen lashes. Then he's slowly marched down the double line of men, who flog him as he passes, and at the end of the line he receives another dose of the cat from the boatswain's mate. The poor devil's body and head are flayed, and he's sent to hospital and rubbed with brine till he's healed."

"But the most horrible of all is flogging through the fleet. That's given for strikin' an officer or tryin' to escape. It's a sickenin' thing. The victim is lashed by his wrists to a capstan-bar in the ship's long-boat, and all the ship's boats are lowered also, and each ship in harbor sends a boat manned by marines to attend. Then, with the master-at-arms and the ship's surgeon, the boat is cast off. The boatswain's mate begins the floggin', and the boat rows away to the half-minute bell, the drummer beatin' the rogue's march. From ship to ship the long-boat goes, and the punishment of floggin' is repeated. If he faints, he gets wine or rum, or is taken back to his ship to

recover. When his back is healed he goes out to get the rest of his sentence. Very few ever live through it, or if they do it's only for a short time. They'd better have taken the hangin' that was the alternative. Even a corpse with its back bare of flesh to the bone has received the last lashes of a sentence, and was then buried in the mud of the shore with no religious ceremonies."

"Mind you, there's many a man gets fifty lashes that don't deserve them. There's many men in the fleet that's stirred to anger at ill-treatment, until now, in these days, the whole lot is ready to see the thing through—to see the thing through—to see the thing through—by heaven and by hell!"

The pockmarked face had taken on an almost ghastly fervor, until it looked like a distorted cartoon—vindictive, fanatical; but Dyck, on the edge of the river of tragedy, was not ready to lose himself in the stream of it.

As he looked round the ship he felt a stir of excitement like nothing he had ever known, though he had been brought up in a country where men were by nature revolutionists, and where the sword was as often outside as inside the scabbard. There was something terrible in a shipboard agitation not to be found in a land-rising. On land there were a thousand miles of open country, with woods and houses, caves and cliffs, to which men could flee for hiding; and therefore the danger of rebellion was less dominant. At sea, a rebellion was like some beastly struggle in one room, beyond the walls of which was everlasting nothingness. The thing had to be fought out, as it were, man to man within four walls, and God help the weaker!

"How many ships in the fleet are sworn to this agitation?" Dyck asked presently.

"Every one. It's been like a spread of infection; it's entered at every door, looked out of every window. All the ships are in it, from the twenty-six-hundred-tonners to the little five-hundred-and-fifty-tonners. Besides, there are the Delegates."

He lowered his voice as he used these last words.

"Yes, I know," Dyck answered, though he did not really know. "But who is at the head?"

"Why, as bold a man as can be—Richard Parker, an Irishman. He was once a junior naval officer, and left the navy and went into business; now he is a quota man, and leads the mutiny. Let me tell you that unless there's a good round answer to what we demand, the Nore fleet'll have it out with the Government. He's a man of character, is Richard Parker, and the fleet'll stand by him."

"How long has he been at it?" asked Dyck.

"Oh, weeks and weeks! It doesn't all come at once, the grip of the thing. It began at Spithead, and it worked right there; and now it's workin' at the Nore, and it'll work and work until there isn't a ship and there isn't a man that won't be behind the Delegates. Look. Half the seamen on this ship have tasted the inside of a jail; and the rest come from the press-gang, and what's left are just the ragged ends of street corners. But"—and here the man drew himself up with a flush—"but there's none of us that wouldn't fight to the last gasp of breath for the navy that since the days of Elizabeth has sailed at the head of all the world. Don't think we mean harm to the fleet. We mean to do it good. All we want is that its masters shall remember we're human flesh and blood; that we're as much entitled to good food and drink on sea as on land; and that, if we risk our lives and shed our blood, we ought to have some share in the spoils. We're a great country and we're a great people, but by God, were not good to our own! Look at them there."

He turned and waved a hand to the bowels of the ship where sailors traded with slop-sellers, or chattered with women, or

(Continued on page 69)



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No Defence

Continued from page 68

sat in groups and sang, or played rough games which had no vital meaning; while here and there in groups, with hands gesticulating, some fanatics declared their principles. And the principles of every man in the Nore fleet so far were embraced in the four words — wages, food, drink, prize-money.

Presently Ferens stopped short.

"Listen!" he said.

There was a cry from the ship's side not far away, and then came little bursts of cheering.

"By Heaven, it's the Delegates comin' here!" he said. He held up a warning palm, as though commanding silence, while he listened intently. "Yes, it's the Delegates. Now look at that crowd of seamen!"

He swung his hand towards the bowels of the ship. Scores of men were springing to their feet. Presently there came a great shouting and cheers, and then four new faces appeared on deck. They were faces of intelligence, but one of them had the enlightened look of leadership.

"By Judas, it's our leader, Richard Parker!" declared Ferens.

What Dyck now saw was good evidence of the progress of the agitation. There were officers of the Ariadne to be seen, but they wisely took no notice of the breaches of regulation which followed the arrival of the Delegates. Dyck saw Ferens speak to Richard Parker after the men had been in conference with Parker and the Delegates, and then turn toward himself. Richard Parker came to him.

"We are fellow-countrymen," he said genially. "I know your history. We are out to make the navy better—to get the men their rights. I understand you are with us?"

Dyck bowed. "I will do all possible to get reforms in wages and food put through, sir."

"That's good," said Parker. "There are some petitions you can draft, and some letters also to the Admiralty and to the Houses of Lords and Commons."

"I am at your service," said Dyck.

He saw his chance to secure influence on the Ariadne, and also to do good to the service. Besides, he felt he might be able to check the worst excesses of the agitation, if he got power under Parker. He was free from any wish for mutiny, but he was the friend of an agitation which might end as successfully as the trouble at Spithead.

A FORTNIGHT later the mutiny at the Nore shook and bewildered the British Isles. In the public journals and in Parliament it was declared that this outbreak, like that at Spithead, was due partly to political strife, but more extensively to the operations of agents of revolution in France and Ireland.

The day after Richard Parker visited the Ariadne the fleet had been put under the control of the seamen's Delegates, who were men of standing in the ships, and of personal popularity. Their first act was to declare that the fleet should not leave port until the men's demands were satisfied.

The King, Prime Minister and Government had received a shock greater than that which had come with the announcement of American independence. The Government had armed the forts at Sheerness, had sent troops and guns to Gravesend and Tilbury, and had declared war upon the rebellious fleet.

At the head of the Delegates, Richard Parker, with an officer's knowledge, became a kind of bogus admiral, who, in interview with the rear admirals and the representatives of the Admiralty Board, talked like one who, having power, meant to use it ruthlessly. The Government had yielded to the Spithead mutineers, giving pardon to all except the ringleaders, and granting demands for increased wages and better food, with a promise to consider the question of prize-money; but the Nore mutineers

refused to accept that agreement, and enlarged the Spithead demands.

Admiral Buckner arrived on board his flag-ship, the Sandwich, without the deference due to an admiral, and then had to wait three hours for Parker and the Delegates on the quarter-deck. At the interview that followed, while apologizing to the admiral for his discourtesy, Parker wore his hat as quasi-admiral of the fleet. The demands of the Delegates were met by reasoning on the part of Buckner, but without effect, for the seamen of the Nore believed that what Spithead could get by obstinacy the Nore could increase by contumacy; and it was their firm will to bring the Lords of the Admiralty to their knees.

The demands of the Nore Delegates, however, were rejected by the Admiralty, and with the rejection two regiments of militia came from Canterbury to reinforce the Sheerness garrison. The mutineers were allowed to parade the town, so long as their conduct was decent, as Admiral Buckner admitted it to be; but Parker declared that the presence of the militia was an insult to the seamen in the Nore fleet.

Then ensued the beginning of the terror. When Buckner presented the Admiralty's refusal to deal with the Delegates, there came quick response. The reply of the mutineers was to row into Sheerness harbor and take away with them eight gunboats lying there, each of which fired a shot at the fort, as if to announce that the mutineers were now the avowed enemies of the Government.

Thereupon the rebels ordered all their ships together at the Great Nore, ranging them into two crescents, with the newly-acquired gunboats at the flanks. The attitude of the authorities gave the violent mutineers their opportunity. Buckner's flag was struck from the mainmast-head of the Sandwich, and the red flag was hoisted in its place.

The Delegates would not accept an official pardon for their mutiny through Buckner. They demanded a deputation from the Admiralty, Parker declaring that no accommodation could occur without the appearance of the Lords of the Admiralty at the Nore. Then followed threatening arrangements, and the Delegates decided to blockade the Thames and the Medway.

It was at this time that Dyck Calhoun—who, by consent of Richard Parker, had taken control of the Ariadne—took action which was to alter the course of his own life and that of many others.

Since the beginning of the mutiny he had acted with decision, judgment, and strength. He had agreed to the Ariadne joining the mutinous ships, and he had skilfully constructed petitions to the Admiralty, the House of Commons, and the King. His habit of thought, his knowledge of life, made him a power. He believed that the main demands of the seamen were just, and he made a useful organization to enforce them. It was only when he saw the mutineers would not accept the terms granted to the Spithead rebels that a new spirit influenced him.

He had determined to get control of the Ariadne. His gift as a speaker had conquered his fellow-sailors, and the fact that he was an ex-convict gave them confidence that he was no friend of the Government.

One of the first things he did, after securing his own pre-eminence on the ship, was to get the captain and officers safely ashore. This he did with skill, and the crew of the ship even cheered them as they left.

None of the regular officers of the Ariadne were left upon her, except Greenock, the master of the ship, whose rank was below that of lieutenant, and whose duties were many and varied under the order of the captain. Greenock chose to stay, though Dyck said he could go if he wished. Greenock's reply was that it was his duty to stay, if the ship was going to remain at sea, for no one else could perform his duties or do his work. [Continued on page 70]

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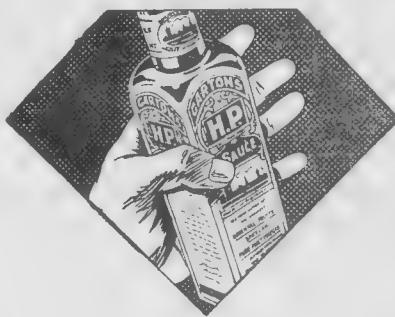
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No Defence

Continued from page 69

Then, by vote, Dyck became captain of the ship. He did not, however, wear a captain's uniform—the blue coat, with white cuffs, flat gold buttons; with lace at the neck, a white-sleeved waist-coat, knee-breeches, white silk stockings, and a three-cornered black hat edged with gold lace and ornamented with a cockade; with a black cravat, a straight dress sword, a powdered cue tied with a black-silk ribbon, and epaulets of heavy gold stuff completing the equipment. Dyck, to the end of his career at sea, wore only the common seaman's uniform.

Dyck would not have accepted the doubtful honor had he not had long purposes in view. With Ferens, Michael Clones, and two others whom Ferens could trust, a plan was arranged which Dyck explained to his fellow-seamen on the Ariadne.

"We've come to the parting of the ways, brothers," he said. "We've all become liable to death for mutiny. The pardon offered by the King has been refused, and fresh demands are made. There, I think, a real wrong has been committed by our people. The Ariadne is well supplied with food and water. It is the only ship with sufficiency. And why? Because at the beginning we got provisions from the shore in time; also we got permission from Richard Parker to fill our holds from two stopped merchant-ships. Well, the rest of the fleet know what our food and drink fitment is. They know how safe we are, and today orders have come to yield our provisions to the rest of the fleet. That is, we, who have taken time by the forelock, must yield up our good gettings to bad receivers. I am not prepared to do it.

"On shore the Admiralty have stopped the supply of provisions to us and to all the fleet. Our men have been arrested at Gravesend, Tilbury, and Sheerness. The fleet could not sail now if it wished; but one ship can sail, and it is ours. The fleet hasn't the food to sail. On Richard Parker's ship, the Sandwich, there is food only for a week. The others are almost as bad. We are in danger of being attacked. Sir Erasmus Gower, of the Neptune, has a fleet of warships, gun-boats, and amateur armed vessels getting ready to attack us. The North Sea fleet has come to help us, but that doesn't save us. I'll say this—we are loyal men in this fleet, otherwise our ships would have joined the enemy in the waters of France or Holland. They can't go now, in any case. The men have lost heart. Confidence in our cause has declined. The Government sent Lords of the Admiralty here, and they offered pardon if we accepted the terms of the Spithead settlement. We declined the terms. That was a bad day for us, and put every one of our heads in a noose.

"For the moment we have a majority in men and ships; but we can't renew our food or drink, or ammunition. The end is sure against us. Our original agitation was just; our present obduracy is madness. This ship is suspected. It is believed by the rest of the fleet—by ships like the Invincible—that we're weak-kneed, selfish, and lacking in fidelity to the cause. That's not true; but we are in this position—we have either to fight or to run, and perhaps to do both.

"Make no mistake. The Government are not cowards; the Admiralty are gentlemen of determination. If men like Admiral Howe support the Admiralty—Howe, one of the best friends the seaman ever had—what do you think the end will be? Have you heard what happened at Spithead? The seamen chivied Admiral Alan Gardner and his colleagues aboard a ship. He caught hold of a seaman Delegate by the collar and shook him. They closed in on him. They handled him roughly. He sprang on the hammock-nettings, put the noose of the hanging-rope round his neck, and said to the men who advanced menacingly:

"If you will return to your duty, you may hang me at the yard-arm!"

"That's the kind of stuff our admirals are made of. We have no quarrel with the majority of our officers. They're straight, they're honest, and they're true to their game. Our quarrel is with Parliament and the Admiralty; our struggle is with the people of the kingdom, who have not seen to it that our wrongs are put right, that we have food to eat, water to drink and money to spend."

He waved a hand, as though to sweep away the criticisms he felt must be rising against him.

"Don't think because I've spent four years in prison under the sternest discipline the world offers, and have never been a seaman before, that I'm not fitted to espouse your cause. By Heaven, I am—I am—I am! I know the wrongs you've suffered. I've smelled the water you drink. I've tasted the rotten meat. I've seen the honest seaman who has been for years upon the main—I've seen the scars upon his back got from a brutal officer who gave him too big a job to do, and flogged him for not doing it. I know of men who, fevered with bad food, have fallen, from the main-mast-head, or have slipped overboard, glad to go, because of the wrongs they've suffered.

"I'll tell you what our fate will be, and then I'll put a question to you. We must either give up our stock of provisions or run for it. Parker and the other Delegates proclaim their comradeship; yet they have hidden from us the King's proclamation and the friendly resolutions of the London merchants. I say our only hope is to escape from the Thames. I know that skill will be needed, but if we escape, what then? I say, if we escape, because, as we sail out, orders will be given for the other mutiny ships to attack us. We shall be fired on; we shall risk our lives. You've done that before, however, and will do it again.

"We have to work out our own problem and fight our own fight. Well, what I want to know is this—are we to give in to the Government, or do we stand to be hammered by Sir Erasmus Gower? Remember what that means. It means that if we fight the Government ships, we must either die in battle, or die with the ropes around our necks. There is another way. I'm not inclined to surrender, or to stand by men who have botched our business for us. I'm for making for the sea, and, when I get there, I'm for striking for the West Indies, where there's a British fleet fighting Britain's enemies, and for joining in and fighting with them. I'm for getting out of this river and away from England. It's a bold plan, but it's a good one. I want to know if you're with me. Remember, there's danger getting out, and there's danger when and if we get out. The other ships may pursue us. The Portsmouth fleet may nab us. We may be caught, and, if we are, we must take the dose prepared for us; but I'm for making a strong rush, going without fear, and asking no favor. I won't surrender here; it's too cowardly. I want to know, will you come to the open sea with me?"

There were many shouts of assent from the crowd, though here and there came a growl of dissent.

"Not all of you are willing to come with me," Dyck continued vigorously. "Tell me, what is it you expect to get by staying here? You're famished when you're not poisoned; you're badly clothed and badly fed; you're kept together by flogging; you're treated worse than a convict in jail or a victim in a plague hospital. You're not paid as well as your grandfathers were, and you're punished worse. Here, on the Ariadne, we're not skulkers. We don't fear our duty; we are loyal men. Many of you, on past voyages, fighting the enemy, lived on burgoo and molasses only, with rum and foul water to drink. On the other ships there have been terrible cruelty and offence. Surgeons have neglected and ill-treated sick men and embezzled provisions and drinks intended for the invalids. Many a man has died because of the neglect of the ship's surgeons; many have been kicked about the head and beaten, and haven't dared to go on the sick list for fear of their officers. The Victualing Board gets money to supply us with food and drink according to measure. They get the money for a full pound and a full gallon, and we get fourteen ounces of food and seven pints of liquor, or less. Well, what do you say, friends, to being our own Victualing Board out in the open sea, if we can get there?"

"We may have to fight when we get out; but I'm for taking the Ariadne into the great world battle when we can find it. This I want to ask—isn't it worth while making a great fight in our own way, and showing that British seamen can at once be mutineers and patriots? We have a pilot who knows the river. We can go to the West Indian Islands, to the British fleet there. It's doom and death to stay here; and it may be doom and death to go. If we try to break free, and are fired on, the Admiralty may approve of us, because we've broken away from the rest. See now, isn't that the thing to do? I'm for getting out. Who's coming with me?"

Suddenly a burly sailor pushed forward. He had the head of a viking. His eyes were strong with enterprise. He had a hand like a ham, with long, hairy fingers.

"Captain," said he, "you've put the thing so there can be only one answer to it. As for me, I'm sick of the way this mutiny has been bungled from first to last. There's been one good thing about it only—we've got order without cruelty, we've rebelled without ravage; but we've missed the way, and we didn't deal with the Admiralty commissioners as we ought. So I'm for joining up with the captain here"—he waved a hand toward Dyck—"and making for open sea. As sure as God's above they'll try to hammer us; but it's the only way."

He held a handkerchief—a dirty, red silk thing.

"See," he continued, "the wind is right to take us out. The other ships won't know what we're going to do until we start. I'm for getting off. I'm a pressed man. I haven't seen my girl for five years, and they won't let me free in port to go and see her. Nothing can be worse than what we have to suffer now, so let's make a break for it. That's what I say. Come now, lads, three cheers for Captain Calhoun!"

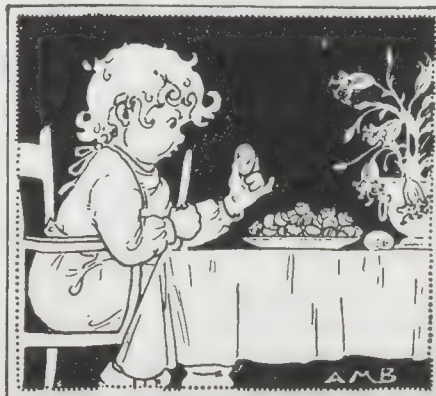
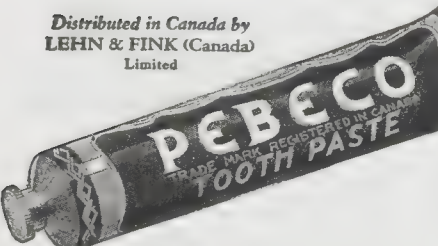
A HALF-HOUR later, on the captain's deck, Dyck gave the order to pass eastward. It was sunset when they started, and they had not gone a thousand yards before some of the mutineering ships opened fire on the Ariadne. The breeze was good, however, and she sailed bravely through the leaden storm. Once—twice—thrice she was hit, but she sped on. Two men were killed and several were wounded. Sails were torn, and the high bulkheads were broken; but, without firing a shot in reply, the Ariadne swung clear at last of the hostile ships and reached safe water. [Continued on page 95]



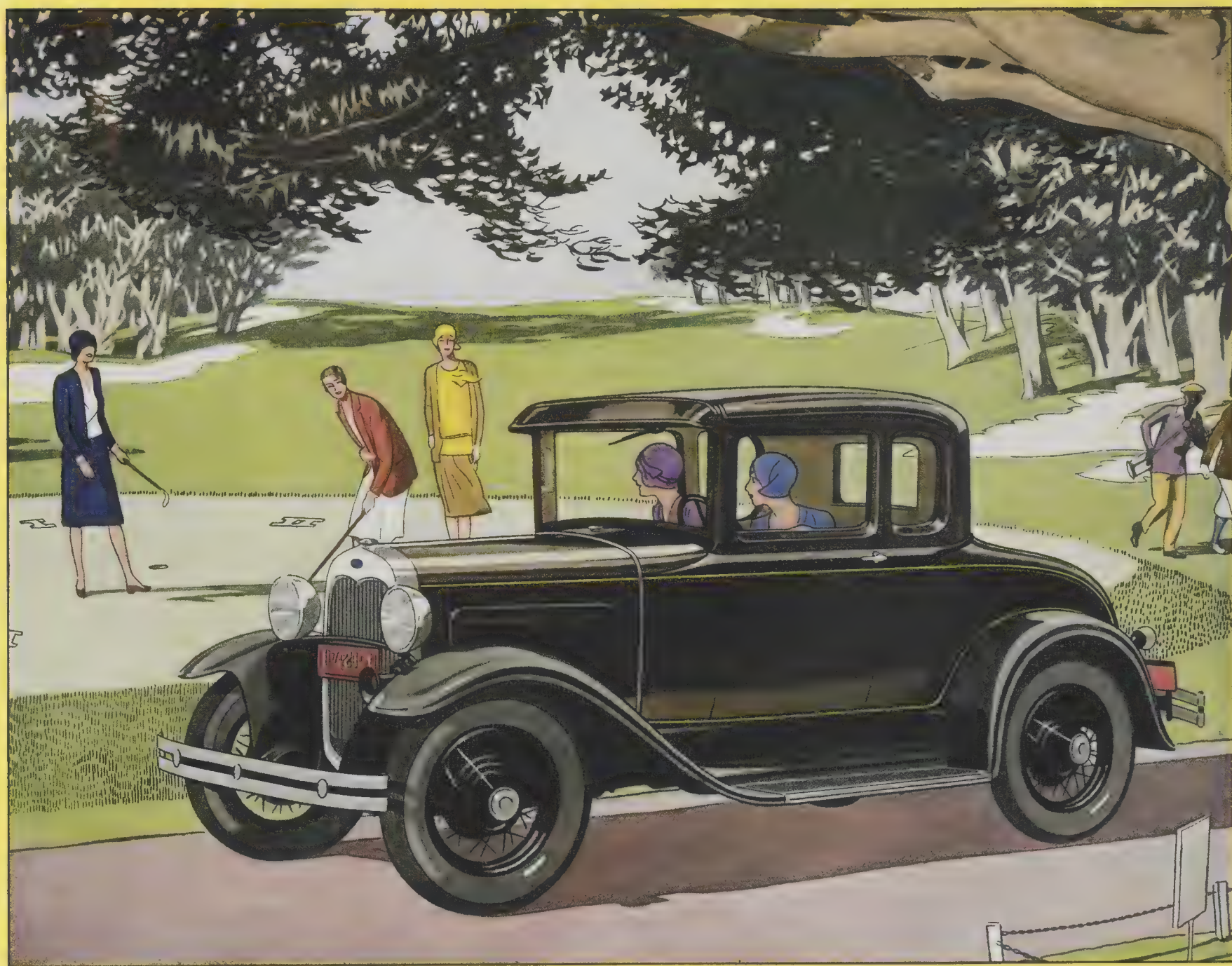
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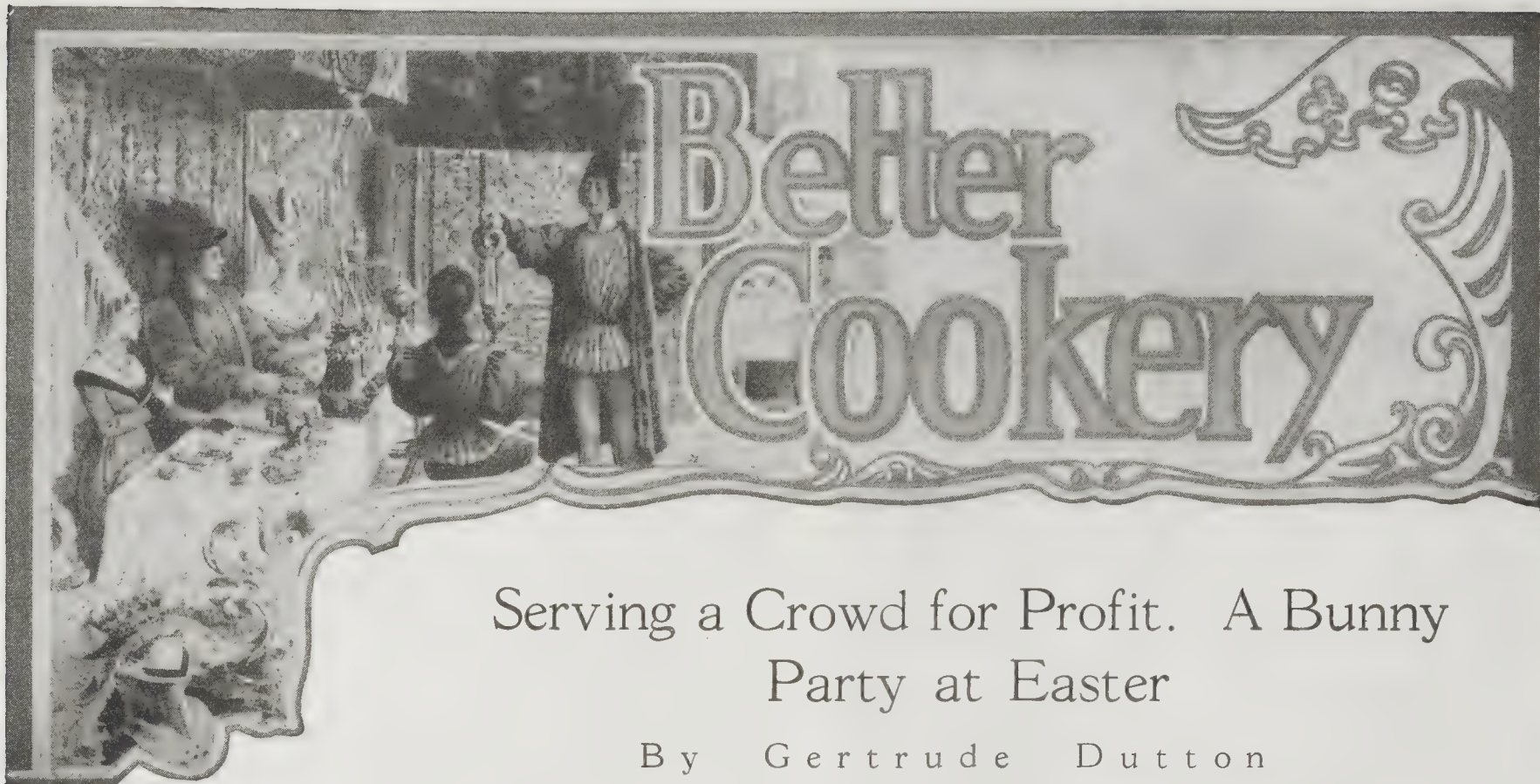
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Serving a Crowd for Profit. A Bunny Party at Easter

By Gertrude Dutton

A BUNNY PARTY at Easter may be given equally well for toddlers who have their nurses waiting for them lest something happen to disturb placid equanimity, older children who have reached the school age, and even young folks considerably older than that, if care is taken to make the games of a more adult character. For the wee toddlers Bunnies themselves make charming decorations, and are admirable for the simple games which are designed to aid perception, love of sport, fair play, or whatever community or personal characteristic they are planned for. The large and medium-sized eggs, sparkling with their coating of bits of sugar crystals through which one may see marvellous things, are particularly interesting to the smaller children, who may be allowed to take them home as prizes, as there is someone at home to see that they do not try to eat them.

The candy eggs coated with chocolate and filled with marshmallow, are of interest to the older child, who may be allowed to eat them if he likes, and even the older young folks are interested in candy boxes of smaller Easter eggs, which may be taken home and eaten leisurely. And then there is always the real egg harmlessly colored with vegetable coloring matter which may form part of the refreshment menu, after being the centre of an exciting treasure-hunt.

The invitation should be original, something in rhyme like the following:

"Hi, diddle, diddle,
The Egg and the Fiddle,
Bunny sits on top of the moon;
Won't you come over,
We'll revel in clover,
On (Tuesday, or some day near
Easter) afternoon."

and may be written on a card, slipped in with a gorgeous paper cap, trimmed with Bunnies or Easter Eggs. The character of the cap may be suited to the different ages. These may be made of crepe paper, decorated, or in colors. They may be made in fools-cap shape, tam shape, or any shape that Mother wishes. Children love to "dress up," and they will cherish the hat and bring it gleefully to the party. If one wanted, one might give out, when the small guests arrive, crepe paper aprons which match the caps, and which may be easily slipped over tiny heads. This will give a real dressed-up feeling, and these aprons are very simple to make.

FOOD for the Bunny parties should be substantial and yet light, especially for the first group of children. Three menus are given, the first for the very small children, the second for the school-age children, and the third an evening party for the young "grown-ups."

The First Menu—Creamed chicken on toast; bread

and butter sandwiches; Jelly sandwiches; Hot chocolate malted milk; cookies with frosting.

Second Menu—Grapefruit and banana cocktail; Chicken croquettes; Asparagus salad with cheese carrots; Junket ice cream with red raspberries.

Third Menu—Deviled ham dainties; Individual chicken pies; Celery hearts; Pickles; Jellyed apricot salad; Ice cream with hot maple sauce; coffee.

Serving a Crowd for Profit

WE HAVE pleasant memories of the old-time church or community suppers, with tables literally "groaning with food." Everybody ate far more than was good for him. Such suppers were a real financial burden on the people who provided them, because large quantities of food are expensive, and the people who donated it were also expected to pay for the privilege of eating it, and frequently there was a large family to buy tickets for. Then, too, the labor entailed was a real burden to busy

financial burden so often borne by the women who are so frequently asked to contribute to all sorts of affairs.

Two general methods of serving are most commonly followed—cafeteria service, or the placing in front of each person seated at the tables his portions of food. Cafeteria service eliminates a great deal of work, and saves much time. Here again, two plans are followed. Either the patron comes to the table or counter, and is given a definite amount of food, for which he is charged a stated sum, or he is given as much or as little food as he wishes, and pays according to the amount of food he selects, a stated sum being charged for each item of food. This latter plan means considerable more labor for the cashier.

The price to be charged for the meal should compare with that for a similar meal in a restaurant, hotel, etc. The public will be indignant, and will not come again, if they are given a very poor meal for which they are asked to pay an exorbitant sum. They are entitled to get full value for their money. If an organization hopes to make money, it is not sensible to serve far more and far better food than the patrons could get anywhere else for the same money. The average person will never complain if he gets what he considers a "square deal."

AFTER deciding the type of meal to be served—whether it is a dinner, a supper with but one or two simple hot dishes, or perhaps nothing hot but a beverage, an afternoon tea, evening refreshments at a dance, or after some vigorous outdoor sport, a banquet, or whatever it may be, the price to be charged, is decided upon. The committee can estimate with a fair degree of accuracy about how many persons they may expect to serve. This will give some idea of the amount of money they may reasonably expect to receive, unless some very unforeseen occurrence interferes.

The next logical step is to list the known expenses to be met. This should be done carefully, and nothing omitted. Drayage, rent, rent of dishes, fuel, hired help, decorations, paper napkins, favors, etc., must all be included. If these items seem to be too much, this is the time to check them over carefully, to learn where economies may be made. The balance will cover the cost of food, and the profit one

hopes to make. Perhaps a portion of the food will be donated, leaving a greater margin of profit for the organization. Now the menu is planned. Several factors are to be considered. An important one is the facilities for serving, and for keeping foods hot. It is much better not to attempt to serve anything hot, unless one is sure that it will be hot when received by the patron. The second important consideration is, the accommodation for those who will eat the meal. [Continued on page 74]



Bunnies and decorated eggs make charming embellishments for the toddlers' party table.

women who already had far too much to do. If carefully planned, the serving of meals to large gatherings should be an excellent means of making money, without too much exertion for a few willing workers, and without such sinful waste of good food as we used to see. The plan of today is to follow the business methods of restaurants, tea-rooms, etc., in serving a fair amount of food for the price charged. Usually at least part if not all of the food is purchased, thus relieving a heavy

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It is very difficult to handle a knife and fork unless one is seated at a table. If the patrons, having only two hands each, must eat while standing, and holding everything on a plate (possibly a very unsteady one of paper), they will appreciate food which may be eaten in the fingers, or with a fork or spoon. A simple, well-cooked, nicely seasoned meal, is just as much appreciated, as a large variety of over-rich foods—why should anyone expect to be given several kinds of desserts at a church supper, when at home he must be satisfied with one? If all the food materials are to be bought, careful estimations must be made of the amounts to be purchased. This will have considerable bearing on the selection of the menu.

A REGULAR banquet or luncheon will be more elaborate, with more courses, and somewhat smaller servings, than a supper. The guests will be seated at tables, either long ones, or smaller ones, holding four or six persons. There will be table-cloths, decorations, and possibly favors. The committee may be expected to furnish the decorations, or this may be done by the group for whom they are serving. Frequently that group will wish to make place-cards, programs, menu cards, etc., themselves. There will be centrepieces for the tables, either flowers, candles, etc. We remember a delightful banquet at a missionary convention at which on each table was a group of small dolls dressed in the costumes of the lands to which missionaries had been sent. Considerable attention must be paid to the attractive appearance of the tables. The menu will consist of three or four courses — a first course of perhaps cocktail, fresh fruit, soup, etc., the main course of meat, vegetables, bread, relishes, etc. A third course may be of salad, or it may be served with the main course—dessert will follow. There may be salted nuts and candies, to be nibbled at, throughout the meal.

THE silver tea should be dainty, with the tea fresh and hot, made often, and in small quantities. Cakes should be dainty. Most women prefer two small pieces to one large one. Three or four small thin sandwiches are much preferred to one or two thick, unattractive ones.

For the later evening refreshments, especially in cold weather, liberal quantities of one or two substantial dishes are more appreciated.

Possibly the chief difficulty in planning meals for larger groups lies in estimating the quantities needed.

For a dinner, it is well to allow two slices of bread, or two rolls or biscuits, per person. Most loaves of bread cut in 20 to 24 slices.

One pound of butter will serve 48 persons. Softening the butter and spreading the rolls or bread, is usually an economy, in addition to being a great convenience to the guests.

Four cups of coffee will make 9 quarts, or 45 cups.

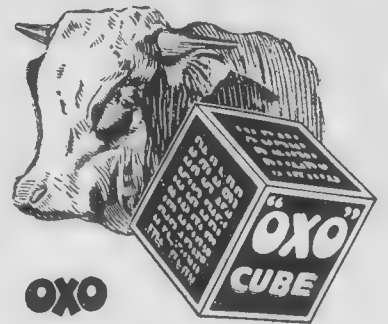
One gallon of ice-cream serves 30. A quart brick cuts into 7 or 8 slices, and is much more easily served than that which must be dipped out of a freezer. The price is usually the same for the same kind of ice-cream.

One pound of sugar is 96 level teaspoons—it will doubtless be sufficient for 40 to 50 cups of tea or coffee.

A pint of thin cream is enough for 15 or 16 cups of coffee. Thick cream will go farther. If poured in the cups before adding the coffee, a smaller amount is required.

A ham weighing 12 to 16 pounds will serve 50 people, when baked or boiled. For sandwiches, especially if at least part of it is chopped, it will go farther.

Half a cup of salad, such as potato, chicken, fish, apple, etc., is enough for one person.



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For macaroni and cheese, for 25 people, allow 1 pound of macaroni, 1/2 pound of cheese, and 1 quart of milk.

Twenty pounds of fowl will make chicken pie for 50, while 10 pounds of a cheap cut of beef, without bone, will be enough for a meat-pie.

A peck of potatoes will serve 50 people. Three pounds of cheese will cut in 100, inch servings.

There are 20 dozen marshmallows in a five-pound tin.

Forty-five maraschino cherries are found in a half-pint bottle.

For roast chicken or turkey, one usually allows 1/2 pound per person, raw weight; for roast beef, steak, etc., 1/4 pound, raw weight; fresh roast pork, one-third pound raw weight. Roast meat is expensive.

Cooked vegetables, 2 generous table-spoonfuls. Baked beans, 1/2 cupful.

One pint of relish or chopped pickle will serve 30. A pint of catsup should serve 40.

What to Serve

SPECIAL days offer many suggestions which are helpful, as do the seasons. Scalloped hot dishes are usually well liked, and may be prepared by several women at home, and brought hot to the building where the meal is held, in the dishes in which they were cooked. Meat balls, meat loaves, stews, meat pies, baked beans, may be prepared in the same way. Creamed meat or chicken or fish may be served on toast, or rice, or with biscuits as shortcake.

Vegetables will go farther if creamed. For a banquet, they are frequently served in timbale cases, which may be made several days before required.

The main dish may be a salad of meat, fish, chicken, etc. For a very economical meal, nothing is better than baked beans. For many occasions it may be a good soup such as oyster stew, cream of tomato soup or corn chowder.

The dessert may be pie, or pie with cheese, ice-cream, or whipped cream; ice cream with cookies or cake; fresh fruit with cake, or fresh fruit and cream, with cookies or cake; a gelatine dessert, or a fancy cake dessert, or some form of shortcake.

Coffee

Measure the coffee, and put in a cheese-cloth bag, having the bag large enough to permit the coffee to swell, and for the water to reach all parts of it. A few egg-shells, from eggs which were washed before being broken, may be crushed and put in the bag with the coffee if wished. Cover with cold water, and let stand till ready to boil. A part of the water may be boiling, to save time. The water should also be measured. Boil just three minutes after the boiling point is reached, remove from the fire, add 1 cup of cold water, and let stand about 5 minutes to clear. Remove the bag of coffee grounds, and serve as soon as possible.

Tea

Tea is not good if made in a large quantity. Large white earthenware pitchers are satisfactory, as they can be handled without danger of scalding people. One-half teaspoon to a cup is a good allowance to use.

Potato Salad

Cooked potatoes, Onions 2
cubed, 8 qts. Salt 3 tb.
Celery or cucumber Dressing 4c.
cubes, 1 qt. Paprika
Green peppers, seeded and chopped, 2

Mix together the cubes of potato, finely chopped onion, either diced celery or cucumber according to the season, chopped green pepper, if available, and moisten with boiled well seasoned dressing. Season to taste with salt and pa-

prika. Chopped or sliced hard-cooked eggs may also be added. Pimiento or chopped parsley may be used for garnish and flavor.

Chicken Pie

Cook 20 pounds of fowl in 5 quarts of water till tender, cooking one or two carrots and three or four onions with it for flavor. Remove the bones. Thicken and season the gravy, and make baking powder biscuits separately. When ready to serve, put the chicken and gravy on the plates, with a biscuit on top of each serving. The biscuits may be kept warm over hot water.

Fruit Salad for Fifty

Oranges 12 Shelled nutmeats
Apples 12 1/2 lb.
Bananas 12 Lettuce 4 heads
Pineapple 2 cans Dressing 3 c
Whipping cream 1 c

Drain the pineapple, pare the oranges, apples and bananas, cut all the fruit in small pieces, mix with the broken nut meats, put in lettuce nests, and put on top of each a spoonful of the dressing into which the whipped cream has been folded.

Oysters and Macaroni

In buttered baking dishes, put a layer of cooked macaroni. Cover with a layer of oysters which have been picked over, season well with salt and pepper and dots of butter. Cover with another layer of macaroni, then with buttered crumbs. Pour gently over it, enough milk to cover, and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour.

Timbales

To make timbales, one must have regular timbale irons, which cost about 75 cents, but last a life-time. The cases may be used as a first course, filled with fresh fruit, such as berries sprinkled with powdered sugar — for the main course, filled with creamed meat or fish, or with the vegetable, such as peas or creamed asparagus tips—or with fruit for dessert.

Flour 3/4 c Sugar 1 t
Salt 1/2 t Milk 1/2 c
Egg 1
Oil or butter 1 tb

Mix the dry ingredients, gradually add the egg, beaten slightly, and mix with the milk, then the melted butter or frying-oil. Beat well.

Heat the frying fat, such as lard, or crisco, etc., in a rather deep kettle. Let the iron rest in it till hot. Have the fat of the temperature for doughnuts, etc.

Remove the iron from the fat, shake off all the oil which will drop from it, and lower into the batter, which has been placed in a cup or small deep bowl, till the batter covers the iron to three-quarters of its depth. If the iron is of the right temperature, the batter will stick to it. Lower at once into the hot fat, cook till crisp and brown, when it can be easily slipped off the iron, to drain on brown paper.

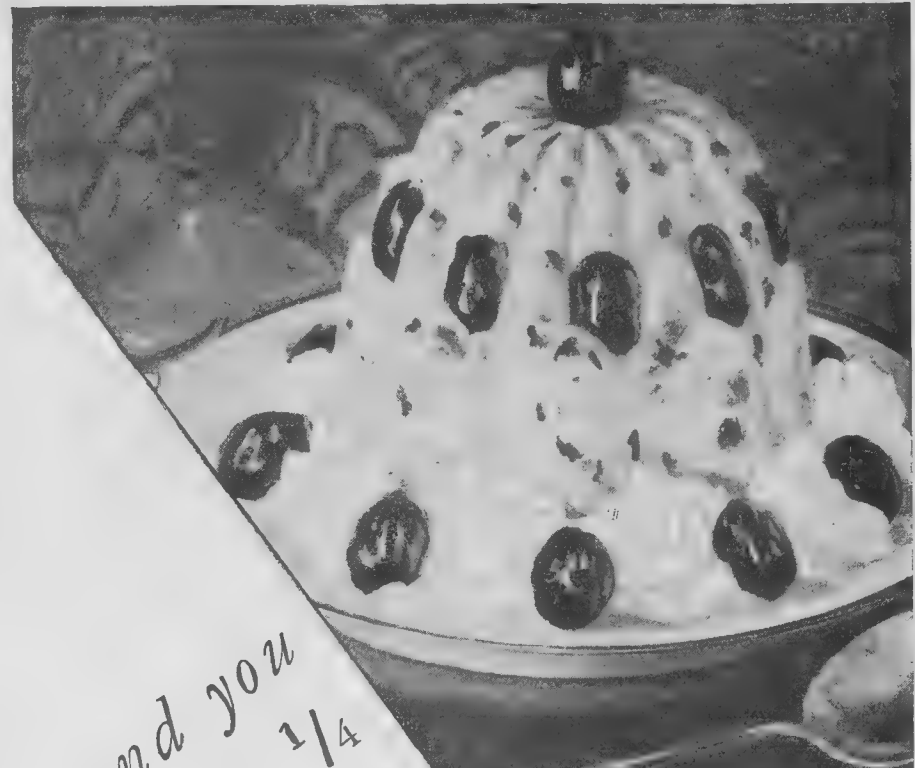
If the batter covers the iron to too great a depth, it will rise above the edge of the iron while cooking, and will be very difficult to remove. If the cases are soft and do not crisp, a little milk should be added to the batter, which is too thick. If the batter will not adhere to the iron, it is either too hot or too cool. The cases may be cooked very quickly, even though only one may be cooked at a time.

Chicken or Veal Mousse

Cold cooked chicken Onion
6 c Chicken stock 1 1/2 c
Gelatine 3 tb Thick cream 3 c
Celery salt Salt and pepper

Chop the chicken or cooked veal or cooked ham, till quite fine. Season the [Continued on page 76]

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PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

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1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine - 1/2 cup cold water - 1/4 cup sugar - 1/2 cup milk - 1/4 cup heavy cream - 1/2 cup figs - Salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve in scalded milk, and add sugar. Pour into a bowl, and stir constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add beaten egg whites, beaten with milk and sugar. Turn into a wet mold, and garnish with slices of cooked prunes, and cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla).

GOLDEN SALAD

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine - 1/4 cup cold water - 1 cup mild vinegar - 1/2 cup orange juice - 1/2 cup sugar - 1 1/2 cups cooked pineapple, cut in small pieces - 1 medium sized carrot (grated on a coarse grater) - Few grains salt.

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes. Dissolve in hot pineapple juice, and add sugar. When jelly begins to stiffen, add other ingredients. Turn into wet mold and place in bottom of mold. When nearly firm, place on it one tablespoonful of thick mayonnaise. When this is firm, fill mold with salad mixture.

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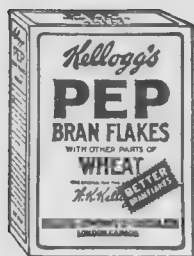
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chicken or other soup stock with a little grated onion, and heat to boiling point. Add the gelatine, and the meat, stir, season with salt, pepper and celery salt, and fold in the stiffly whipped cream. Mold in square or oblong molds, and to serve, cut in blocks, put on lettuce leaves and serve with a little salad dressing. This serves 50. If ham is the meat used, add a little made mustard for seasoning.

Cream of Tomato Soup

Heat milk over hot water. In a separate kettle heat canned tomato soup, to which a little water may be added. When required, add the hot tomato soup to the hot milk, and serve. More salt will be needed, but butter, thickening, etc., have already been put in the canned soup. Serve with crackers, buttered rolls, buttered white or brown bread. Nothing tastes much better after a sleigh ride, toboggan party, an evening at the rink, etc.

Baked Beans

If it is not advisable to have home baked beans, those which are canned are very good. They may be improved by being put in a pan, a little syrup or mild molasses stirred in, and slices of bacon laid on top. Put in a hot oven till well heated, and the bacon is cooked.

Croquettes

Croquettes made of chopped cooked meats, fish, chicken, or vegetables are good items for hot dishes, if they are heated in ovens, and can be served hot, but if to be fried in deep fat, they are not advisable, as it makes too much last-minute work, and the odor and smoke would be extremely unpleasant.

Cocktails and Fruit Cups

A fruit cup or cocktail is very desirable as the first course of a banquet, at all seasons of the year. As it is already on the table before the guests are seated, it is an important feature of the decoration. Being cold, it may be prepared some time in advance. While the cocktail is being eaten, an opportunity is afforded for putting the main course on the dinner plates.

Almost any combination of raw and canned fruits may be used. Small glass cups or sherbet glasses are used for serving. The fruits should be mixed long enough in advance for the flavors to mingle, and for sugar, if used, to dissolve.

1. Cubed orange, apple, and canned pineapple.

2. Cubed grapefruit, orange and chopped mint, with decorations of mint leaves, if they are to be had. Or a few peppermints may be dissolved in the juice, or a little essence of peppermint used as a flavor.

3. Canned pineapple, canned white cherries, and oranges.

4. Orange, pineapple and banana.

5. Pineapple, canned pears, and orange.

6. Small oranges, sliced, and arranged across a small plate with the slices overlapping.

7. One of the prettiest cocktails is made of cubes of watermelon, about half an inch in size, and decorated with a sprig of parsley or a mint leaf or two, to give the contrast of the green.

8. Small triangular slices of pineapple arranged around a mound of ripe strawberries with a little powdered sugar in which to dip them, the berries having the hulls left on and the pineapple with the rind on it, so that both may be eaten in the fingers.

9. Triangles of watermelon with two or three tiny balls of cheese on the side of the plate, to be eaten with a fork.

Desserts

The dessert for a money-making meal is usually the easiest part of it to prepare for. This portion of it is most apt to be donated, too. Sometimes it can all be bought, especially if it is ice-cream or doughnuts, for a very simple menu.

(Continued on Page 77)

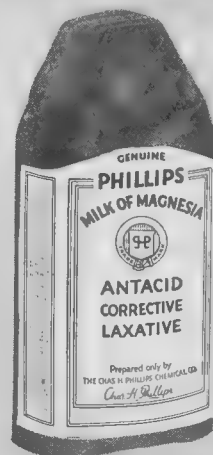


Perhaps Your Child needs Milk of Magnesia

A growing child's system is always less tolerant of an acid condition than is that of an adult.

In spite of all your care, a child's system will now and then become too acid. Rest and diet will correct it. But this takes time. The *instant* way is with an alkaline provided by Nature for the purpose. Milk of Magnesia! Make no mistake about the best form of magnesia. For fifty years physicians have prescribed Phillips Milk of Magnesia to correct the disorders caused by excess acid. In adults: sour stomach, nausea, heartburn, indigestion, gas. In children: bad breath, sour belching, frequent vomiting, colic, feverishness, and diarrhea.

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Better Cookery

But there are many other desserts which are quite as good as pie or ice-cream. There are shortcakes to be served at all seasons of the year, even when strawberries are not in season. Biscuits are made and kept as warm as may be, split and lightly buttered. The fruit is put on the lower half, the upper part of the biscuit replaced, a spoonful of the fruit put on top, and on it, a spoonful of whipped cream.

1. Fresh or canned strawberries.
2. Fresh or canned peaches.
3. Canned or stewed dried apricots.
4. Cubed oranges.
5. Fresh or canned blackberries or raspberries.
6. Bananas.

Generous slices of good, warm gingerbread, topped with a spoonful of whipped cream, will be appreciated.

Several varieties of cake, with suitable frostings or fillings, if cut in fairly large pieces, do not need any other accompaniment but tea or coffee.

1. Chocolate cake with boiled or marshmallow frosting.
2. Chocolate cake made in a flat pan—spread with a date filling, then a coating of boiled frosting, and finally a very thin coating of chocolate.

3. Angel cake on which is a spoonful of sweetened, whipped cream with fresh strawberries, mashed or shredded pineapple folded in it.

4. Whipped cream cake.

5. Cream puffs.

6. Boston cream pie. Bake light cakes in round, straight-sided pans, when cool, split into two layers, and put together with cream filling, with cream filling on top.

7. Pastry shells in individual tins, with a little jam or jelly, then a spoonful of cake batter, and baked.

8. Tarts of many kinds.

9. Steamed puddings, warm, with sauce.

There are the many desserts made with gelatine, such as the various Bavarian and Spanish creams, trifle, etc.

Marshmallow Cup

Cut marshmallows in pieces, mix with broken walnut meats, and fold in whipped cream. Serve in glasses, topped with a red cherry.

Lemon Delight

Make a stiff lemon jelly, and cut it in cubes. Cut marshmallows in pieces, mix with the jelly, and fold in whipped cream to bind it together.

Don't Play With a Cold

By Betty Barclay

COLDS are dangerous play-fellows. They are much better bed-fellows, for a good sweat between old-fashioned blankets will do wonders when a cold is caught in the bud.

A plain sweat, however, is by no means sufficient to rid the body of many colds that are too often treated with disdain—or at least, they are treated disdainfully until they gain an added foothold and then they are treated with very great respect indeed.

According to a medical authority who stands high in his profession, one of the most important things you can do—both to prevent and to correct colds or flu—is to take action against acidosis.

Acidosis merely means that the body is less alkaline than it should be. It is present with every common cold, and may even cause colds. It weakens the body's power to throw off germs, and it lowers resistance, so that when a cold gets started it often "hangs on" and gets worse instead of better.

Acidosis announces itself through such familiar symptoms as chronic tiredness, headaches, nervousness, sour stomach, sleeplessness and loss of appetite. Its most common cause is too much good but acid-forming food (meat, bread, eggs, fish and cereals,) and not enough alkaline-reaction food (fruits, vegetables and milk).

At the first sign of a cold, go home as quickly as possible. Take a hot bath and get into a warm bed at once. Then drink a full glass of hot lemonade. The sweat that follows will eliminate poisons.

In the morning, pour the juice of one lemon into a half glass of water. Stir in a half teaspoon of baking soda. Drink it while it effervesces. Repeat three times a day until all cold symptoms disappear. In addition, remember to see your doctor before a cold becomes serious. If your home remedy has not mastered the cold, it is one that should not be played with, and a skilled physician should be called immediately. Too many men and women have died years before their time because they trifled with what seemed to be nothing but a "little cold."

It may seem strange to say in one breath that colds and acidosis are bed-fellows, and then to suggest that lemon

juice be taken when the cold starts. It is strange, unless you realize that although lemons are often called acid fruit, they actually have a decided alkaline reaction when taken into the system. In this, they are in a class with oranges. The acid of the citrus fruits is by no means the acid that causes acidity or acidosis—and this is something that cannot be learned too early in life.

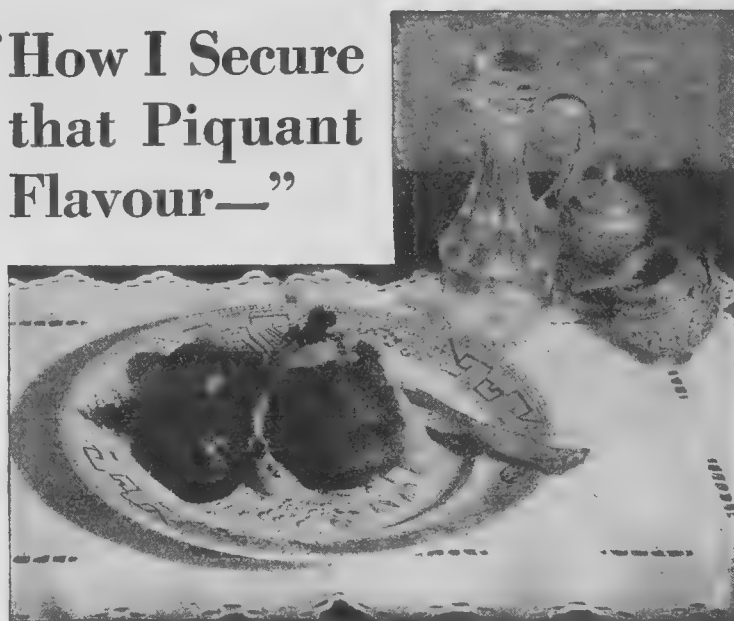
Going a step farther, if acidosis may cause colds would it not be easy to keep colds away by keeping the body alkaline. Many believe this to be true, and see to it that their tables are loaded with salads, fruit cups, light berry and fruit desserts and other dishes that call for fruits and berries. They see to it also that such vegetables as lettuce, string beans, green peas, cauliflower, celery, brussels sprouts, cabbage and chard are used regularly—raw as often as possible. These vegetables, like most fruits, berries and milk, are listed in the alkaline column, and in addition they are rich in minerals, salts and vitamins.

The table which boasts of one fruit cup, one salad, two green vegetables and a light fruit dessert each day, is likely to adorn the home where colds are rare and light in nature. The table that is loaded with meat, bread, fish and eggs, at the expense of the alkaline foods, is likely to belong to the home where colds are common. These acid-producing foods are good, needful and delicious, and only the faddist suggests eliminating them from the diet. They should be eaten in moderation. However, so that the alkaline foods that are purchased, will more than balance their acidity.

So give the kiddies as well as the grown-ups, a good glass of orange juice, or an orange on the half-shell, each morning. Use plenty of milk with the breakfast cereal. Sprinkle lemon juice liberally over the fish—and do not serve too large a helping of the fish itself. Serve at least two green vegetables daily. Serve a fruit cup, a salad, a light dessert and a glass of milk far more often than you do today.

Do these things and you may rest assured that your body will be alkaline, unless you gorge disgracefully on your heavy acid-producing foods.

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"You ask how I secure that piquant flavour to ordinary food", says a clever housekeeper. "It is quite simple—just a matter of their seasoning. My meat cakes, for instance—morsels of appetizing goodness, just because I season the chopped beef with salt, pepper, onion and a dash of Lea & Perrins', then wrap a strip of side bacon around each cake and broil them. Do try yours this way!"

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the Coffee "makes" the Breakfast

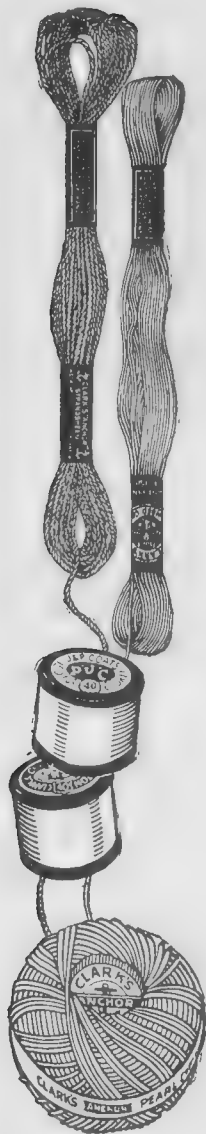
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EMBROIDERY is a fascinating occupation—a hobby that helps the purse. If you are not a skilled needle-woman you will be surprised to find how many lovely furnishings you can make yourself which will add character to your home; how a bit of unusual hand-work will transform a simple frock into a creation; what picture dresses you can have for the children; what distinctive gifts you can make for your friends.

Clark's Anchor Threads—usual retail prices, Pearl 15c. per ball, Stranded and Strandsheen, 3 skeins for 10c.—meet every embroidery need, are extremely durable and offer a very wide range of exquisite, lustrous colors. Proven absolutely fast by severe laboratory tests as well as by long and hard use, you should always insist on "Clark's"—they give you the satisfaction of knowing that your work will stand years of wear and washing. And you will find these threads easier to work—silkly smooth, they cover the pattern like magic. Clark's Anchor Pearl Cotton is made in 50 yd. and 75 yd. balls in 40 shades; the skeins of Stranded Cotton are 8 metres, a full 8-2/3 yds. long, have 6 strands and a range of 125 shades; the Strandsheen skein is 4 1/2 yds. long, its 4 strands are of artificial silk and there are 60 shades. Both the Stranded and Strandsheen skeins are of the convenient pull-out, non-tangle sort. You just hold the skein at the indicated band and pull and cut the required length from the other end.

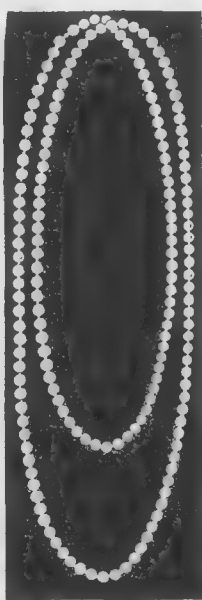


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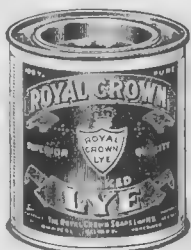
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Know Your Color—And Wear It

By Julia W. Wolfe

THIS is the age of color. We have learned that much that is beautiful in nature, in art, in dress, makes its appeal through color.

The choice of harmonious color scheme in clothing affects our mental and physical health and so our general happiness. Color has virtually the same effect on us as music; it makes us gay or grave; it invigorates or depresses us. Just as we are annoyed or disturbed by discords in music, so are we disturbed by discord in color. All color music must be based on the colors of the rainbow, which is our correct color chart. A particular color is like a particular note in music. It may be pleasing even by itself; but it is much more pleasing when it is combined with concordant colors, so to produce harmonious results, one color must be related in some way to the other color, or colors, when combined. For a brown gown, for example, following the basic principles taken from the rainbow, one color combination, would be with blue-violet, which is the compliment of brown; another would be orange-yellow, for brown is its tertiary shade.

The term tertiary means any degree of color value that lies between the original color and black, or between the original color and white. Thus the tertiary shade of red, for example, is any tone of pure red that has had black added to it in any degree; and its tertiary tint is any tone of pure red that has had white added to it.

If women would consider the basic rules of color harmony in selecting their costumes, they could accentuate the good points of their complexion and figure, and also overcome the flaws.

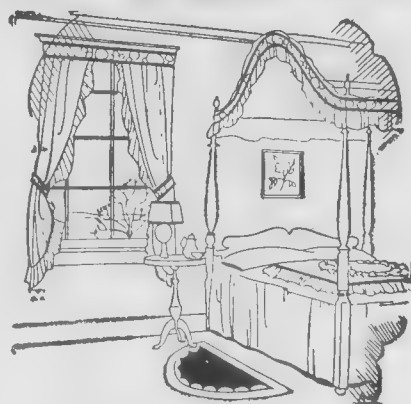
If you have good color in your cheeks, you are fortunate, for that generally means you have a clear complexion, and that in choosing color schemes for your clothes you need to consider only whether your costume harmonizes with your eyes and hair. If your skin be fair and color delicate, you may wear pink, flesh tones and blue; pink is your best color. Dark green would also be becoming.

If your complexion be dull, avoid red, pink and blue. You will look well in tints and shades of purple and yellow, that is, in cream, ivory, tan, brown, plum and lavender. If your skin is very dark, you will look well in olive, terra-cotta, red and citrine.

In choosing gowns you should also consider the color of your hair. If it be a pale gold shade, you must avoid bright colors. Use blues and purples to intensify the gold. Heliotrope, lavender, pale blue, mole, gray, blue and green will also be becoming. If you have reddish hair, you will look well in brown and purple. Greens and blues intensify the color of your hair; but tints and shades of purple and brown will make the hair appear darker. A purplish blue and a very dark green are good colors for you. If your hair be dark brown, you may choose your colors to suit your eyes and complexion, for the color of your hair, having all colors in its composition, is in harmony.

Whatever color you wear you will find a reflection in the color of your eyes if there be any color in them. Thus, if your eyes seem to be both gray and blue, they will seem wholly blue if you wear a blue gown, or wholly gray if you wear a gray gown. Brown-eyed people should choose according to their complexions and hair, remembering that brown and violet will intensify the color of their eyes. Hazel eyes look green when the gown is green, and brown when the rule for brown eyes and brown hair are followed.

Look to nature as a guide for the basic rules of color combination. Apply those rules to your clothes, your homes and handicrafts. Watch the sunset and study flowers. In sweet peas there is an infinite variety of color, but notice that the change from one color to another is always gradual; and whenever a bright color appears there is a quiet, neutral setting.



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Personal Accessories to the Family Wardrobe

6749—Fitted lines and a practical—reversible—closing are features of this practical house frock. The sleeves are comfortably short—and neatly finished with a turned-back cuff. A tiny vestee squares the V-neck—and a serviceable pocket trims the front at the right side. Cotton prints, gingham, linen or pongee may be used to develop this serviceable model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the frock for a medium size will require 4 yards of 35-inch material. For vestee, pocket and cuffs of contrasting material $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide is required cut crosswise. To finish with bias binding as pictured in the large view will require 5 yards $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. The width of the frock at the lower edge is $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

6764—Velveteen, tweed, flannel and sturdy wash fabrics are recommended for this pleasing model. The blouse is made with double-breasted fronts, and a broad collar. The sleeve may be in wrist length, with a regulation cuff, or short and very comfortable. The trousers show a new pocket arrangement and are made with a fly and side closing. This pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. To make the suit for a 4-year size will require $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 35-inch material. The blouse alone will require 1 yard of 35-inch material. The trousers alone will require $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 35 inches wide cut crosswise. $\frac{1}{4}$ yard is required for the pockets of muslin or lining, cut crosswise. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MANITOBA.

First Day of Spring

By Sarah Litsey

Today small dogs will chase their tails,
Bark at their shadows, snap at the wind.
Race with the first chance leaf that sails,
Feeling the sun where their fur has thinned.

And children will get their roller skates
And their skipping-ropes and their painted wagons,

Or set to swinging on rusty gates,
Forgetting old tales of giants and dragons.

But others will go with a dream in their eyes
And trudge a hill where the air is light

To fling from the top with shrill, brief cries
The colored magic of a kite.



In its idle hours the modern Singer Electric, shown above, is a piece of fine furniture for any room. At right you see it open and ready for use.



Planning New Draperies?

With this new book and a SINGER Electric it will be a delight to make them

HERE, ready to help you, is an entirely new book, brimful of the very things you want to know. "How to Make Draperies" tells in illustrated detail how to measure your windows; how to determine exactly the amount of material to buy; how much fullness to provide; how to allow for hems and casings; how to measure for valances, bandings and ruffles. It tells how to make snugly covered cordings, straight, smart-looking pipings, ruffles with jaunty headings; how to do all the little tricks of the professional worker.

With this book to guide you and a modern Singer Electric in your home you can decorate your own windows—make your own fabric furnishings—draperies, curtains, slip covers—with completely successful results. You can choose the colors you like best, have fabrics that are exactly right for your rooms—all at a cost unbelievably small. In decorating three or four rooms you can

in a single season save enough by making your own fabric furnishings to pay completely for a Singer Electric. And then you have your machine for a lifetime, to make as many charming furnishings as you wish, and all the beautiful clothes you long to have each season.

Why not decide now to get a modern Singer Electric, enjoy its use in the making of your clothes and your draperies this Spring, and let it pay for itself out of the savings? You can turn in your old machine for a good allowance and take care of the balance a little each month. Any Singer Shop or Representative will send a Singer Electric to your home to try on your own sewing on the Self Demonstration Plan. Telephone or call at the nearest Singer shop.

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The Army Stands a Life On Its Head —and the Result

YOU might envy a man who makes his living just by writing things on a typewriter, but there's a lot about his job that isn't so good.

So we were told at any rate by Mr. Solon S. Bloom of 3503 Woodbrook Avenue, Baltimore, Md., whose health began to give way because his work kept him bowed over his desk and gave him no bodily exercise.

"I decided to get away to a military training camp," says Mr. Bloom, "thinking the rough and tumble with the army would do me good for a month. I asked the doctor what to do about my condition."

What the Doctor Said

"I've seen men, I've known men," he said. "I know what they eat, drink, and how they live. I know all the ways men try to keep themselves regular—and the two that go best together are men and Nujol. Many strong laxatives take the moisture out of the stomach and intestines; both may be harmful and may become habitual. Nujol gets into the system in the best way, soothes and heals the membranes and expels bodily poisons normally, naturally, easily, so that you are regular as clockwork."

That was what Mr. Bloom learned



He Left a Good Job to Learn How to Live

when he left his typewriter and went into the army, and you can learn the same thing if you are like most other people.

Remember Nujol is not a medicine, for it contains no drugs of any kind. It is simply bodily lubrication that everybody needs.

You can get a bottle of Nujol at any good drug store, in a sealed package. It costs only a few cents, and it makes you feel like a million dollars. If you will start today and try it for two weeks you will agree with Mr. Bloom's discovery that Nujol is the easy normal way to keep well and make a success out of your life. You will be astonished at the results!

The Castle That Came Alive

Continued from page 11

and whose origin is also an ethnological puzzle to scientists. In contrast to these tombs there is in one of the upper rooms of the castle a reconstruction of a Basque mortuary. This consisted of a brick box some four feet high and six long. Across the top was laid a series of iron bars set in the brick-work. Upon this the corpse was laid and left. In time the bones all fell through. Then when another member of the family owning the tomb died, the body was in turn laid upon the grating to presently mingle his or her bones with those below. This form is very unusual. Near to the Basque tomb is a model of a cemetery from the village of Luz near to Lourdes. This model is a perfect reproduction of the cemetery where exist ancient circular gravestones the writing upon which is unknown to the modern inhabitants. The customs of the country do not permit gates on cemeteries, so that a grating of bars is at the entrance to keep out cattle and other large animals. The Museum is particularly notable for its models. In the great court before the tower are lined a row of houses showing the different types of farm dwellings in the Basque and Bearnese country. These are exquisitely wrought and marvels of accuracy, even the imitation hay in the barn being made to scale. These present valuable data to students of architecture and gives the ordinary visitor an idea of the dwellings in days gone by. Each and all deserve describing, but space forbids. Perhaps the finest example of the work in models which was personally done by the curator and Madame Bonidier, is the exact reproduction of one of the few remaining fortified churches, that at Luz, a little village nearby. Standing as it did on the pathway of both Saracen and Spanish invaders, all the population of the village from time to time took refuge in the church. It was surrounded by a wall pierced with loopholes, and at the top of the tower was a protected place from which to throw down missiles. Such a collection of models is invaluable to tourists who have only a limited time to spend as they can see all the representative things of the surrounding country by a visit to this one place.

IN THE lower part of the tower is well preserved a gruesome relic of the early days, the cell of solitary confinement. The room is only a few feet square and dark. Sealed in the walls are heavy iron anklets and handcuffs. Here a prisoner was practically hung against the wall. The torture of such a position could only end in madness if the victim was kept there any length of time.

Among the accumulation of historical things perhaps the strangest to come upon is a bicycle, very much in structure like those of today, except the wheels were wooden. It dates as far back as 1860. One learns with surprise that away in some lonely Pyrenean village a local mechanic invented a machine even before they made their appearance in America. Here, too, is seen a wooden baby-chair on wooden wheels. The child fitted into the round aperture in the middle. This also is an ancient invention of the region which closely resembles the chairs used for children when starting to walk, that are sold today.

Today, after only eight years of existence the score of rooms of the fortress are filled with interesting objects acquired by donation or purchase. And all this from an original capital of twelve dollars. In 1929 a total of 50,000 people climbed the difficult stairway to view this relic of the past and all it contains. There is now under course of construction an elevator to carry visitors to the castle from the street far below.

This, in brief, is the story of "a castle that came alive," the only museum in the world to be brought into existence through the co-operation of an automobile club with a lover of the region whose original ideas and initiative placed on a paying basis the white elephant of the town of Lourdes, and the earnings of which are entirely devoted to adding to the store of objects relating to the region.

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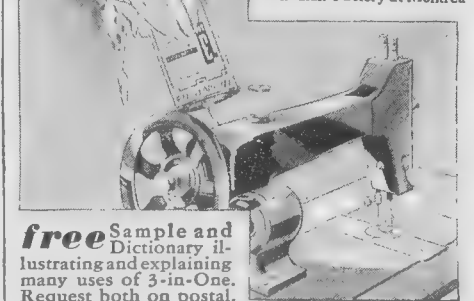
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SLOAN'S Liniment

Broncho-Viki

Continued from page 9

yelled an' Serge jumped back so that the knife only slit his coat but his little red-brown eyes shot fire an' he laid back his ears an' bristled his whiskers. He hauled off with his fist to the side o' Feodor's head an' sent him rollin' down the stone steps. Before he could get up Serge was bangin' him in the ribs with his boot an' Nick was tryin' to get in a kick also. They was both bigger than Feodor yet nobody made a move to stop 'em an' old Iron-beak was wavin' his long cane an' tellin' 'em to kill him.

"That was too much for me. Feodor was right at my feet so I reached over him an' felt with my fist in Serge's whiskers. There was a good, hard chin in there all right an' he took the wallop like a man an' come for more. Nick an' Iron-bill give their attention to me also. But out o' the corner o' my eye, I saw Sonia flop down an' throw her arms around Feodor.

"I wish to remark that things was lively for the next few minutes. I knocked Serge down an' Nick on top o' him but old Iron-beak fetched me a clout with his stick while I wasn't lookin'. The sako saved my skull but I saw stars. It ain't my idea o' sport to hit a man old enough to be my dad so I took the cane away from him an' shoved him back into the crowd, which was gettin' powerful noisy. I piled Serge an' Nick once more an' then dragged Sonia an' Feodor back against the wall o' the chapel. Knives began to come out an' I rapped some knuckles an' got a-hold of one o' them. The crowd come like hornets but I stood 'em off till Nick drew a pistol. I ducked an' made for him just as he shot so he missed me. Rememberin' to aim just below the edge of his sako, I put him out o' business. Also my shillalah.

"The whole mob lunged forward now. I swung one arm around Sonia an' one around Feodor, who was on his feet, but groggy, an' swept 'em across the few yards to where Jinny was tied. I slapped Feodor onto her back an' Sonia behind him, slashed the halter-rope an' walloped Jinny on the rump, headin' her up the path through the brush that led to the fort. Then I threw away the knife an' went at the crowd with both fists.

"There's no accountin' for the ways of a mule, especially a heathen one. I expected Jinny to buck or to strike out through the brush hell-for-leather. Instead, she went up that path like a scared rabbit. When I'd knocked down half a dozen more Bolsheviks, I took after her.

"THE fort was cut right into the granite o' the hill-top. Behind the big gun emplacements was the mouth of a tunnel an' down it we went like so many picket-pin gophers. Sonia took the lead, knowin' the layout for old Iron-beak was the watchman. Feodor tugged on Jinny's halter an' I took my life in my hands an' prodded her along from behind. It was dark as a wolf's mouth but the tunnel led us at last to a big high room where our voices an' foot-falls echoed.

"There was some old bunks here an' by matchlight we tied Jinny an' got ourselves each a piece o' scantlin'. I sneaked back up the tunnel we'd come down an' Feodor went on to watch the mouth of another that led in from the other side o' the hill.

"I stayed back where it was dark for I heard Bolshies just outside. I got enough of their jabber to know it was the 'Canusky soldat' in particular they was after. If I got back to my outfit, there'd be Old Scratch for them to pay. But Sonia must be found for Serge an' Feodor disposed of. Feodor was 'bourge-wah,' anyway.

"They were all sure that we were in the tunnel an' each was sure the other fellow should go first to find out. Finally I heard the whole squad a-comin'. I let 'em come. Then I gave a whoop calculated to stampe a herd o' cattle. It sounded big, I tell you, in that concrete-lined tunnel with the high room

behind me to make an echo. An' down there in the bowels o' the earth, answerin' me, Jinny began to bray. Lord help us, what a sound! Honest, Steve, the scare it gave me helped a lot in the lunge I made into those Bolsheviks, who were already turnin' to run.

"My club was too long to swing in the low tunnel but I sure used it for a prod. Two Bolshies went down an' I tripped an' sprawled all over 'em. They fought like roped panthers. One of 'em bit a chunk out of my wrist an' the other slashed my arm. I'd be right there in the bottom o' that cave yet, restin' in peace—or in pieces—if someone hadn't come runnin' up the tunnel with a little candle lantern an' biffed first one an' then the other o' my Bolshies on the head. It quieted 'em both, an' kick me if it wasn't Sonia had done it!

"She was all a-flutter to know if I hurt. Blowin' as I was from the scrap. I held my breath when she touched me. But I wouldn't play baby before a little girl like her an' say I'd got a scratch or two. I dragged the beeves to the door o' the tunnel an' pitched 'em out, shakin' my fist at the rest o' the gang that hadn't stopped runnin' till they was beyond the gun emplacements. One of our stunned heroes was Serge. If he only knew, when he come around, that it was Sonia that had already proved so good with her rollin' pin, I wondered if he'd be so keen to go ahead with his nuptials.

"The enemy didn't attack again but we caught a glimpse now an' then of a rifle muzzle beyond the parapet before each entrance to our badger-den. Then it got dark. Gosh, it was cold in that old cave! Feodor wanted to try sneakin' out. I was ready, too. Rather than stay holed up like coyotes waitin' to be smoked out, I'd take a chance on the Muscovy marksmanship. But Sonia declared it would be sure death.

"Wait," she said. "Maybe Canusky soldat come look for you." So we waited. "By mornin' I wasn't feelin' so very skookum. The cut on my arm had bled a lot, though, I'd managed to keep it from showin'. An' wasn't I thirsty! My mouth tasted like it was lined with corroded copper. Sonia looked at me in the light of her candle lantern an' asked again if I hadn't been hurt. I said I was just hungry. She looked gaunt-eyed herself, but all the more pretty.

"It was so quiet outside I put my sako on a stick an' let it peek out the door. 'Whang!' an' a slug like a nail-keg from one o' those old 1889 muskets drilled the thing an' stung me with bits of concrete from the side o' the tunnel. Food for reflection, anyhow.

"By night I was hot an' flighty an' chokin' of thirst. I'd have had gone out to thrash a train-load of Bolsheviks if Sonia had let me. When it got dark that time, it stayed dark. How long?—I've no idea.

"I remember ridin' bronchos on the deck of a rollin' troop-ship an' chasin' Bolshies 'round an' 'round the Medicine Hat stampe arena an' dancin' the Highland Schottische with Spreddie an' teachin' Jinny to 'form fours.' Then I was a cave-man an' got clawed by a saber-tooth tiger an' then I woke up an' Sonia was bathin' my arm. We were in a Russian shanty in Second River, which meant that sometime or other I'd ridden ten miles on Jinny with Sonia keepin' me from fallin' off.

"As often as she'd let me have water, I drank an' drank an' drank. By an' by, all the fever left me. When they gave me somethin' to eat, I felt pretty strong again.

"Sonia told me the whole Canusky Army had come up Semionoff Hill in extended order the day I was coo-coo. Our Bolsheviks had faded at the sight of 'em but she an' Feodor couldn't get me away without bein' seen. So they had kept quiet down in the middle o' the hill, fearin' the consequences o' bein' found with a wounded Canadian. Feodor had

[Continued on page 98]

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Shadowland

Continued from page 20

and this "but" is the important figure in the plot—but she has such a gift of gab and such a flair for making up plans that she just about puts the whole enterprise on the bad. She is, in fact, a modern "Mrs. Malaprop," only more so, and, if anything, funnier for she mixes more than words or metaphors. However, the gods of fortune are with her and all turns out well in the end, everything she has said or done contributing in some way to the success of her fiancé's business and social schemes.

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So Long Letty

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, the famous musical comedy star whose long, agile and graceful legs are a big part of her comedy stock in trade, has taken her first talkie flier, and has chosen for it "So Long Letty," the sparkling musical show in which she first caught New York years ago.

To one who had the pleasure of seeing Charlotte during that first regular production of this comedy and who has seen her in the talkie version it would seem that she has actually made the clock stand still. She is the same bright, pleasing-looking blonde of yore and youth is evident in her face, voice, manner—but above all in the famous legs. Charlotte can do the most unexpected and marvellous things with those legs. She, more than any comedienne I can recall of the regular stage, has the true tomboy spirit and ability. She can and does dominate the performance with her buoyancy and spontaneous fun. In fact, she romps through the film most joyously.

The story concerns several couples who are not satisfied with their home lives and feel that they have been woefully mismatched. At the suggestion of the husbands they agree to change mates for a week—the suggestion is welcomed by all concerned but the experiment is a failure and the old order is gladly restored after an exceedingly brief period.

Miss Greenwood is the whole show, but you will not be sorry you have seen her in "So Long Letty."

Some films reviewed in previous issues:

"Disraeli"—Superb acting by George Arliss in the title role.

"Hallelujah"—A very fine picture done by an all-negro cast. Interesting for adults.

"The Virginian"—Gary Cooper in a good talking version of Owen Wister's classic story of the old west.

"Young Nowheres"—Richard Barthelmess in a story of young love.

"The Greene Murder Case"—A real thriller.

"Bulldog Drummond"—Another thriller.

"Applause"—Exceptionally fine directing.

"The Love Parade"—Chevalier, pet of the Parisian music halls, is charming in sophisticated comedy.

"Three Live Ghosts"—Excellent comedy.

"Untamed"—Far-fetched and artificial.

"The Trespasser"—Old-fashioned plot but good acting by Gloria Swanson.

"Rio Rita"—Bebe Daniels is very clever in this picture.

"The Forward Pass"—Better than most college pictures.

"The Taming of the Shrew"—Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and William Shakespeare collaborate with very pleasing results.

Jerome Carver

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"Talking Signs"

Continued from page 17

No—Extended right hand held horizontally, back up, in front of body; sweep hand in curve up and over to right, stopping with palm up.

Go—Hold extended right hand, back to right, before body, pointing front and slightly downward; plunge to front and finish with hand pointing slightly upward.

Come—Hold right hand, back out, index pointing up, well out before body; sweep toward face.

Give—Hold right hand, back to right, fingers extended and pointing front and upward, before right shoulder; move hand front and down.

Take—Hold right hand, back up, index extended, well out in front of body; draw briskly in, at same time curving and almost closing finger.

Die—Hold flat left hand, back to left, before left shoulder; shoot right index finger down and outward below it (going under).

Strike—Hold extended left hand, palm up, well out in front of left breast; with lower edge of extended right hand, strike sharply down into palm of left.

Fight—Hold partly closed hands, palms facing, a few inches apart, pointing up; move in and out in opposite directions several times.

Work—Hold flat hands in front of body, edges down, a few inches apart, right slightly higher than and behind left; raise and lower by wrist action, indicating work.

With—Lay index finger of right hand against palm of flat left.

Help—Make signs for **Work** and **With**.

End, Finish—Hold both flat hands vertically out before body, right highest; strike downward with right fingers past ends of left (cutting off).

Walk—Flat open hands are moved alternately out, down and back, as the feet in walking. For an animal, the hands are closed (paws).

Big—Hold flat hands, palms facing, a few inches apart, in front of body; move horizontally until separated some distance.

Small—Hold right hand with tip of index finger just showing beyond point of thumb before right shoulder.

Trail—Making sign for **Walk**, point at ground.

Possession—Hold closed right fist under chin with thumb near neck; by wrist action throw hand round and slightly downward so that thumb points to front.

Blanket—Hold closed hands near shoulders on either side of chin; move toward each other so that wrists are crossed.

Dear—Hold partially closed hands, facing front, alongside ears.

Deer—Hold flat hands, fingers spread, on either side of head to represent antlers.

Buffalo, Cattle—Hold both crooked index fingers at sides of head above ears; move forward slightly (the buffalo's horns).

Hard—Hold flat left hand, back out, before left breast; strike sharply with closed right fist several times.

Soft—Make signs for **Hard**, then **No**.

Fire—Hold partly closed right hand close to ground in front of body; raise hand slightly and snap fingers upward and repeat.

Grow—With right hand close to ground, index finger pointing up, raise hand in series of short jerks.

Trees—Hold extended flat hands pointing up on either side and little higher than face.

Leaf—Make sign for **Trees**, then with curved right thumb and index finger make wavy motion like leaf fluttering in wind.

Spring—Bend over with fingers spread, pointing up, until backs of hands almost touch ground; sweep hands apart to right and left horizontally (short grass).

Summer—Without bending, follow same movements as in foregoing, so that hands sweep to right and left about waistline (long grass).

Autumn—Make sign of **Trees**, followed by that for **Leaf**; hold latter, dropping hand with fluttering motion down and to right (falling leaves).

Winter—Place closed fists close to breasts; shake as in shivering from cold.

Rain—Hold closed hands, facing out, before body, height of head; raise slightly, turn over while opening hands so that fingers point downward, spread.

Snow—Open hands, pointing downward, moved with swirling movement toward ground.

Day—Hold both flat hands, backs up, horizontal, few inches apart, pointing to front; sweep upward, outward and downward apart in curve, ending with palms up.

Night—Hold flat hands in same position as in **Day** but with right little higher than left; move toward each other so that wrists cross with right above (covering up).

Sun—Raise right hand, thumb and index forming incomplete circle, above head to right.

Moon—Make sign for **Night**; then raise right hand, index finger and thumb extended in form of arc, pointing up (the crescent moon).

Star—Make sign for **Night**; then with back of index finger pressing against thumb, raise closed right hand over head and snap index up several times as in **Talk**.

Milky Way (Dead Man's or Spirit Road)—Make signs for **Die** and **Trail**, then sweep right hand high above head in curve parallel with the luminous pathway.

The above, which include some of the most beautiful signs, as **Day, Night, Sun, Moon, Star, Rain** and the **Seasons**, as will be observed cover only a fraction of the total number in the language.

THE North American Indian has made notable contributions to what the civilized world has named the arts, in painting, pottery, weaving, carving and manufactures of various sorts, and not the least of these contributions is the sign language, for that it is an art no one will dispute. And it is too important and valuable an acquirement to be lost, as some other additions the Indian has made to the arts have been, an outstanding instance being the tempering of copper, a secret no white man has ever succeeded in discovering and which the Indian himself has now lost. Devoted individuals have given their lives, with little promise of pecuniary gain and for the most part too little appreciation from the civilization they would enrich, to the study, collection and preservation of the artistic legacies to mankind of the Indian.

The sign language is no longer what it was a half-century ago. Among the younger generations, learning the white man's road and language, there are few Indians who know anything of signs, and the older men who once used the language in everyday intercourse and who will always use it because of their pride in it as a racial inheritance, are rapidly taking the Dead Man's Trail, the Milky Way of a more sophisticated people.

But as has been said, this poetry of gesture is too fine a gift to be allowed to perish and happily this misfortune may be averted. There are still a few white men adept in its practice and lately active in promoting some general knowledge of its virtues, with the result that it has been officially adopted by the Boy Scouts in the United States. In view of its utility and the natural pride which skill in the mastery of so graceful an instrument of expression may well arouse, it is unlikely that their interest in it will lag. So that, while its originator may forget it, the sign language may yet be cultivated and kept alive by the white man who has supplanted him.

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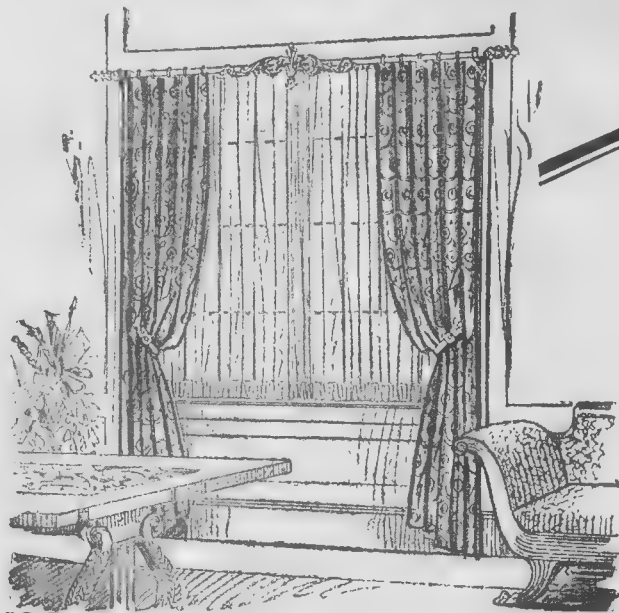


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Beautiful Gold

Continued from page 7

throw out her arms to save herself from falling. In one bound he was across the room. He caught her. Her head drooped heavily against his breast. Her eyes were closed; her cheeks pure ivory, with not a touch of color.

"A doctor—quick!"

Stepping as cautiously as though he carried the most fragile china, Wing laid his wife's slight form on the living room davenport. Then he tore downstairs to telephone the doctor from a neighbor's suite. Beautiful Gold's eyes were still closed when the physician arrived. After a brief examination, he turned to Wing.

"Send some woman here, please, and leave us for a little while. She'll come to soon, but she looks very frail, and in her condition—"

The words rang confusedly in Wing's ears. They took on a new and terrible meaning when the physician explained later that the girl had little reserve strength. With the utmost care, good, nourishing food and very little exertion—she would no doubt pull through. "But she needs care," he added frankly.

Wing was out a good deal the next few weeks, leaving his wife in the care of women friends. He had tactfully suggested asking his mother to call, but though Beautiful Gold did not refuse, her face clouded, and he said no more. He was unusually talkative, these days, and very restless, but to all questions he answered, "Wait! I may have a surprise for you before long."

It was several weeks later, however, that following the doctor downstairs for a private talk, he returned slowly to the flat, and sat by the couch where Beautiful Gold lay.

"The doctor advises that you go into hospital, little flower. Do not look so frightened! You will have a private ward, with a nurse to look after you—"

She tried to sit up, but fell back upon her pillows. "Your mother would say you talk like a child, and she would be right! How can we afford a private ward?"

"I have a position, little flower. A good position. I signed - - I accepted it today. So good a position," he went on rapidly, "That I will buy a home for you and for our child. Is that not good news?"

She whispered, "Will they keep you, Wing? Are you sure?"

"I am sure," he answered gravely. "I have been to the real estate agent to sign a lease on that pretty bungalow we have so often admired. And see," he cut the string round a parcel he carried. From the wrapping he drew a pair of tiny, high-heeled satin slippers, embroidered in gold. "My first gift for many days."

"Gifts!" Her dark eyes, very big in the little face, smiled up at him. "Have I not the best gift of all—your love?"

Anxious weeks followed, though all fear was kept carefully from Beautiful Gold. She declared she might be a queen, so much attention was shown her. A cheerful ward; a bright young nurse; her husband calling every evening, his flowers filling the room with color and fragrance.

"It seems to good to be true," she murmured. "And yet sometimes—is it my fancy?—you look sad, Wing."

"It is your fancy, little flower. Let nothing disturb you. Rest, for my sake—and for another's."

At last there came an evening when Wing presented himself at his parents' home. His eyes were heavily circled, as though he had not slept all night. Ho San put down his pipe. The piece of embroidery Madam Ho was working on fell to the floor.

"Beautiful Gold has given me a child," he said. "They did not think they could save her, but God is good. She will live—and my daughter."

"A girl!" His parents murmured congratulations, but Wing knew that both were disappointed in the sex of the child.

"Hi-lo, (yes) a little daughter. They say she is like me. But now I must tell you my news. As soon as I have settled Beautiful Gold in the home I have bought [Continued on Page 85]

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Beautiful Gold

Continued from page 84

for her, I am going away." "Going away! The home you have bought—what is this talk?"

"Father, I had to have money, or let my wife die. Here, every door was shut against me. I have signed a contract with the John Morrisson Company to go to Brazil for three years with one of their parties."

His mother gave a little gasp. "Hi-ai! So far away. And for three years!"

"It was the only way. They have given me a generous advance on my salary. I shall be able to keep my wife and child in comfort. It was well I specialized in civil engineering at the University."

Ho San picked up his pipe, but did not carry it to his mouth. "They work in the interior, do they not, taking out dyewood and rosewood?"

"There are fevers in those countries!" Wing's mother cried. "Your—!"

"Your work will take you into the jungle." Ho San's voice had lost some of its usual calm. "I know something of the conditions you will face—they are bad."

"You are risking your health—your life, perhaps!" Madam Ho cried.

"Could I let Beautiful Gold die? Now, I shall leave her in a fine home."

"Where is it? How much have you paid for it?" It was the business man speaking. Wing's mother was weeping. "Hi-ia! Would it not have been better to do as we wished?"

Wing answered his father's questions; Then he turned to his mother. "Dear mother," he said gently. "You think one way; Beautiful Gold, another. It is better that you live apart. But I have come to ask you to be kind to her while I am away."

"Have you quite decided to go? Does she know about it?"

"I have signed a contract and have taken money. She does not know yet. She is too weak to stand the shock. I will tell her the day I take her to our new home. We will have two days together, then I leave with my party."

"It is fitting," Ho San decided majestically, "that we escort our daughter-in-law from the hospital to her home. Tell us the day she is to leave. We shall be there, your mother and I."

Wing stifled a sigh as he gave the information. Hide-bound customs; ceremony, when all he had come to ask was love for his wife and baby daughter!

"It is very kind of your parents to come for us." Beautiful Gold said loyally, though Wing knew she would rather have gone home alone with him.

"It is kind of them," she repeated, the morning that had been set for her to leave hospital. "We have so much, Wing! Our little daughter—!" She pressed the tiny, black-eyed babe to her breast. "Is she not beautiful?—Our home; your good position. And yet—And yet I feel sad sometimes, I cannot tell why. Am I not an ungrateful wife; and ungrateful mother?"

Wing bent over as she sat in a low chair, crooning to the baby. "Life is not always easy, little flower."

She looked up quickly. "Are you keeping something from me?"

"There is something I must tell you,

but not now, later when we are in our own home. I hear footsteps in the hall. That must be my parents."

Ho San and his wife made their appearance. They kissed Beautiful Gold and the baby. Madam Ho held out her arms and Beautiful Gold laid the tiny, white-swathed bundle into them.

"Love us, mother," she whispered. "Forgive me if I have hurt you in the past. When one becomes a mother, one understands much that was hidden before."

"We will not speak of forgiveness." Madam Ho was gazing into the sleeping babe's face. "Yes, she is very like Wing. Hi-lo! the same shaped face; the same mouth. We have gifts for you, Beautiful Gold, and for the child. We will present them later."

The taxi swung into a broad avenue. It stopped before a pretty stucco bungalow. Wing stared. The brightly blooming window boxes were new to him. On the wide verandah he saw a wicker table and several chairs. At the far end was a handsome baby carriage, a rich coverlet folded up at its foot.

The door was flung wide, - - an elderly cousin of Madam Ho's, appeared on the threshold. "Welcome to your home. Wing and Beautiful Gold," she said, standing aside for them to enter.

Wing gazed around him, trying to make sense of what he saw. They had passed from the hall into a sitting room. His feet sank into a deep-piled rug of mosaic coloring. There were silk hangings in this room of wonders; easy chairs; lovely pictures on the wall. An open piano stood in one corner, and—most amazing of all!—many of Beautiful Gold's wedding gifts were scattered about the room. Embroidered squares, carved boxes; some of the jewelry she had sold.

Ho San spoke. "I have paid the money back to your employers. Your old position at the store awaits you."

Wing breathed heavily. "On what terms, father?"

The old man's gesture of surrender was full of dignity.

"None. You have conquered. Come, how do you like the furniture I have chosen for you?" He evidently wished to escape the emotion his words must arouse. With unusual garrulity he went into details. I paid \$800.00 for that piano. They tell me it has a beautiful tone. Do you not like the chandelier? And that Chesterfield set? Your mother purchased Beautiful Gold's wedding gifts back for her.

Still Wing could not speak. He stood with bowed head, choking on words he could not articulate.

Beautiful Gold, the baby in her arms, went up to her mother-in-law.

"All my life I will love and honor you both," she said. Forgive me, mother-forgive Wing—for holding out against you!"

The old woman kissed her. Her hand caressed the baby's soft cheek. "Perhaps—we are strangely made, we women!—I would not have forgiven my son had he yielded. Come, Wing."

As he stood before her, by the side of his wife and the sleeping child, she too made a gesture of surrender. "Youth," she murmured. "Beautiful youth!"

Watching it Come

There's an outdoor sport for you that never palls—watching the coming of spring. However uncomfortable the weather may be, there is always something to draw the eyes out toward the open. After one of those early rains the grass on the lawn becomes perceptibly greener. The elm tree one day appears in bloom, glowing redly against the blue sky. Then the red maples follow with their bright little flowers, and the elm bursts into delicate leaf, light green and silvery. The pussy-willows wax fat and fluffy, and long catkins hang from the poplars and aspens.

eaves grow daily larger on the lilac bushes and healthy-looking rosettes push up their heads through the mulch of the perennial border. Then at last the crab-apple tree nearest the house is in leaf, and knobby, dark purple blossoms appear on the ash tree at the corner by the bridge.

At night the hylas or spring peepers, the first vocal creatures of the year, lift their shrill voices in a choral contest, and the night air is filled with the pipes o' Pan. In a week or two the trilling frogs join the chorus.—Walter A. Dyer, in "Chronicles of A Countryman."



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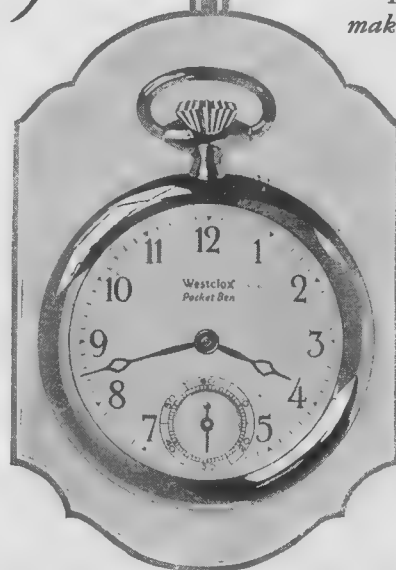
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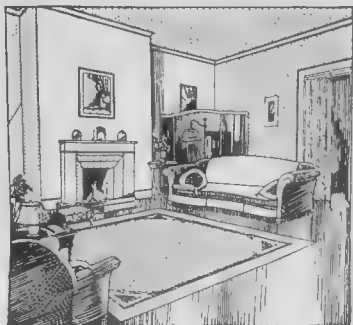
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Once Our Enemy! Now Our Greatest Exponent of Empire

Continued from page 32

anywhere he moves as a master. In war time few generals were so uniformly brilliant, and, as a negotiator of peace few statesmen saw with a vision so unclouded by bitterness, or were so devoted to the high cause of getting humanity again on the march; and, through the establishment of the League of Nations, to turn it aside forever, from the arbitrament of war!"

But this man, serving in the League of Nations, and in all countries where-ever he travels, as a Messenger of Peace, does not forget the glory of war, the only glory that of self-appointed sacrifice. He gives the best of his brain and heart that these things need not come about again, yet he says of the Roll of Honor of Toronto University which he has seen: "O my brothers! Of the many distinctions of this University, I do not know where you will find a greater one. There are many treasured heirlooms of the human race, but among all our great possessions, we value, above everything else in the world, honor and sacrifice. A nation does not consist of population. Numbers do not necessarily make a nation, great. You may have the body and miss the soul. You want the soul of the people; and, in the young nations which are growing up around the world, and which are destined to play an outstanding part in human affairs, oh we must see that there is that foundation; a wedding of the spiritual with the material attainments.

"Your honored dead have helped you, more than anything in your history, to give substance to your ideals, and to give soul to your body. We want traditions, we want memories rooted in our very existence, that will relieve us from sordidness, lift us out of ourselves, and make us more than men!"

General Smuts spoke earnestly of the need for those qualities in peace which had brought glory in war—honor and sacrifice. He spoke of the young people of today who will be the leaders of our

nation tomorrow. "For this leadership, you will have to train your young men and women to be not merely intellectually distinguished, but who will have that personality, that sense of human guidance, and those qualities of wisdom which will direct this nation in its march toward the future."

"The future?" What is it to be? Will the British Empire set an example not only of loyalty within "the family," but of brotherhood within the world?

Oh yes—it is good that enmities should be forgotten, but that does not repay the price in lives paid for that enmity long ago. Mingled with the cheers which greeted that great and good man, General Smuts, I seemed to hear the cheering of other days—as young soldiers, marched away to their killing and being killed in South Africa. The tramp of young feet in army boot, the cheers of the crowd; soldiers—and children marching beside them—singing together: "We'll hang old Kruger to a sour apple tree!"

The rights and wrongs of that past war, we have forgotten. They don't matter now, but we can hardly doubt that a League of Nations Conference could have settled the dispute, with such men as Smuts to meet the British leaders.

They showed to the General, the beautiful monument in Toronto, erected in honor of those who fell in South Africa. Did he see it, I wonder, as a symbol of men flying at each other's throats?—fellow-men who, had they known each other, would have found fellowship between them? Or did he see it as just another example of the world's need that his ideal League of Nations should be realized? Can we doubt that this man (whose very name we hated with the war-hate not so many years ago, and whom now we honor ourselves by honoring), wondered if we Canadian within the Empire realize the tragedy and the absurdity of it all?



THE MELROSE HARMONY TRIO, POPULAR RADIO ARTISTES

This trio has been giving most delightful entertainments on the Melrose Programme each Thursday evening during the past winter months over CJRW from Fleming, Saskatchewan, and CJRX, Winnipeg, Man. Reading from left to right the artistes are: Clara Leckie Peabody, Eveline Wildgoose and Edythe Leckie Ross. The Melrose Harmony Trio will be on the air each Thursday evening on the Melrose Programme over CJRW, at Fleming, Saskatchewan, and CJRX, Winnipeg, Man., at 8.30 p.m., Central Standard Time.

Kennerton's Hate

Continued from page 19

three days before, standing in the parlor of a trim little parsonage on one of Toronto's suburban streets, had been duly pronounced man and wife.

ANNE looked down again at the distant blot of the waiting crowd, and the receding blocks of Martinsburg. She shivered a little; and rather wished that they would go on receding indefinitely. When she thought of her grandfather's face she experienced a gyroscopic effect in the region of her stomach which all Dick's tailspins had failed to impart. However, they couldn't go on climbing forever, and they might as well learn their fate.

"What's the idea, Dick?" she called through the mouthpiece. "You're heading for heaven, not Martinsburg. Are you really going to stunt before you land?"

"Bet!" came back, with a determined, if broken emphasis. "They laughed at me all last summer after I made a bad landing and smashed the plane a little. Now we'll show 'em something. Little Richard has turned out to be quite a clever lad; and if they know he can get a job somewhere else maybe they won't be so ready to fire him."

"You'll scare them to death, and just make them wilder than ever. Your people know you're up here, even if mine don't know I am. They'll be raging when we come down."

"Fine!" came back the untroubled reply. "That'll be all of us. You get mad too, and we won't waste any time working up to the big scene."

She settled back with a grimace of resignation, and they continued to climb.

THE crowd below speculated as to the plane's delay in coming to earth. "It's Dick Hargreaves, all right," yelled the youngster who had first sighted the plane, and now felt qualified to pronounce on all its movements. "But he's gonna do some stunts for us. They always go high when they stunt."

"Twenty-five hundred feet, and square over the post-office," said Dick into the mouthpiece. "Falling leaf."

He pushed the stick hard over, shut off the motor, and braced himself. The machine went into a header, flattened out, and wobbled sickeningly down the skies in thirty-foot drops to right and left. The engine roared out again, the nose tilted upward, and the plane zoomed back to the neighborhood of two thousand feet.

"Didn't want to come too close with that one," he said. "Here's where we pick some leaves off your grandpop's trees."

"Don't go too low, Dick," she pleaded, with unusual timidity, wondering if the long flight and the thought of the battle ahead had been too much for her nerves. He looked back, grinned reassuringly, and threw the machine into a side-slip. They flattened out, took a long deep dive, and flattened out again. "Now for it," he called into the mouthpiece, "we're right over your orchard."

The townspeople gasped as the dizzy spirals of the tailspin brought the machine to within three hundred feet of the ground.

Members of the pale-faced group on the Hargreaves verandah threw off their elaborate assumption of calm, and gasped each other prayerfully. Cap'n Eli, between gasps, applied his scolding comments equally to the airman and to the father whose rash indulgence had made these antics possible. Richard Hargreaves, senior, swore a great inward oath that, come what may, he would sell his son's plane tomorrow, providing tomorrow found him with either son or plane.

The plane straightened out, roared over the town, and pointed its nose upward again. The goggle-eyed young man in the front cockpit grinned. "Up and down once more," he confided to the mouthpiece: "I wonder what Grandfather thinks of it."

Anne was breathless but determined to be game. "Go ahead. You'll have to quit when the gas gives out, anyway."

"Sooner than that. Just one more; then we'll go down and wade into them."

"Tailspin again," proclaimed the youthful authority on the ground, nursing a crick in his neck. "He's not comin' so low this time—he's straightenin' out—no—"

THE boy had been right as to the pilot's intention. "Far enough, Dick," called Anne; and he drew the stick toward him, pressed his control rudders, and opened out the engine. The plane levelled out with a whining creak of wings under the terrific strain. Suddenly there was a "pinning"—sharp and keen as the whine of a high-powered rifle bullet. Anne heard it, the sound cutting through the motor's roar like a knife through water. Then she saw Dick throw himself back in the seat, with both hands to his head.

She screamed just once. He turned his face; she saw that it was streaked with blood, and ten thousand devils dragged her hand forward to commit the unpardonable sin. She seized the control lever in her cockpit, and pulled it straight back. His yell came through the earphone, but she did not need that to know that she had put the machine out of control. Clearly, without any of the usual kinds of fear, she realized that they were falling, and that the ground was their immediate destination. Her mind seemed clear as crystal, and a thousand miles from the plane whirling them dizzily to earth. She even took time to explain to herself what had happened. A stay-wire had snapped, and the end, whipping across the cockpit, had gashed Dick's forehead, blinding him for a moment with blood from the cut. Poor Dick, she thought, still in the grip of her terrible, cold abstraction—but he could have pulled them out if she hadn't grabbed the stick and killed them both.

She felt a sudden yank on her coat. Dick was leaning over from the front, feverishly unfastening the safety-strap. "Now!" he screamed into her ear, wait till we turn over, and jump. Now—now—jump!

She had a hazy sense of falling with terrible swiftness, of a sudden tug on her ribs as the parachute opened. She was conscious of a sickening dismay as she thought of Dick, and wondered if he had been able to jump too. Down—down—for days and days, it seemed. Then trees leaped up at her, an agony shot through her right arm, and everything went black.

FOUR hours later Dick Hargreaves opened his eyes to look upon his wife and his grandfather. "Don't touch the stick! Don't touch the stick!" he said, for the five-hundred-and-first times respectively; then—"Anne!"

A smile quivered across her lips, and she put out the undamaged arm. "I won't, Dick," she said, "I think I can remember now."

"Are you all right?" he asked, trying to sit up, and falling back with a wry face.

"Broken arm," she said; "and your leg's broken. Simple fractures, both. We were lucky."

His mother leaned over from the other side of his bed, and kissed him. His father stood up and put a hand gently on his bandaged forehead. Dick smiled at them, a little uncertainly. "Sorry, old dears," he said, "shouldn't have done it, I guess."

His eyes strayed to his grandfather. Cap'n Eli's face was very pale, and his lips a trifle unsteady; but he regarded his grandson with a certain grim humor. "Ye young devil," he said enigmatically, "I could almost believe ye aimed that contraption and jumped."

The injured aviator's mouth fell open in surprise at the strange greeting, but he had no time to ask for an explanation as the [Continued on Page 94]



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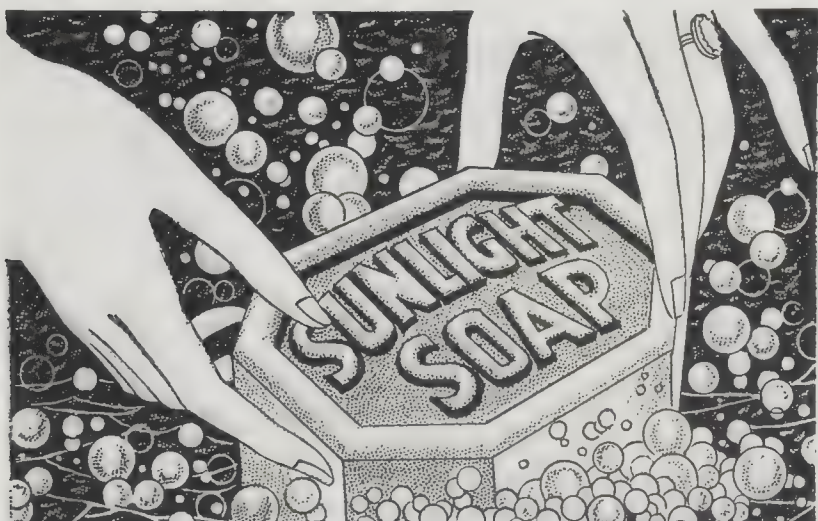
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S305

Legal Information

Continued from page 67

A. Our information is that a great many of the subscribers to the Times Research Bureau are dissatisfied with the manner in which the Bureau has conducted its business. If the company has failed to live up to its contract with you, you would be quite justified in cancelling your contract. We would suggest that you refuse to make any further payments and that you write to the Bureau cancelling your contract with them.

We understand that there are a large number of cases before the courts in Winnipeg, and in a recent test case the judge decided that the company has not carried on its business in a straightforward way and has not lived up to its agreement.

You might possibly be expected to return the Encyclopedia which you now have provided you get your money back from the company. We suggest that you offer to return the Encyclopedia if they return your money.

Carruthers, Sask.

Q. I bought a share in a rural telephone company some ten years ago at a price of \$5.00. Since that time I have been waiting for the company to install the phone in my house after getting all kinds of promises that I

would get the phone soon. Since their last general meeting they have informed me that they do not know when they can give me the phone as the taxes are not paid up to the required percentage to issue new debentures.

What I want to know is can I collect my \$5.00 which I paid for the share and charge the company interest for the time they have been holding this money, and what course I should take in doing so.—B.J.B.

A. If the telephone company is a limited company and you bought one share in it you would have no right to require the company to re-purchase this share from you. Such a share, like the shares of any other limited company, may be bought and sold and the actual value thereof is usually dependent upon the investment return thereon, and the price at which the share can be sold. You could endeavor to sell the share in your community, but if the company is not paying dividends we imagine the share has very little value.

We cannot see that you can require the company to pay you anything unless you had some agreement in writing with the company which would entitle you to an action for damages against them for not giving you the telephone service.

Snips

Causes of Child Delinquency

"MODERN psychologists and child welfare experts tell us that mental and emotional disorders or bad environment cause delinquency as often as physical defects and that to punish children for these disorders, for which they are not responsible, is about as sensible as to punish them for catching the measles."—Elizabeth Frazer, Journalist.

Rationalizing the Kitchen

"IT IS quite likely that the kitchen of the future will serve not a single family but many families, that the advantages of large scale production will in the end prevail against the advantages of private housekeeping."—Hildegard Kneeland of the Bureau of Home Economics, United States Department of Agriculture.

Youth and the New Frocks

"I THINK it is ten times younger looking to be graceful than it is to make an awkward display. There isn't anything in the world older looking to my mind than a plump woman of considerable years with a knee-length skirt. It is ill-bred in the first place, and what is more, it out of all proportion. . . I started to say that the new styles were young. . . I was thinking especially of the formal afternoon and evening things. . . with longer skirts and rosebud prints and baby blues and baby pinks in colors, it is terribly smart to be sweet and ingenuer. I'm going in for the waltz myself."—Lucile Babcock quotes Patty Spencer, New York debutante.

The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady

"TODAY the only way to be clean enough to be aristocratic is to sweat like a stevedore."—Karen Lind, writing on "The New Smart Sobriety."

The Talkies and the Future of the English Language

"HERE Mr. Warner made the interesting comment that in several foreign lands, where school children are required to learn one language beside their own, French (the traditional "other" language) has been supplanted by English. This is due to the fact that the young people of those lands are demanding instruction in English in order to understand and enjoy American talking pictures. Seemingly a small bit of news, this is really tremendously significant. For if the condition continues and spreads, it may mean that

the English language will ultimately be understood throughout the world."—Vera L. Connolly interviews Jack Warner, Talkie Production Chief.

Formula for Reforming Husbands

"PROBABLY the best way to reform a man, if a wife feels she must do it, is to give him enough rope and encourage him to hang himself. Then, when he has lost his head, nurse him back to sanity without scolding. This will weaken him for life.

"Modern women, though, are mostly just improving themselves instead of reproving their men. This is really clever, for they have naturally better material to work with, and should show quicker and better results."—Marceline D'Alroy, philosopher and expositor of Paris fashions to Canadian women.

Mr. Phelps' Heroine

"I KNOW a woman whose name I almost never got into the papers between her marriage and her funeral. Her husband died, leaving her with two small boys. She gave them the best education. One graduated from college, valedictorian, the other, fourth in the same class. One day her fortune was almost entirely swept away by an "act of God." One of her sons died of typhoid fever. On a certain morning she woke up and could not see. She had been, in the night, smitten with total and incurable blindness. Not long after this calamity, she was awakened at two in the morning by a newspaper reporter, who informed her that her sole surviving son had committed suicide.

"I knew this woman well. I frequently called on her. I never heard her utter one word of complaint. She was calm, usually smiling, and was as interested in contemporary life, literature, and art as I was. She was a devoted Christian, but I never heard her utter a sanctimonious phrase, or quote a text. She faced life with no assumed pose, but with that steadfast, quiet courage that makes me believe in the divine destiny of man."—William Lyon Phelps in Delineator.

Saving Children from Careers of Crime

WORTHY of deep thought on the part of every woman and every woman's club in Canada is the statement made by Elizabeth Frazer in Good Housekeeping, on the authority of Judge Hoffman of the Juvenile Court of Cincinnati, that enough knowledge is available in the field of child psychology to save every delinquent child from entering on a criminal career.

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Larger and stronger rear axle gears add to Chevrolet's outstanding durability and long life.

Four Delco-Lovejoy hydraulic shock absorbers eliminate road shocks and increase riding comfort.

Seams where doors and body meet are hidden by distinctive wind pip-

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Non-locking weather-proof brakes, fully-enclosed, internal-expanding type, assure smooth, positive brake action.

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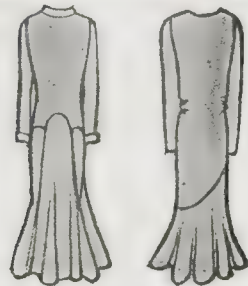
6753—Dress for Junior and Miss—Cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size requires 4 yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. To trim with edging requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Price 25c.

6753

6740

6740—Ladies' Dress. Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. To face reverse with contrasting material requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 18 inches wide cut crosswise. To under face the flounce requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 39-inch material. Price 25c.

6743—Ladies' Dress—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. Price 25c.



6763—Child's Rompers—Cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material 32 inches wide. To finish with bias binding requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. Price 15c.



6763

6743

The Western Home Monthly
Winnipeg, Manitoba

6742—Ladies' Dress—Cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 35-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{3}{8}$ yard is required cut crosswise. Price 25c.

6745—Ladies' Two Piece Suit—Cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The suit for a 38-inch size requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material. For contrasting material $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 39 inches wide is required cut crosswise. Price 25c.



6742

6745

1930 NASH "400"



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(1725)

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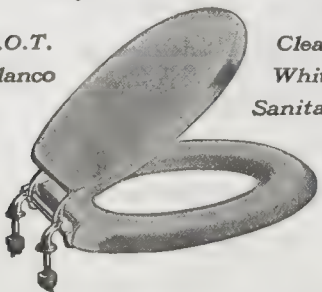


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More than anything else in your house, your toilet seat is silently criticized by your guests. The slightest trace of shabbiness mars your bathroom. Read just how in the booklet, "A Guest's-eye View of your Bath Room". Send for a copy.

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Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store today. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded.

Kolor-Bak
Imparts Color to Gray Hair

Easter

Continued from page 50

in the existence of the creative soul is the origin of our belief in the existence of a Creator. Our present knowledge derived from man's experience ever since he began to live a human life rejects the hypothesis that the creative power of man's consciousness is the highest power of creative co-ordination; it demands a still higher power of creative co-ordination. The creative power residing in us is, therefore, the origin of the belief that our creative soul is a part of Him who endowed the electrons and protons, the atoms and molecules, and the tiniest units of living matter with these primordial attributes which manifest themselves in the cosmic processes, called in this narrative creative co-ordination."

To the same effect might be quoted Eddington and Whitehead and a host of others among the world's greatest scientists and philosophers.

Such a philosophy of despair, claiming to be the ripe fruit of modern science stands self condemned by its unscientific attitude to the fact of the resurrection of Christ. No conclusion can be called scientific which ignores or minimizes any known fact, and the fact of the resurrection is as well attested as any fact in human history. It is easier to believe in the Resurrection of Christ than to believe that a little band of commonplace men, broken and discouraged, could have been transformed in a single day into the most potent group and the finest characters in human history, by any process of self delusion. If the fact of the Resurrection be passed over in silence or denied there remains the still more stubborn fact of the origin and progress of the Christian Church and all that it has meant to the world.

It is a cheap and easy reply to say that the belief in the Resurrection sprang from a credulous and unscientific age, but the facts are all against it. The philosophers of Greece stand high among the philosophers of all the ages and when Paul preached to them the Resurrection of Christ from the dead, they laughed him to scorn, when he argued it before Festus, a cultured Roman, he said, "Paul you are crazy, much learning has made you mad. The Sadducees, the ruling cult at Jerusalem, did not believe in the resurrection from the dead, and even Thomas, one of the twelve, would not believe in the Resurrection of Jesus till he had ocular demonstration. So that if the belief in the Resurrection arose in a credulous age, the whole weight of its credulity was against believing in it.

Yet in spite of the whole weight of the credulity of the time, the Christian Church was born out of the conviction that he who had walked and talked with them here on earth was alive forever more. They had seen him with their own eyes and better still, they knew him

living with and in their deepest selves, and it is that experience which has been the first note in the joy of Easter down the ages.

If He lived they knew that they would live in Him, nay had already begun to live in Him. So that instead of Bertrand Russell's mournful dirge over the brevity and frailty of human life, they knew themselves alive forevermore and they could say with Paul, "O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory."

Then too, there is another deeper note in the joy of Eastertide. It seemed to those who saw the noblest human being who has ever walked the earth done to a shameful and seemingly meaningless death as if Bertrand Russell's philosophy were true and man was the helpless plaything of blind and remorseless forces which knew nothing about spiritual values and cared less. But Easter morning changed all that and Paul, later put into words the most daring thought that has ever entered the mind of man, "God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself." From that time forth, the highest thing which could be said about God was that he was like Christ, willing to love mankind up to the very death, yes working to take the sting out of death and to reveal the whole Universe as working together to enable men to see themselves as His children, heirs with him of an endless destiny so that "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the things which God hath prepared for those that love Him, but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

But these two notes, of the infinite value of human life and the boundless love and tenderness of God, meet and mingle in the transformed lives of myriads of men and women, through the centuries, who have been lifted out of the hopeless despair of materialism into radiant joy and fullness of life. The deepest evidence of the Resurrection is the lives of the saints, of the master minds and the choicest souls of all the ages, who have been given the victory over the world and the flesh and the devil through the wonder of the Easter message. These are now an innumerable company in heaven and on earth and those who have entered into the depths of the Easter spirit, hold fellowship with them in a life which transcends the limitations of time and space and knows itself one with the eternal. Deeper than the questings of Science or the speculations of Philosophy is the certainty of the knowledge with which they hold the Gospel, it is the certainty of life which grows deeper and richer, the more they give themselves to the wonder of it. "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

Dollars and Cents

Continued from page 66

If he desires to draw this money out by way of loan or surrender of the policy he is merely receiving back money which belongs to him. If the money is drawn out as a loan, then the policy remains in force until such time as the assured fails to pay a premium, and any surplus or reserve fund to his credit has been exhausted in keeping the policy alive.

If you obtain a loan and afterward desire to drop the policy you can do so at any time without any liability to repay the loan. We believe that the policy with the Monarch Life Assurance Company will prove satisfactory, and trust that you do not find it necessary to allow the policy to lapse, a proceeding which will subject you to a substantial loss.

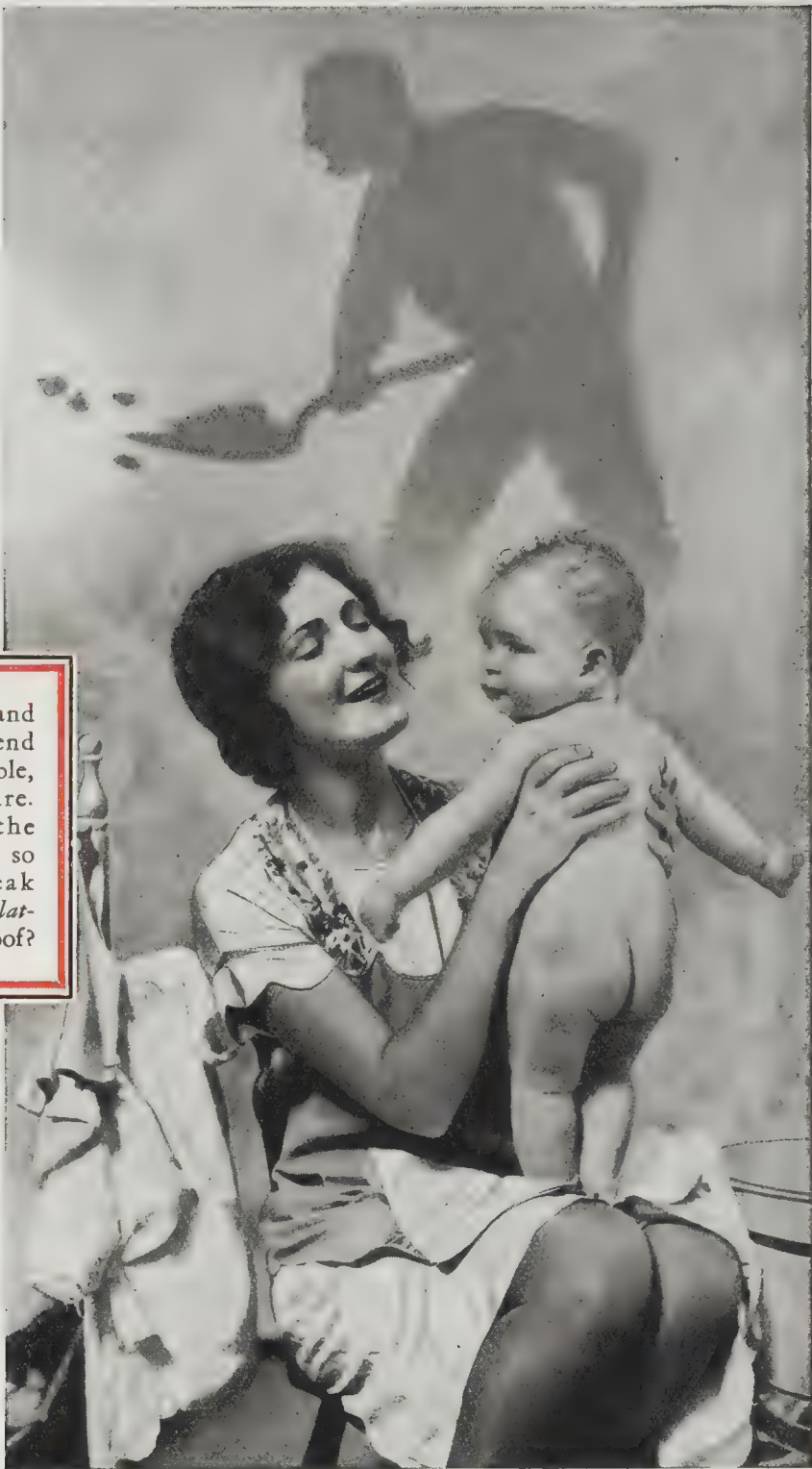
Winnipeg, Man.

Q. Will you kindly tell me if all insurance companies are reliable? Doesn't the government require them to have a surplus so all policyholders are perfectly safe?

Would you consider a T. Eaton policy all right?—Subscriber.

A. All insurance companies authorized to do business in Canada are reasonably safe. Some companies are stronger than others but the government endeavors to see that each company maintains assets sufficient to meet possible claims under the policies issued by the company. We are not prepared to say that the government requires them to keep a surplus so that all policyholders are perfectly safe, but the government requires them to maintain assets available to policyholders on a basis which the government actuaries consider reasonably safe in order to pay all claims.

We believe that you would be amply protected in doing business with any of the larger companies operating in Canada. We also consider that a T. Eaton policy would be satisfactory. This company does not come before the eyes of the public and we have nothing except general information as to the company's affairs. However the record of all the companies connected with the T. Eaton Company has been so satisfactory that we consider that you will not likely do much better by insuring with any other company.



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Let us send you a copy of a new book that tells how men and women in all walks of life may be helped to bring their dreams into realization: A hand of fellowship and good will is extended to every man and woman drifting on life's sea by the Rosicrucians. A large group of men and women, who have found the secrets to attainment, happiness and health, unite in offering to share their knowledge with others. Not a sectarian or religious plan, not a commercial scheme. Just a friendly system for bringing new life, new knowledge, new power into the lives of everyone. Write for a copy of the free book today and learn how you may study these helpful principles.

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She looks 20 years younger

"I have taken Kruschen Salts for 7 years, and enclose my photo at 50, to ask your opinion of my record. I have been married 30 years, have 3 sons, 29, 25, 19; also 2 grandsons, 6 and 20 months. I put down my youthful appearance to Kruschen Salts taken each morning. I should never think of starting the day without taking them.

"I am 5ft. 5in. in height, weight 119 pounds. I can assure you my husband is very proud of me."

Mrs. A. R.
Original letter on file for inspection.

To preserve your youthful charm you must preserve your health. Charm and beauty are mainly a matter of health, so are vitality and vigor. All will be yours if you pin your faith in the "little daily dimeful." Start to-morrow, and you will feel years younger before you are many days older.

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at 75c. a bottle. A bottle contains enough to last for 4 or 5 months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

WHAT ABOUT THAT SUBSCRIPTION TO
The Western Home Monthly?
WATCH IT DOES NOT LAPSE

Kennerton's Hate

Continued from page 87

room suddenly filled with Kennertons and Hargreaves. Old John himself headed the procession, and stood at the foot of the bed between Cap'n Eli and Anne's mother. Dick's eyes grew wide at the indiscriminate mingling; and for the first time he was stirred to marvel at the fact that the heads of his family had been sitting amicably in his room with the daughter of a Kennerton. "Mother," he said, when anxieties had been duly satisfied, "I'd like to rest now. Could you ask them to go?"

THE room cleared. He saw Anne speak to her mother, then to his own, and turn back. The others seemed to take this as a matter of course, and the invalid smiled jubilantly.

"Anne," he said, as she leaned over and kissed him, "you must have broken the news."

She sat down by him, with something very like a sob. "Don't you think it just about broke itself? But anyway it wasn't very hard to tell them. I came to almost right away—in your grandfather's arms. You were in your father's, quite gaga—yelling at me not to touch the stick. They didn't recognize me for a moment—then I thought they'd faint. Somebody sent for my people, and when they got there we had the whole thing out. The doctor had finished with my arm and was working on your leg—every once in a while you'd yell out, 'Don't touch the stick, Anne!'—I was on the thin edge of hysterics—and I guess I blew them up even better than we'd planned.

"Your mother is a darling. There was

an awful hush when I'd finished telling them. It seemed as though the ghosts of everyone who'd lived and died in Martinsburg during the last twenty years were standing there, holding their breath. Then she walked over to my mother and kissed her. 'Jane Kennerton,' she said, 'we'll keep our children, won't we?—whatever these men say.' And Mother kissed her, and they both put their arms around me, and of course we all started to cry, and pretty soon there was crying all over the place. Then the doctor did something more to my arm, and I fainted again. But the feud's over."

He lay back, smiling vacuously in his ecstatic wonderment. "And all with a fozzled tailspin!" he murmured; then a thought struck him. "Say," he asked, "just what did the worthy captain mean with that crack about aiming my contraption?"

"Aiming," Anne repeated, puzzled for a moment; then: "Oh! why I nearly forgot to tell you about the sign from heaven. You and I drifted down away across the river, but that inspired plane, as you are my own reckless and busted-up husband, dropped dead on the top of Kennerton's Hate, and snapped it off at the ground. It was just as mouldy inside as the gardener said."

He sat up in despite of his splinted leg, gasping with incredulous surprise. "No!"

"Yes! and"—gently but firmly pressing him back on the pillows—"as you can't damage any more of the orchard, one of the first improvements around here will be a great big hole in Cap'n Eli's spite wall to get the wreckage out."

Concerning Cats

Continued from page 36

"J.J." to frisk all over her from head to foot, investigating her clothing, examining her eyes and ears with his inquisitive little nose and even trying his claws on her face and neck; all without protest on her part, other than perhaps a mild, "Gently, Jim," if his claws prodded too sharp!

I DO not pretend to be an unprejudiced person in regard to cats. How is it possible to maintain a state of open-mindedness when the subject under discussion inspires one with fear and dislike? Besides, it is useless to argue about instinct or antipathy.

I might say, what is perfectly true, that I have never been able to discover any real virtue in a cat; that, in my opinion, should any act of hers appear to indicate a noble and generous altruism, you would find on investigation that the inspiring motive thereof

was wholly selfish; that the cat nature is cruel, treacherous, sneaky, shallow, lacking in natural affection, etc.—but of what use would it be for me to say all that? Would not some cat lover instantly arise and depose upon oath that he or she (probably she) had found a cat to possess quite opposite traits to those enumerated above, and that I have besides neglected to mention that the cat is proverbially neat, graceful and winning in its ways, domestic in its nature, loving the family hearth (and the warmest place thereon!) and that many a sorrowful heart and anxious mind have been rested and comforted by the soothing presence and soft purr of our furry friend?

This may all be—but let no one send me a "furry friend" to comfort me in my anguish of heart, mind or body.... I can get well much better alone, thank you!

These Be My Dears

By W. V. Newson

O Beauty! Lend me thy drapes awhile!
Lend me the lace of thy lustrous pile;
Nor gorgeous mantle of rich brocade,
Rejewelled and crested of gold and jade;
But some simple weave of shining white
To clothe a poor soul, lost in the night.
Vagrant she was of the street, a raft
On life's mortal tide, ragged and daft.
That was all. But clothed with a will
For deeds that were kind. "Out on the hill

Are my birds. I'll feed them today."
And that was all she ever would say
That came right; the rest was a babble of words,
A crazy babble of "orphans and birds"
And "These be my dears." A daily round—
"Crusts for orphans and birds." And they found
Her dead one day, when Winter had come—
She'd taken her fancies to another home.

Heritage

By Verna Loveday Harden

Dust is not the only thing,
Drifting down the ages,
That is left of slave and king,
Simpletons and sages.

All the dreams they ever dreamed,
All the love they cherished,
All the castles, golden-beamed . . .
Think you these have perished?

Know you not that you and I
Dream their dreams so olden,
Love as they loved, in the sky
Build their castles golden?

Dust is not the only thing,
Drifting down the ages,
That is left of slave and king,
Simpletons and sages.

No Defence

Continued from page 70

On the edge of the open sea Dyck took stock of the position. The Ariadne had been hit several times, and the injury done her was marked. Before morning the dead seamen were sunk in watery graves, and the wounded started back to health again. By daylight the Ariadne was well away from the land.

The first thing Dyck had done, after escaping from the river, was to study the wants of the Ariadne and make an estimate for the future with Greenock, the master. He calculated they had food and water enough to last for three months, even with liberal provisioning. Going among the crew, he realized there was no depression among them; that they seemed to care little where they were going. It was, however, quite clear they wished to fight—to fight the enemies of England.

He knew his task was a hard one, and that all efforts at discipline would have dangers. He knew, also, that he could have no authority, save personality and success. He set himself, therefore, to win the confidence of Greenock and the crew, and he began discipline at once. He knew that a reaction must come; that the crew, loose upon their own trail, would come to regret the absence of official command. He realized that many of them would wish to return to the fleet at the Nore, but while the weather was good he did not fear serious trouble. The danger would come in rough weather or on a becalmed sea.

They had passed Beachy Head in the mist. They had seen no battle-ship, and had sighted no danger, as they made their way westward through the Channel. There had been one moment of anxiety. That was when they passed Portsmouth, and had seen in the far distance, to the right of them, the masts of Admiral Gardner's fleet.

It was here that Dyck's orderly, Michael Clones, was useful. He brought word of murmuring among the more brutish of the crew, that some of them wished to join Gardner's fleet. At this news, Dyck went down among the men. It was an unusual thing to do, but it brought matters to an issue.

Among the few dissatisfied sailors was one Nick Swaine, who had been the cause of more trouble on the Ariadne than any other. He had a quarrelsome mind; he had been influenced by the writings of Wolfe Tone, the Irish rebel. One of the secrets of Dyck's control of the crew was the fact that he was a gentleman, and was born in the ruling

class, and this was anathema to Nick Swaine. His view of democracy was ignorance controlling ignorance.

By nature he was insolent, but under the system of control pursued by the officers of the Ariadne, previous to the mutiny, he had not been able to do much. The system had bound him down. He had been the slave of habit, custom, and daily duty. His record, therefore, was fairly clean until two days after the escape from the Thames and the sighting of the Portsmouth fleet. Then all his revolutionary spirit ran riot in him. Besides, the woman to whom he had become attached at the Nore had been put ashore on the day Dyck gained control. It roused his enmity now.

When Dyck came down, he had the gunners called to him, admonishing them that drill must go on steadily, and promising them good work to do. Then he turned to the ordinary seamen.

At this moment Nick Swaine attempted his enterprise. He strode forward within a dozen feet of Dyck.

"Look there!" he said, and he jerked a finger toward the distant Portsmouth fleet. "Look there! You've passed that."

Dyck shrugged a shoulder. "I meant to pass it," he said quickly. "Give orders to make for it," said Nick with a sullen eye.

"I shall not. And look you, my man, keep a civil tongue to me, who commands this ship, or I'll have you put in irons."

"Have me put in irons!" Swaine cried hotly. "This isn't Dublin jail. You can't do what you like here. Who made you captain of this ship?"

"Those who made me captain will see my orders carried out. Now, get you back with the rest, or I'll see if they still hold good." Dyck waved a hand. "Get back when I tell you, Swaine!"

"When you've turned the ship to the Portsmouth fleet I'll get back, and not till then."

Dyck made a motion of the hand to some boatswains standing by. Before they could arrest him, Swaine flung himself towards Dyck with a knife in his hand.

Dyck's hand was quicker, however. His pistol flung out, a shot was fired, and the knife dropped from the battered fingers of Nick Swaine.

"Have his wounds dressed, then put him in irons," Dyck commanded.

From that moment, in good order and in good weather, the Ariadne sped on her way westward and southward.

(To be Continued Next Month)

Pussy Willow

By Daisy L. Saunders

*Merry catkins, gaily nodding
From the crimson willow tree,
Did the fairies put you up there
Just to charm wee folks like me?
Wrapping you in winter woolies
Fleece-soft dyed with sunshine's gold,
'Cause Springs' days are oh so chilly
And her nights so bleakly cold.*

*Pussy Willow, Pussy Willow,
How I love you! ev'ry year
You're the first to bring the message
"Winter's going, Spring is here."
Oh that I could hear the music
Elfin fingers surely bring
Seated mid your tangled branches
Welcoming the coming Spring.*

*Tasselled blossoms sporting, dancing
Laughing, tossing to and fro,*

*Are you beckoning the crocus
Living in the grass below?
Tip-toeing she strives to greet you
Lifts her, sweet lips to be kissed.
Fur-trimmed are her silken garments,
Mist-mauve as the mountain mist.*

*Does she whisper "Willow darling,
When our downy heads are white,
Spring-tide blossoms 'most forgotten
In a Summer of delight,
Borne upon the loving breezes
You and I will float away,
Over field and bluff and river,
Till again another day,
Proudly you will deck the branches,
Wide your golden largesse fling,
Whilst within my heart I'll cradle
Fairies new-born of the Spring.*

The Wonder of a Garden

By Verne DeWitt Boxwell

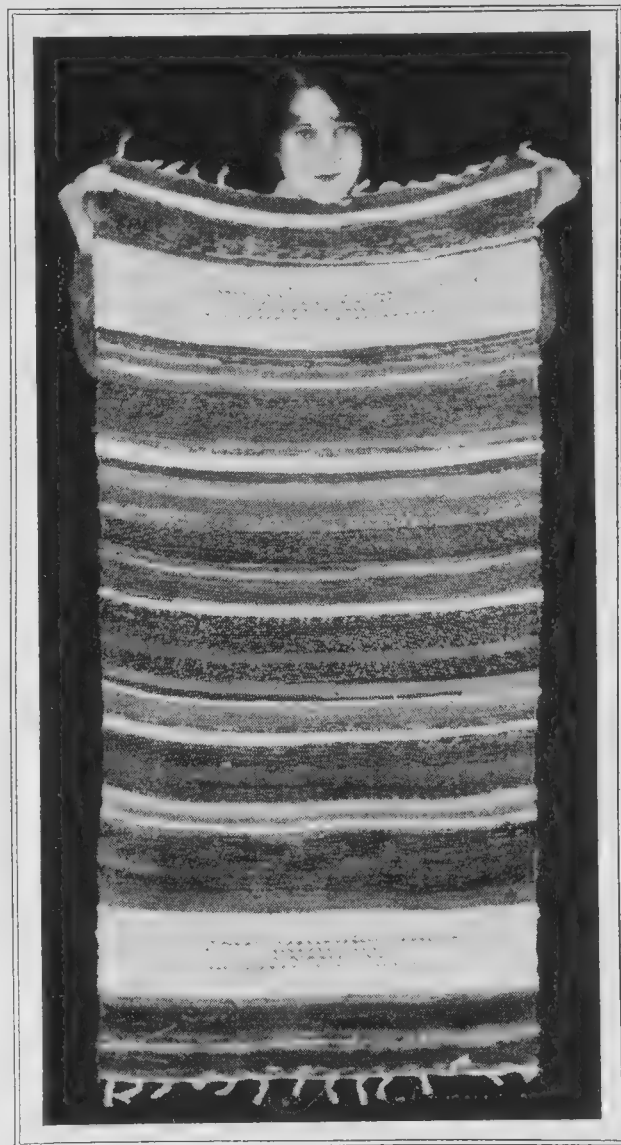
*There's nothing like a garden
To drive away the blues—
To dig among the roses
And whistle as you choose—
For all the lore of Moses
I wouldn't trade my shoes.*

*The wonder of a garden
Is mystic melody;
The fragrance of the violet*

*And pansies full of glee,
The soft blue of the mignonette,
Are music sweet to me.*

*If you haven't any garden,
You may build one in your dreams;
For every lovely thought you think
With magic fairly gleams;
And all, who will, of rapture drink
Where Heaven's plenty streams.*

Another Shipment!



MIGHTY popular, were those rugs that we offered to our readers just about this time last year! And so we ordered some more and the shipment from Japan reached us a few weeks ago.

One of these bright, colorful rugs, size 18x36 will be sent to your address, postpaid, in return for only one new annual subscription at the usual rate of \$1.00.

Please let us have your order just as soon as possible, because we know that this offer is going to prove to be very popular and so the supply of rugs is not likely to last very long.

The Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.
GENTLEMEN:--

Enclosed find \$1.00 and please send me the Western Home Monthly for a period of one year and include free of charge Colonial Rug as described above.



Ethlyn Clair Painting her Easter Greetings

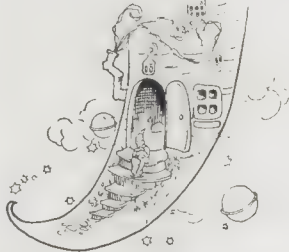


BY BOBBY BURKE

Chickabiddy

By Robert Watson

Illustrated by Alfred Baxter

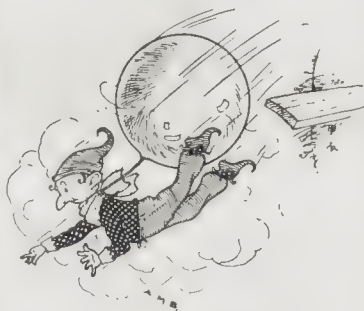


There was once the queerest kiddie,
He was nicknamed Chickabiddy,
He lived up on the Horn of the Moon.
He didn't have a mother,
And he didn't have a brother,
Or a knife and fork and spoon.
He couldn't eat his porridge,
And he couldn't eat his soup,
He gobbled currant cake instead.
So the Moonfolk said, "He's horrid;
And you'd think he had the croup."
Why, he ought to spend a week in bed."

Well, they ate his share of custard,
And they bathed his feet in mustard,
Then they tied a piece of flannel round
his neck.
When they had him all undressed,
They rubbed oil upon his chest,
And they made him eat boiled turnips
by the peck.
And they kept him there in bed,
But he couldn't sleep a wink,
For his mind was full of rhymes that
wouldn't stop.
So he wrote them from his head
Till they filled the kitchen sink;
Till the water started running out the top.



And that water kept on running,
Running, running, running,
Till the Moonfolk got completely flooded
out.
But the Man up in the Moon
Was a plumber, and he soon
Had the water running backwards up the
spout.
Then the people of the Moon
Tied a fifteen-cent balloon
To the flannel round the Chickabiddy's
neck,
And they marched him to a bank
Where they made him walk the plank;
But Chicky didn't mind a tiny speck.



Well—they pushed him off the Moon
At the end of the balloon,
And he floated in the air for days and days.
But at last he dropped with ease
In the branches of some trees,
Where the people loved his Chickabiddy
ways.
Now he's dressed in silks and ruffles,
Silver buckles on his shoes;
To hear his rhymes the kiddies
gather round.
But if anybody snuffles
When a handkerchief should be used,
Why—Chickabiddy's nowhere to be found



rocks slipping under foot, and the possibility of a grizzly suddenly appearing around the corner.

New Brunswick Is Heard From

A gold button goes to Rena McCutcheon, of Prince William Station, N.B., and her story will appear as soon as we have space for it.

Something Received

DAPHNE WALLACE, of Westboro, Ont., wrote us a charming letter some time ago, and she wants a gold star put on one of her gold buttons. Let us have the button back Daphne and we will be glad to do this. Daphne is an old Calgarian, and was very disappointed that Alberta "fell down" so badly in the competition. She would like to hear from other Cornerites of

thirteen. Daphne has some other "pen pals" as she calls them and enjoys writing letters.

Margaret Bownes of Galahad, Alta., was delighted with the prize she won in the book review competition. It was the story, "Captain Peggie" and she has enjoyed it very much.

John McHolm of Port Hope, (R.R.1) was terribly disappointed to find the Cosy Corner squeezed out of the February Western Home Monthly. They have had a great deal of snow where John lives and have built snow forts and snow houses, and have great games and skating on the ponds. John has a "pen pal" in the States who came through the Cosy Corner to him.

Ethel Barr, of Bangor, Sask., sends us an original story, and while we have

not space to print this one, perhaps Ethel will write us another one some day soon.

Kathleen McArthur, of Dauphin, Man., tells us that the calf she wrote about as brand new the last time, is now standing in a stall, a full grown cow. Kathleen has several pets, a dog, a calf and three cats. She is a lucky girl for she is able to ride horse back. She sends us a little verse which is nice for Spring.

When spring comes, they come back again;

They care not a bit for the wind and the rain

Then they build nests, and lay eggs of blue,

They hatch little birds that will sing to you.

Something Received

A very nice letter from Jessie Jackman, of Irma, Alta. Jessie's family had a wonderful Christmas present, for a baby girl arrived at their house on Christmas Eve. Can't you imagine how exciting that was?

Shirley Watt, of Birtle, Man., wants to come to the Cosy Corner and we are delighted to have her. Shirley lives on a farm in the summer and in town in the winter, and there is a hill near their house, so they have some great slides.

Something to Learn

I AM going to give you a little poem written about Honolulu where summer blooms all the year around, and in the sea strange fishes swim. Unlike our fish that have only silver scales these marvellous fish have scales of all colors, and often tails that look as if they were made of feathers—These verses, and I only give you a bit of them, are called.

Sea Butterflies

Gay little fishes with painted scales,
Gossamer fins and chiffon tails,
Spattered with jewel dust, stained with dyes,
Gems of jade and jet for eyes.

Striped with orange and smeared with blue

Dipped in the rainbow's every hue.
Little ones, yellow as buttercups,
Big ones, ugly as gutter pups,
Fat ones, bloated and marked like toads,
Squatted by submarine forest roads.

Fishes, gilded with guinea gold,
Shaped like mythical beasts of old,
Some are enamelled like cloisonne,
Lacquered and pencilled with colors gay.
'Broidered and traced like a Persian shawl,

Fishes that swim, and fishes that crawl,
Splotted and daubed in a cubist scheme,

Some are born of a mad man's dream.
Fishes with whiskers and fishes with horns,

Just like the fabulous unicorns.
Don Blanding.

More From British Columbia

Jennie Reid of R.R.1, Kelowna, B.C., has sent in a wonderful story of B.C., and many pictures. We are sending JENNIE A GOLD BUTTON AND will reproduce the pictures of some of them if we have space next month. Gracie Townsend of P.O. Box 26, Victoria, also gets a gold button, for a nicely written and illustrated story.

Grant Caywood, of Clearwater, Stn., R.C., tells us about going over Raft River Peak, eight thousand three hundred and sixty feet above sea level, with



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THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS

Broncho-Viki

Continued from page 81

wanted to skip an' leave me. Feodor was ne nado, not necessary, to her after that, was her quaint way of puttin' in.

"The Canuskies, she said, had attacked the fort as though it held a thousand Bolsheviks, but hadn't seemed surprised when they didn't find a one. Just ate their sandwiches an' cussed an' joked an' then marched down the road.

"Dog bite it, that cost me all my new-born feelin' of importance. The Battalion hadn't turned out to rescue me. It was just Brigade Scheme 21!"

SLIM reached for my last cigarette an' before I could keep him from takin' it, I heard footsteps comin' 'round the corner o' the barracks. I thought it was the corporal with the relief an' didn't bother to get up from the barracks steps. We didn't stand much on ceremony at night on our comp'ny guard. But sufferin' craw-dads, it was the Field Officer on grand rounds!

I stood at attention an' received his blessing an' his confidential opinion of me as an alert sentry. I used to think Spike McCarty, foreman of the Rafter X had a good vocabulary an' a medicine tongue! But that Major could cuss a tune by note.

Next mornin' old Sergeant-Major Crump hauled us out o' the clink an' paraded us, bareheaded, before Major McGavin. Speedie shot me seven days for "neglect of duty while on sentry-go." But he nearly choked in his effort to look stern at the picture Slim made before him. What with his tattered breeches and an' old Russian shirt with the tail outside an' a five day's start for whiskers, even takin' off the sako didn't spoil the effect. It was quite Bolshie. But he answered the Major crisp an' smart as any old campaigner.

"What!" cried Speedie. "You say the mule threw you and got away?"

"Yes, sir."

I nearly fainted. That Slim Fagan, Calgary champion broncho-buster, would admit such a thing to anyone!—but to Speedie!

"And you say you were knocked senseless when you landed on a stone and some Russians found you and took care of you? Fagan, I'd have believed you any time up till last Wednesday. But after the ride you made on the parade-ground, don't tell me anything on legs threw you. What did you do with that mule; sell it and get drunk on the proceeds?"

Speedie's eyes were like gimlets but I saw 'em answered by that look in Slim's, by which I know, once in a while, he's tellin' the truth.

"No, sir," he answers.

"Then what became of her?"

"I gave her to a priest, sir."

"A priest—for what?"

"To marry me, sir."

"Marry you! To what?"

"No, sir; to the prettiest girl in Siberia. One that saved me, also, from bein' killed by Bolsheviks. You wouldn't believe the story so I didn't tell it, sir."

"Tell it now," says the Major, an' Slim did, in outline.

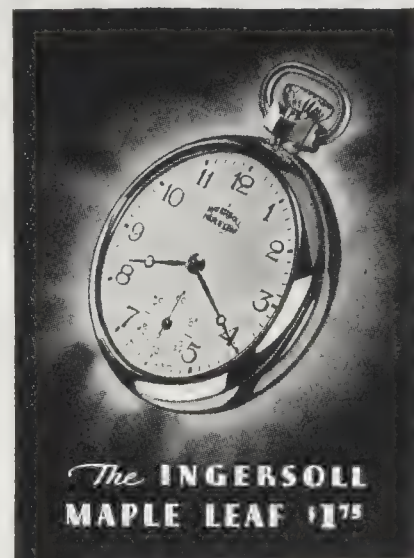
"Well, I'm damned," says Speedie, expellin' a strong breath through his nose. "But didn't you know, Fagan," he adds, after a moment, "a private is supposed to have his commanding officer's consent before he gets married?"

"Yes, sir, an' considerin' my chances to get it, I decided the chance to marry the girl was most important, sir. I'll bring her out from Vladi, though, to meet you an' apply for her allowance."

"We'll fix it all right," says the Major, a bit gruffly; "an' a week's leave to go across to Japan, if you like. But not immediately." His teeth flashed under his waxed moustache. "There's still the matter of the mule, you remember. I'm obliged to delay the honeymoon till you do a week in cells for disposing of Government property."

"Ri' turn—quick march—lef' wheel!" barks the Sergeant-Major.

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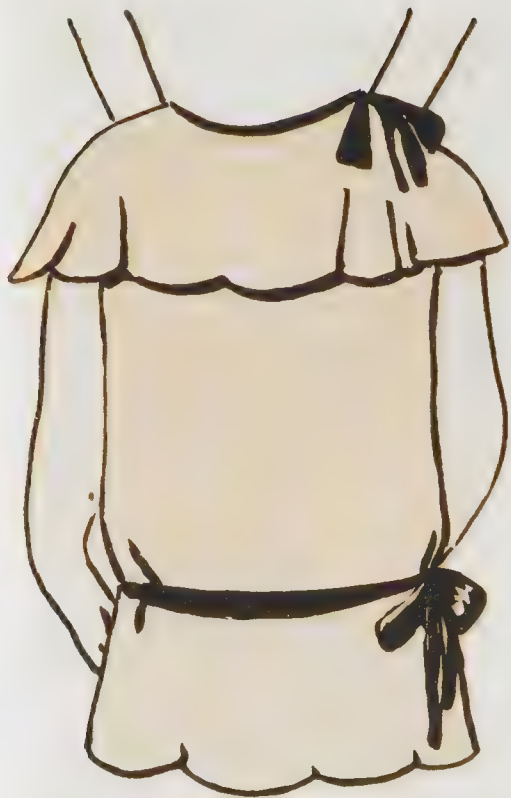
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TWO LITTLE BLACK EGGS

and some glue,
A box of paints,
an egg or two,
A little time and patience take,
Then Sam and Rastus you can make.

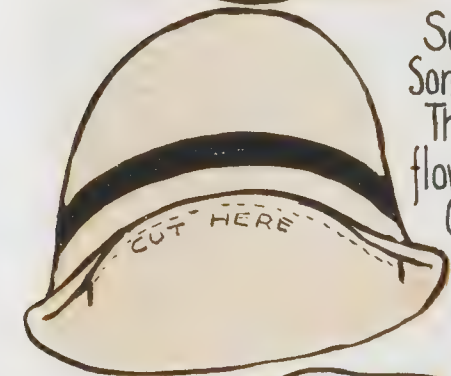


Easter Greetings.

A very Happy Easter-tide, we trust there is in store
For all our friends both near and far, with good
things by the score.

Some Easter Eggs, with chocolate filled, a duck with beak so funny,
Some nice new dresses and of course a little Easter bunny.
Then for Ma-ma, some pretty
flowers, perhaps some daffy-dillies.
Or better still a nice big
spray, of lovely
Easter lillies.

H.H.



Goofy's
dressed
so queer!

He's
"all dolled
up"

GOG AND HER FRIENDS

Who is
this little
manikin,
All dressed



The face, a
memory does
revive,
Tis Golly-sure

Jimmy Clark-



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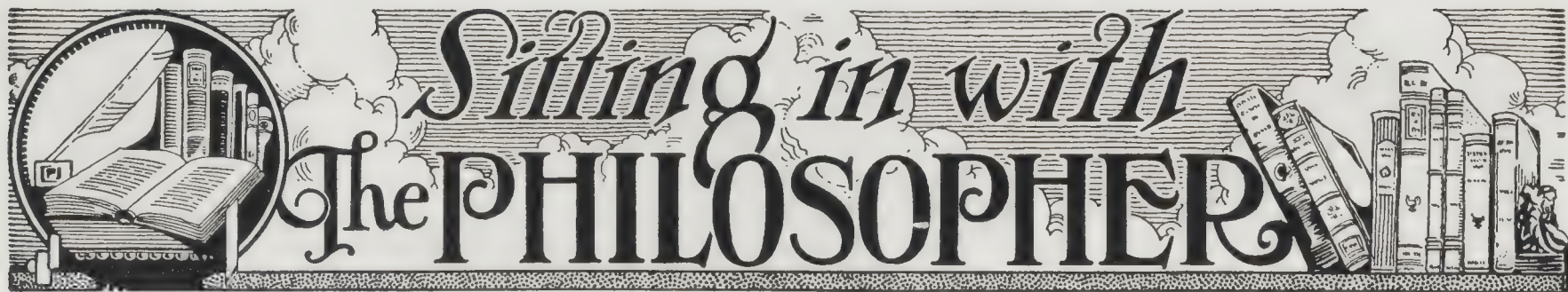
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Kettle

80¢ to \$4.00
SMP Enameled
Tea Kettle



The Return of the Waveys

THERE is no harbinger of spring more heartening than the coming of the white armies of the snow geese over the prairies. April brings them back, the waveys as they are commonly called, trailing across the sky in formation, with much discussion among themselves. When they alight for one of their stops where there is feeding ground with water near by and roosting ground for the night, they make a stubble field on which they alight look almost like a field of snow. The wavey is no such wonderful creature as his great relative, the big grey Canada goose, which should be our national emblem. The Canada goose is one of the most intelligent and most daring of all our fellow-creatures of land or sky. He comes winging north on the very heels of winter. His is the adventurous, pioneering spirit. The wavey waits until the going is easier. The wild, excited crying of the waveys, especially at night, is nerve tingling as you look up into the sky listening to it and feeling as if it had some mysterious message for you, some vaguely disturbing reminder that you cannot understand, some memory, it may be, of when first, as a child, you heard those voices in the sky.

The Power of Newspapers

"THE power of the press is great," said the Dominion Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, in a recent speech. It is, indeed. What gives the modern newspapers their power is the immense and far-reaching development of telephone, telegraph, cable and wireless transmission of news, opinion and propaganda and of type-setting machines, high-speed printing presses and other mechanisms used in their daily production. In this, as in every other department of human activity, the mechanical power is in itself neither good nor bad. It can be used for good, or for bad. And the truth about printing is that it has done a great deal of good in the world and quite a lot of harm. The power of the press, which Mr. King speaks of, if it were concentrated and turned in its full strength on the betterment of human nature would be pretty nearly irresistible. But first of all, the whole world would have to agree upon what is meant by betterment. And next, everything in human nature which leads to the using of mighty forces for unworthy ends would have to be put out of action. In other words, human nature would have to be so improved as not to need much further betterment. The outstanding fact about newspapers is that they are absolutely necessary to a democratic system of government. Democracy could never have come into being without them, and could not continue without them.

Canada, Our Country

WE should not wait until Dominion Day or some other national holiday to feel affection for our country and gladness that we are Canadians. Sometimes you will hear it said that in a new land like Canada there is not to be expected the same intense patriotism found in an old land with centuries of traditions and the achievements of its great men all constituting a proud national heritage. But, surely, this Canada of ours is not such a new land, after all. Canada has no lack of history, much of it full of adventure and romance, and Canada is beyond question a country sufficiently wonderful in itself and with a sufficiently wonderful record of achievement by its people of past generations and of the present generation to inspire a strong feeling of proud attachment. There is in some quarters some indifference to expression of patriotic sentiment, on the ground that such expression is sometimes inclined

to be mere empty, unthinking boastfulness, without genuine interest in the real welfare of the country and true concern for the best conditions of life and work for all classes of its people. But there is no reason why it should be so. That people should love their country and want earnestly to make it a better country to live in—is not this natural? And is it not truly patriotism?

No Short Cut to Wisdom

SO many people imagine there is a short cut to anything they want. There appears to be, for instance, a widespread delusion that everything worth knowing about anything can be boiled down into one book, and that by reading for a quarter of an hour or so a day in such a book, a person should be able in a few months, if not in a few weeks, to have a mastery of all that is worth knowing in that department of human knowledge and wisdom. Which is like wanting to have the vast and wonderful view from a mountain peak, without the trouble of climbing the mountain. We all would like to know, without having to go through the toil of learning. It is the beginning of knowledge and wisdom to know that merely by accumulating facts and figures we cannot acquire knowledge, much less wisdom. Knowledge must be digested and must become part of ourselves in the living of our lives, before it can transform self into understanding and wisdom. There are men confined in institutions for the care of the insane whose minds are filled with facts and dates and statistics and other bits of mere knowledge.

The Variety of Life

IN moments of depression or gloom we may feel that life is full of material for bitterly ironical thoughts and that tragedies lie all around us. And yet on a bright morning we can face the world cheerfully—even those of us who have most reason to feel that life can be cruel. Most of us are acquainted early with sorrow in some form, and many of us bear inward wounds. But healthy minds can face hard facts. Every newspaper we look at tells us of tragic happenings—tragedies that did not happen in a book, but in real life. We go on living our lives with the buoyancy of spirit without which we could not continue to do so. To every healthy mind there is enduring interest in the contrasts presented by life. There is the relish of living. Life is full of variety—there are comic things in it, as well as tragic things.

The Whole and the Parts

IN the report of a lecture on astrophysics by Professor A. Vibert Douglas, of McGill University, Montreal, which The Philosopher has been reading, there are some striking things said about the relations of the smallest things in the universe, the invisible electrons, to the greatest, the stars which are thousands of times larger than our sun. Strange how the human mind roves through the universe, exploring its mysteries, from inconceivably small things to incomprehensibly vast things! "The riddle of the stars cannot be solved without invoking the aid of the atom," says Professor Douglas, "nor can the atom be comprehended without the aid of the stars." No star, no atom, no ripple of radiant energy exists unto itself. And so it is in our human relations in this world. The problems arising out of the necessity we human beings are under of living together—in families, in groups, in communities, municipalities, countries, the world—cannot be solved without taking account of the fact that the individual is necessary to the whole, as the whole is to the individual.

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The Western Home Monthly

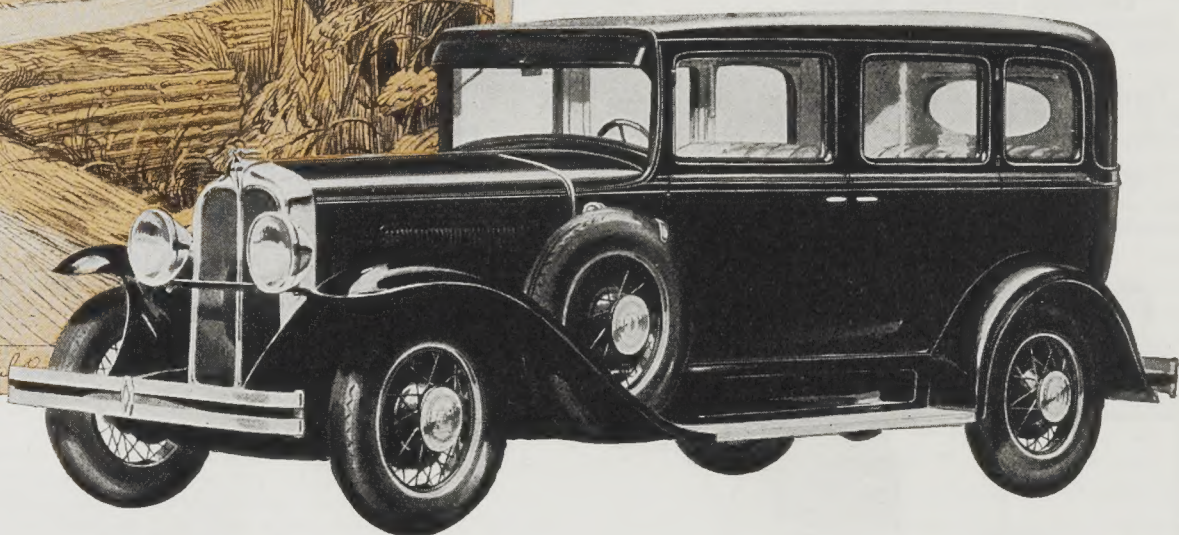
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PONTIAC BIG SIX

IT'S BETTER BECAUSE IT'S CANADIAN

What the World is Saying

Right in Their Element

B.C. fishermen are to organize a pool.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Good Place for an All-year All-over Tan

Doukhobors Sending Investigators to Mexico—Headlines in Calgary Herald.

Unless You're a Gravedigger

The harder you work, the higher you may expect to get.—Medicine Hat News.

It Sounds Reasonable

"Aviation from the Ground Up" is the title of a new book.—Winnipeg Tribune.

Now's the Time to Reline Your Clouds

The price of silver is now at the lowest point in history.—Canadian Finance.

Provided You Escape Traffic Perils

If you want to live long, do as much walking as possible.—Toronto Star.

But Man Hasn't

Possibly there is something in the argument that woman has the right to do everything that man does.—Victoria Colonist.

And Many Have Been Minussed

Most investors have been nonplussed by the movements of the stock market.—Journal of Commerce.

There Are Smaller Fractions Than 1/2

Calling a man half-witted doesn't always tell the whole story.—Vancouver Sun.

Well, After a Fashion, They Are

Women, says one authority, are greater go-getters than men.—Fort William Times-Journal.



At Reno, Of Course

The Great American Divide, say the geography books, is out West.—Duluth Herald.

And Quite a Lot of Applesauce

In making love, as in making pie, you need a certain amount of crust.—Brandon Sun.

By Just Sneering at the Burglars?

An expert declares that well-bred toy dogs can give good protection against burglars.—London Daily Mail.

But With Many it Goes Against the Grain

"Thought," says an American professor, "is just as much a commodity as wheat."—Glasgow Herald.

And Plenty of Action Resulted

The United States spent \$90,000,000 for chewing gum in 1929, according to the estimate of a statistician at Washington.—London Daily Express.

But the Dollar Speaks Them All

A philological expert declares that there are two hundred dialects in the United States.—Minneapolis Journal.

On the Whole, Maybe It Is

Personally, we don't know the secret of success, but sometimes we're afraid it's work.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Economic Note

A necessity is something you can go without, in order to make a down payment on a luxury.—Toronto Telegram.

And a Thumb That Will Not Wear Out

Two things are absolutely necessary for these new-fangled lighters. Gasoline and patience.—Selkirk Herald.

Especially When Stepped on Hard

The latest discovery of the biological physiognomists is that the big toe reveals character.—Ottawa Journal.

It Means He Has Come Out on Top

Baldness is often the mark of a successful business man.—Pilot Mound Sentinel.

Domestic Science Note

It's a modern home if she does her preserving in front of the mirror instead of the kitchen stove.—Omaha Bee.

A Highbrow is Subtle

A highbrow is a person who can discuss sex and make you think that he meant it all in a purely intellectual way.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Prohibitions of Different Kinds

An Italian can buy a drink and remain a good citizen, but an American can say what he thinks of Mussolini.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

We Read the Funnies, Instead

Have you noticed that not nearly so many newspaper readers turn eagerly to the financial page any longer?—Montreal Herald.

Now They All Have Some

At Tia Juana recently no fewer than five Mexicans were slain in a fight over the division of a piece of land.—Los Angeles Examiner.

And the Marriage Stone a Grindstone?

The real engagement stone is a diamond, says the writer of a fashion and etiquette column of heart-to-heart talk.—Niagara Falls Review.

Or, Simply, Pay Up

Income tax is inevitable, and it behooves us to pay up and look pleasant.—Hamilton Spectator.

It Would Be Awkward If They Hadn't

Among members of the Men's Dress Reform Party, we are told, short, breeches and the kilt all have their supporters.—London Opinion.

And Pulled Off Them Everywhere Else

The lambs will come back into the stock market again, sooner or later. It is their fate to have the wool pulled over their eyes.—New York World.

And, Perhaps, Some "Lady Writers?"

Among those who are "unsuited to family life" a lady writer specifies artists, explorers, saints, monomaniacs, drunkards and misanthropes.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

They Shouldn't Use Varnishing Cream

"Some girls suffer from shiny complexions, in spite of cosmetics," says the writer of one of those confidential columns in the newspapers.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

Safer than Outdoors in Chicago

"Scarface" Al Capone, the celebrated citizen of Chicago, is reported as expressing the opinion that woman's place is in the home.—Ottawa Citizen.

In One Way, Maybe, Yes

Opticians say that only about 10 per cent of the people have perfect vision. The 90 per cent constitute the cock-eyed world.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

But She Hasn't to Use it to Find Out

A certain husband whose wife uses his razor to open cans, has discovered that his wife's large powder puff makes an elegant shoe brush.—Prince Albert Herald.

Looking Forward

In about 1950 we suppose that careful mothers will be insisting that the daughters take their parachutes along when they go riding with a young man.—The Pas Herald.

But Apples Won't Keep Politicians Away

Ramsay Macdonald pointed out in a recent speech how closely akin the profession of the politician is to that of the doctor, the one attending to the body politic as the other attends to the human body and the object of all rightful practitioners of both arts being the promotion and preservation of health and well-being.—Regina Leader.

Trouble on the Force

The Barrie chief of police was bitten by a police dog, and even the late W. S. Gilbert never imagined anything much more Gilbertian.—Brantford Expositor.

Emancipation From What?

The emancipation of women, according to one Dr. Olga Stastny, can be attained simply by tilting back in their chairs and putting their feet on the desk—just like a man.—New York Tribune-Herald.



Or Think They Think

We must never forget that, in the words of Byron, "a drop of ink may make a million think." The power of propaganda is not to be underrated.—Toronto Globe.

It Would Do Many of Them Good to Walk

The world might be better if the high speed at which so many citizens travel were matched by the high importance of what they do after they get there.—Springfield Republican.

But, Otherwise, He Enjoys It

"The symptoms of love," says a writer in a medical journal, "are indubitable. The eye is blurred, the face becomes pale, the heart palpitates, sleep is irregular and the sufferer loses weight."—Vancouver Province.

We Know of One Who Could Do It

A Hollywood producer says that he has found it difficult to find a girl to play the part of an exceedingly haughty princess in a film he is preparing to make.—San Francisco Bulletin.

And Some Had a Door at the Back

You rank among the antiques if you can remember when automobiles had the horn outside in front and a basket on the side of the body for umbrellas and thermos bottles.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

Oh, Well, Money Isn't Everything!

One of the new and widely-advertised books is entitled "Beating the Stock Market." If you follow the methods laid down by the author, you cannot possibly lose, it would appear. But why, then, does the author resort to an occupation like writing, which is so unremunerative in comparison with the profits to be gathered from beating the stock market?—Montreal Devoir.



When men cook for 1500 women they're careful of the flavor!



Toledo



Whether you're frying delicate fruit fritters or hearty Irish potatoes, Crisco does full justice to the flavor of each. Fish, croquettes, pancakes, anything that can be fried can be fried better in Crisco. Crisco-fried food, like this appetizing fish, tastes just as good as it looks.



Crisco is made in Canada

For a flavor such as you've never

known before in any fried food, make this one simple change: *fry in Crisco*. To understand why, taste Crisco itself.

Have you ever attended a real old-fashioned homecoming? I never had until last fall—and the experience was delightful.

I had been invited down to Metcalf's Grove just outside of Bourneville—to a sort of outdoor "open house." More than 6,000 people visited the picnic. Flocks of children, whole families—even a few great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers were there—the friendliest "home folks."

And of course they had to *eat*. The women had seen to that. They had also seen to it that their husbands shared in the responsibilities. For while they themselves were bustling about making tea and coffee and fixing salads, the MEN were presiding over huge kettles, frying fillets of haddock.

An enormous blue-and-white Crisco can led me to ask one cheerful-looking gentleman-cook, "why do you use Crisco?"

"Well," he said with a friendly grin, "when a bunch of men are frying fish for about 1500 good home cooks—some of them our own wives—those fish just have to taste right."

The best *chefs* everywhere have told me that Crisco improves the flavor and delicacy of *any* fried food, but to have these *husbands* tell me the same thing!

But then, why shouldn't they? Crisco

is so delicate and fresh flavored itself—(taste it some time when you're cooking)—that foods fried in it just can't help having a fresh, delicate flavor.

When I was a child I used to wipe the sweet, unsalted butter off my grandmother's churn dasher. How good it tasted! And now to have a cooking fat—Crisco—that tastes just as good!

Whether you fry in a frying pan or a deep-frying kettle, if you use Crisco, the food will be browned to a golden glow and wrapped in the most appetizing crispy crunchiness.

I've made an interesting test in my kitchen where all your Crisco recipes are tested. In the course of a few weeks, I served 117 people with potatoes fried in Crisco and potatoes fried in another good cooking fat. And 97 out of 117 chose the Crisco-fried potatoes because they had a "better flavor!" In fact they were so enthusiastic about my Crisco-fried potatoes that I thought you would like to know my frying method. I have given it to you below.

There are some wonderful frying recipes included in a little cook book I have, "12 Dozen Time-saving Recipes." It costs nothing. Just write me, Winifred S. Carter, Dept. XHH-40, 170 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

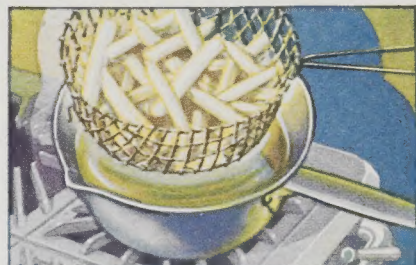
Have you ever tried this deep-frying method?



All you need is an ordinary saucepan, a strainer and a 3-pound tin of Crisco. Put Crisco into a cold saucepan and heat slowly. When a cube of bread browns in 20 seconds your Crisco is ready for frying.



When the potatoes are a golden brown, lift strainer out of the fat, shake lightly, drain potatoes on absorbent paper and sprinkle with salt. This same method can be followed for sweet potatoes.



Don't wait for Crisco to smoke. Fill your strainer half full of potatoes and lower it into the Crisco. Increase the heat, as the cold potatoes naturally cool the Crisco a little.



Now strain Crisco through cheese-cloth back into the can and set aside to cool. You can use it over and over for anything you want to fry. The taste of one food will not be carried to another.



from
OTTAWA
came the question
...

"what kind of silver?"



She is mentioned as the next Canadian woman senator. She and her husband entertain many notable guests in their picturesque summer home at Murray Bay. Recently she wrote: "My dining room has French Provincial pieces—cretonnes in gay bright colors—old-fashioned panelled walls. What silver should I use?"

We said: "The Bird of Paradise design was made for you—smart and bright and informal—just the thing to go with your French Provincial furniture and gay cretonnes. You are to be complimented on the smart simplicity of your dining room scheme. Have you seen the new solid-color linens designed to look a little like hand-weaving? They would be just right for your table—and the tea service in the Bird of Paradise design would add another harmonious decorative note."



"TABLE WAYS OF TODAY"—a summary of the newest trends in correct table service—has just been prepared by Community with the aid of the editors of leading women's magazines. Its price is a quarter. Send for it to ONEIDA COMMUNITY LTD. Dept. C. Niagara Falls, Canada

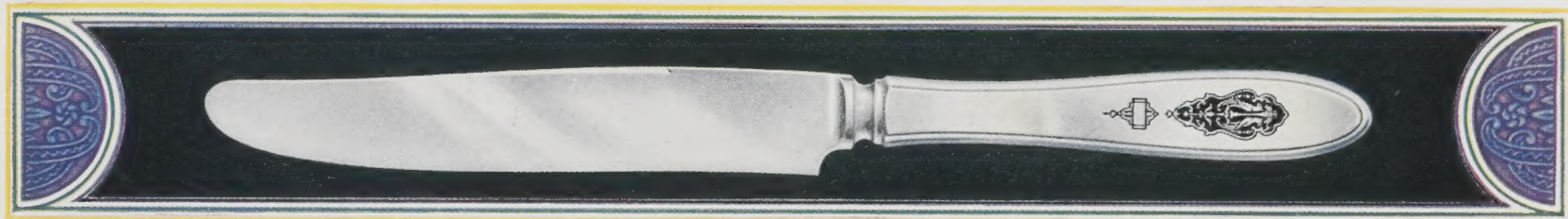
The Bird of Paradise Design

shown here, is one of COMMUNITY PLATE'S five decorative designs—all very varied—though equally distinguished—to suit different decorative moods. You can get a complete service for six of this lovely shining silverware—knives and forks, spoons and serving pieces—for as little as \$34.25; and, for eight, \$44.70. The 3-piece tea set (illustrated) is \$50.00.



Do you know

—that you can get silverware services of TUDOR PLATE, designed, made and guaranteed by the same craftsmen who create Community? TUDOR PLATE teaspoons are \$2.00 for six; a service for six people costs \$16.50. Ask about it at your jeweller's.



COMMUNITY PLATE